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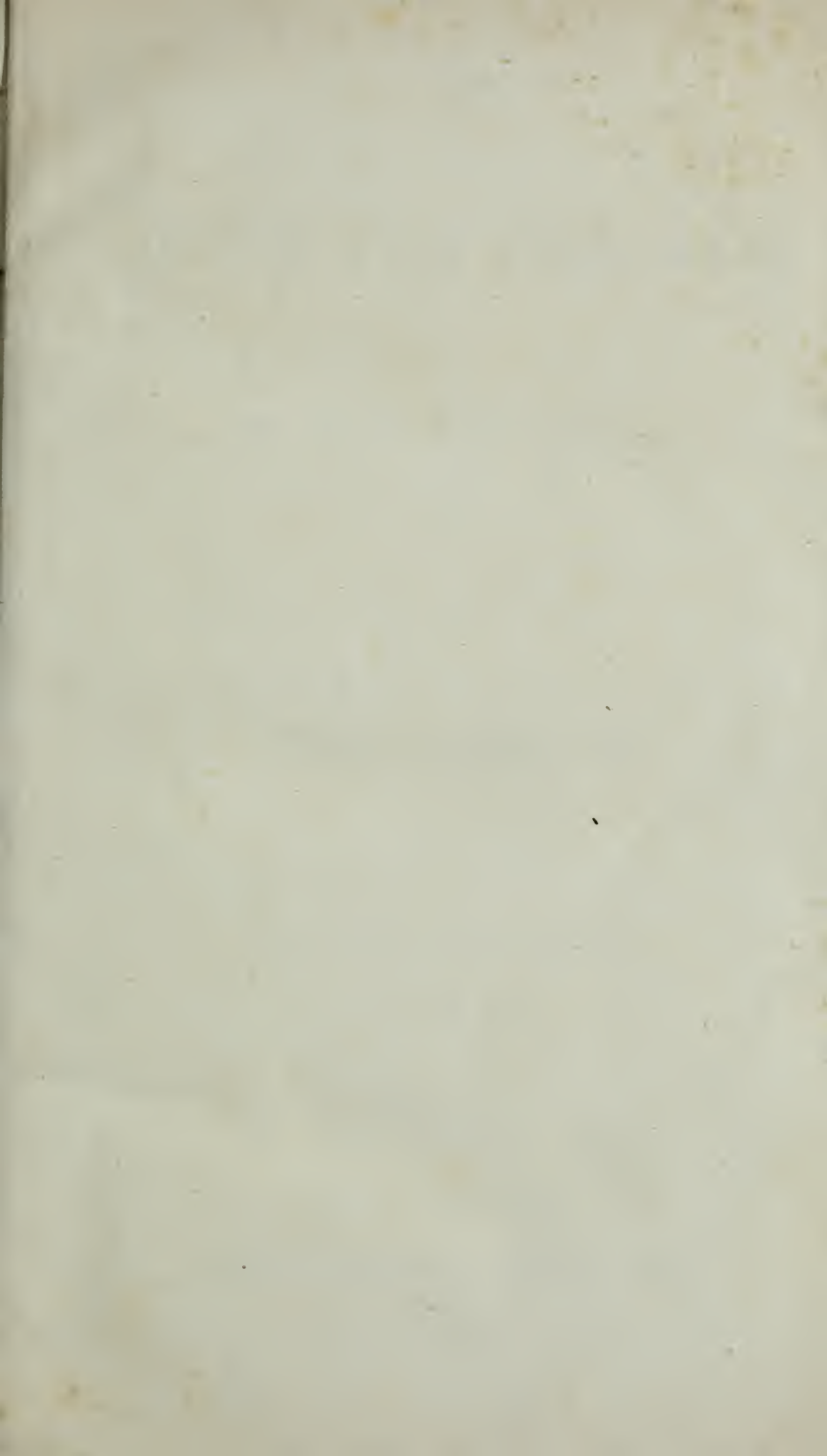
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In Memoriam

No. KATHARINE E. COMAN

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THE  
HOUR AND THE MAN.

AN HISTORICAL ROMANCE.

BY  
HARRIET MARTINEAU,  
AUTHOR OF "DEERBROOK," &c.

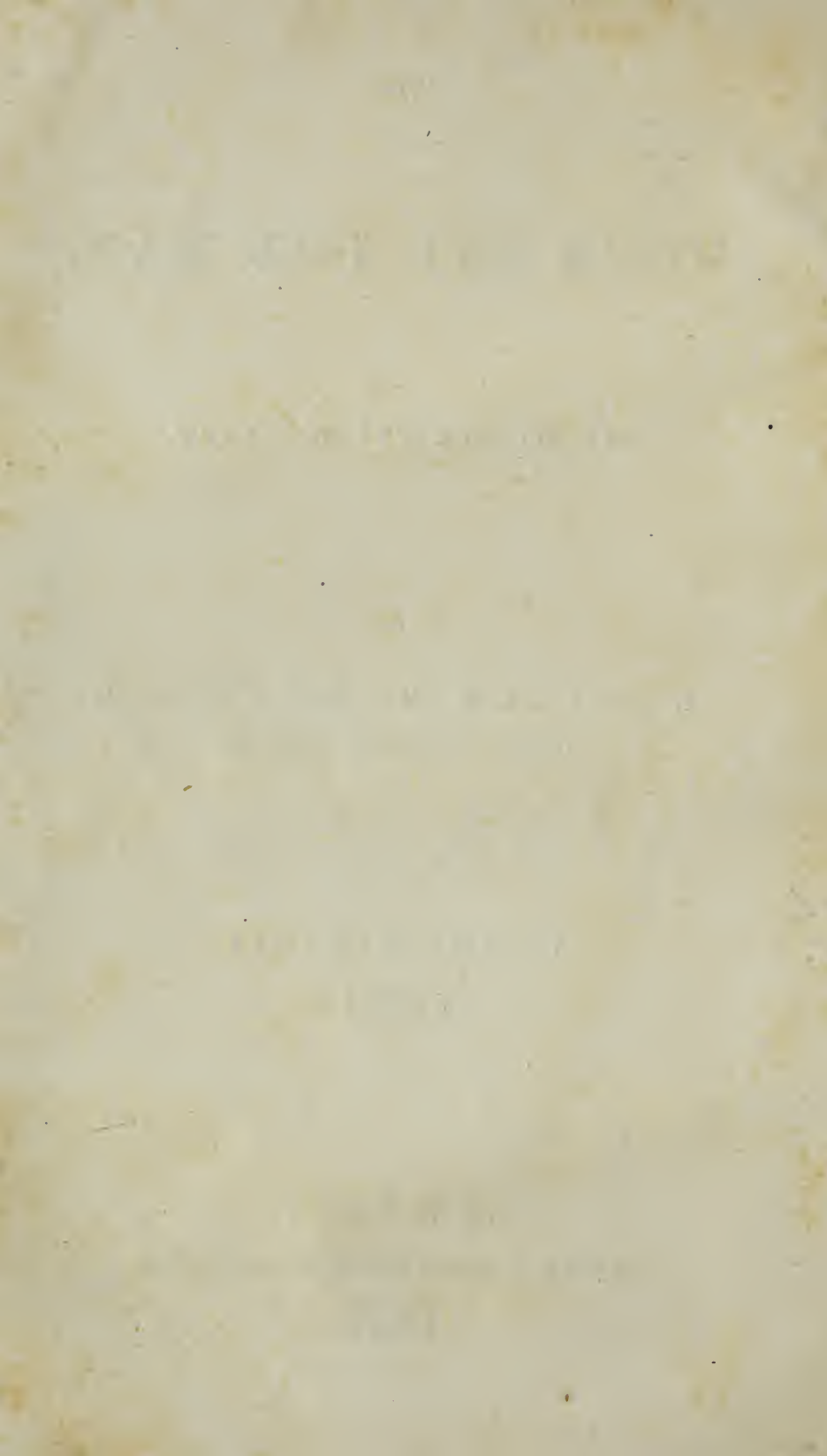
IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

NEW-YORK:  
HARPER & BROTHERS, 82 CLIFF-STREET.

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1841.



# THE HOUR AND THE MAN.

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## CHAPTER I.

### PANGS OF OFFICE.

THAT night Madame Dessalines was alone in a dimly-lighted apartment of Government-house—dimly-lighted except by the moon, shining in full at the range of windows which overlooked the gardens, so as to make the one lamp upon the table appear like a yellow taper. For most of the long hours that she had sat there, Thérèse had been alone. Denis had entered, before his departure homeward, to ask what tidings he was to carry to Pongaudin from her. Father Laxabon had twice appeared, to know if he could not yet see Génifrède, to offer her consolation; and had withdrawn when he found that Génifrède was not yet awake. Madame Dessalines' maid had put her head in so often as to give her mistress the idea that she was afraid to remain anywhere else; though it did not quite suit her to be where she must speak as little as possible, and that little only in whispers. So Thérèse had been, for the most part, alone since sunset. Her work was on the table, and she occasionally took up her needle for a few minutes, but it was laid down at the slightest noise without; and again and again she rose, either to listen at the chamber-door which opened into the apartment, or softly to pace the floor, or to step out upon the balcony to refresh herself with looking down upon the calm lights and still shadows of the garden.

In the centre of one division of these gardens was a fountain, whose waters, after springing in the air, fell into a wide and deep reservoir, from whence were supplied the trenches which kept the alleys green and fresh in all but the very hottest weeks of the year. Four straight walks met at this fountain—walks edged in with fences of citron, geraniums, and lilach jessamine. These walks were now deserted. Every one in the house and in the town was occupied with something far different from moonlight strolls for pleasure or for medita-



tion. The checkered lights and shadows lay undisturbed by the foot of any intruder. The waters gleamed as they rose, and sparkled as they fell; and no human voice, in discourse or in laughter, mingled with the murmur and the splash. Here Thérèse permitted herself the indulgence of the tears which she had made an effort to conceal within.

"These young creatures!" thought she. "What a lot! They are to be parted—wrenched asunder by death—by the same cause, for indulgence of the same passion, which brought Jacques and me together. If the same priest were to receive their confession and ours, how would he reconcile the ways of God to them and to us? The thought of my child burns at my heart, and its last struggle—my bosom is quivering with it still. For this Jacques took me to his heart, and I have ever since had—alas! not forgetfulness of my child—but a home, and the good fame that a woman cannot live without, and the love of a brave and tender heart—tender to me, however hard to those we hate. Jacques lives in honour and in a station of command, though he hates the whites with a passion which would startle Moyse himself; hates them so that he does not even strive, as I do, to remember that they are human—to be ready to give them the cup of cold water when they thirst, and the word of sympathy when they grieve. He would rather dash the cup from their parched lips, and laugh at their woes. Yet Jacques lives in peace and honour at his palace at St. Marc, or is, in war, at the head of troops that would die for him; while this poor young man, a mere novice in the passion, is too likely to be cast out as unworthy to live among us—among us who, God knows, are in this regard more guilty than he! The time may come, when Génifrède's first passion is over, when I may tell her this. Hark! that trumpet! The court-martial has broken up. Oh! I wish I could silence that trumpet! It will waken her. It is farther off—and farther. God grant she may not have heard it!"

She stepped in, and to the chamber-door, and listened. There was no stir, and she said to herself that her medicine had wrought well. From the window, which opened on one of the courtyards, she heard the shuffling of feet and the passing by of many persons. She dared not look out; but she felt certain that the trial was over, that the officers were proceeding to their quarters, and the prisoner to his solitude. Her heart beat so that she was glad to return to her seat, and cover her eyes from the light. She was startled by the opening of the door from the corridor. It was L'Ouverture; and she rose, as every one habitually did, at his approach.



"Génifrède?" he said, anxiously, as he approached.

Thérèse pointed to the chamber, saying softly,

"She is there. I do not know what you will think of the means I have taken to procure her sleep. But she was so shaken—she so dreaded this night!"

"You have given her medicine. Is she asleep?"

"I gave her henbane, and she is asleep."

"Is there a chance of her sleeping till noon?"

"If she be not disturbed. I have carefully darkened the room. What has been done?" she inquired, looking in his face. Struck with its expression, she exclaimed, "How you have suffered!"

"Yes. Life is bitter to those whom God has chosen. If Moyse did but know it, I almost envy him his rest."

"Is it over, then? Is he dead?"

"He dies at sunrise. You think Génifrède may sleep till noon?"

Thérèse could not reply, and he proceeded:

"He is found guilty, and sentenced. There was no escape. His guilt is clear as noonday."

"No escape from the sentence," said Thérèse, eagerly. "But there is room for mercy yet. You hold the power of life and death over all the colony; a power like that of God, and put into your hand by Him."

"A power put into my hand by Him, and therefore to be justly used. Moyse's crime is great; and mercy to him would be a crime in me. I have fault enough already to answer for in this business; and I dare not sin yet farther."

"You yourself have sinned?" said Thérèse, with a gleam of hope in her countenance and tone.

"Yes. I ought to have discerned the weakness of this young man. I ought to have detected the passions that were working in him. I was misled by one great and prolonged effort of self-control in him. I appointed an unworthy officer to the care of the lives and safety of the whites. Many of them are gone to lay their deaths to my charge in Heaven. All I can now do is, by one more death (would to God it were my own!), to save and to reassure those who are left. It is my retribution that Moyse must die. As for Paul, as for Génifrède, the sin of the brother is visited upon the brother, the sin of the father upon the child."

"But," said Thérèse, "you speak as if you had caused the innocent to be destroyed. Some few harmless ones may have died; but the greater number—those who were sought by the

sword's point—were factious tyrants—enemies of your government and of your race—men who rashly brought their deaths upon themselves. They were passionate—they were stubborn—they were cruel.”

“True, and therefore were they peculiarly under my charge. I have guarantied the safety of the whites; and none need my protection so much as those who do not, by justice, obedience, and gentleness, by gaining the good-will of their neighbours, protect themselves.”

“But Moyse did not murder any. He was not even present at any death.”

“It has just been proved that, while he knew that slaughter was going on, he took no measures to stop it. The ground of his guilt is plain and clear. The law of the Revolution of St. Domingo, as conducted by me, is NO RETALIATION. Every breach of this law by an officer of mine is treason; and every traitor to the whites must die.”

“Alas! why so harsh now—only now? You have spared the guilty before, by tens, by hundreds. Why now cause all this misery for this one young life?”

“Those whom I have spared were my personal foes; and I spared them not so much for the sake of their separate lives, as for the sake of the great principles for which I live and govern—reconciliation and peace. For this end I pardoned them. For this end I condemn Moyse.”

“You make one tremble,” said Thérèse, shuddering, “for one’s very self. What if I were to tell you that it is not Moyse and Génifrède alone that—” She stopped.

“That hate the whites? I know it,” replied Toussaint. “I know that if God were to smite all among us who hate his children of another race, there would be mourning in some of the brightest dwellings of our land. I thank God that no commission to smite such is given to me.”

Thérèse was silent.

“My office is,” said Toussaint, “to honour those (and they are to be found in cottages all through the island) who forgive their former oppressors and forget their own wrongs. Here, as elsewhere, we may take our highest lesson from the lowliest men. My office is to honour such. As for the powerful, and those who think themselves wise, their secret feelings towards all men are between themselves and God.”

“But if I could prove to you, at this moment, that Moyse’s enmity towards the whites is mild and harmless—his passions moderation, compared with the tempest in the breasts of some



whom you employ and cherish—would not this soften you? would it not hold your hand from inflicting that which no priest can deny is injustice in God?"

"I leave it to no priest, Thérèse, but to God himself, to vindicate his own justice, by working as he will in the secret hearts or before the eyes of men. He may have, for those who hate their enemies, punishments too great for me or any ruler to wield—punishments to which the prison and the bullet are nothing. You speak of the tempest within the breast: I know at this moment, if you do not, that years of imprisonment, or a hundred death-strokes, are mercy compared to it. But no more of this? I only say, Thérèse, that while Jacques—"

"Say me too!"

"While Jacques and you secretly hate, I have no concern with it except in my secret heart. But if that hatred, be it more or less than that of this young man, should interfere with my duty to friend or foe, you see, from his fate, that I have no mercy to grant. Jacques is my friend: Moyse was to have been my son."

Neither could immediately speak. At length Toussaint signed once more to the chamber-door, and once more said

"Génifrède?"

"I have something to tell you—something to show you," replied Thérèse. "Her sleep or stupor came upon her suddenly; but she kept a strong grasp upon the bosom of her dress. When I laid her on the bed, she kept her hands clasped, one upon the other, there. As she slept more heavily, the fingers relaxed, her hands fell, and I saw one end of this."

She produced a vial.

"Ha! the red water!" exclaimed Toussaint.

"I thought it was," said Thérèse.

"Who taught her this? Who has been tampering with her and with her life?"

"Perhaps this may tell," said Thérèse, showing the ivory ring.

Toussaint closely examined the ring, and then drew his hand across his brows.

"How strange," said he, "are old thoughts, long forgotten! This little bit of ivory makes me again a young man and a slave. Do you remember that I once had the care of the sick at Breda, and administered medicines?"

Thérèse shuddered. She remembered that when her infant was taken ill, Papalier had sent for Toussaint, because, though Toussaint was no longer surgeon to the quarter at Breda, he

was thought to have great knowledge and skill. Toussaint remembered nothing of this particular incident, and was not aware how he had touched her feelings. He went on :

"I began that study as all of my race have begun it till of late—in superstition. With what awe did I handle charms like this! Can it be possible that my poor child has been wrought upon by such jugglery? What do you know about it?"

"No more than that the charm and the poison were hidden in her bosom."

"It is hard to trouble a dying man," said Toussaint; "but the survivor must be cared for. If Moyse has poisoned her mind, as I much fear he would have poisoned her body—But no—it is an atrocious thought. If I wrong him—if his love for her is faithful, he will be glad to tell me what he knows, that her sick mind may be well tended. Father Laxabon is coming presently to go to Moyse, and leave him no more. I will go with him."

"How you suffer! How you must suffer!" said Thérèse, again speaking her thoughts as she looked in his face.

"It is worse than going to my death," replied he; "but for my child's sake—for my poor brother's sake too, it must be done."

He could say no more. Till Father Laxabon came, he paced the room—he listened at the chamber-door—he went out upon the balcony, to hide, as Thérèse well understood, his tears of agony. He again entered, listened again at the chamber-door, and, hastily approaching the table, took up the vial, saying,

"Are you certain that this is all? Are you certain that she only sleeps, and is not dying—or dead?"

"Indeed I am not certain," exclaimed Thérèse, starting up, and softly entering the chamber. Toussaint followed with the lamp, shading it carefully with his hand.

"Here is no pain," whispered Thérèse. "She breathes quietly. There is no pain. Satisfy yourself."

She took the light from his hand, and saw him stoop above his sleeping child, extending his hands over her as if in the act of prayer or blessing.

"No pain, thank God!" he repeated, as they returned to the salon, where they found Father Laxabon.

"Are you prepared, father, to deal with a spirit as perturbed as that of the dead who cannot rest?"

"Christ will strengthen me for my office, my son."

"And the other sufferers?"



"My brethren are engaged with them. Every man of the black troops will be shriven this night."

"Are there more doomed?" asked Thérèse, faintly.

"There are. There are many guilty; and of some I must make an example. They know that they are guilty; but they know not yet which and how many are to be spared. The discipline of this night will, I trust, impress upon them that principle of our revolution which they have hitherto failed to learn, or have been tempted to forget. This night, father, will establish your precept and mine, and that of our Master—no RETALIATION. If not, may God direct us, by whatever suffering, to some other method of teaching it; for, at whatever cost, it must be learned! Let us be gone."

"One moment," exclaimed Thérèse, in agitation. "You have not told me when—where—"

"He dies on the Place, at sunrise—a military, not an ignominious death. Father Laxabon and I shall both be near at hand when Génifrède wakes. Your task shall be shared, though we must leave you now."

Moyse had been permitted to remain in the same apartment which had been assigned to him after his arrest. When he heard the key turn in the lock, he sprang from his seat to the door, exclaiming,

"You have come at last! Oh, Génifrède! to have kept me waiting this last night—"

He turned and walked back to his seat when he saw his uncle and the priest.

"You expected Génifrède?" asked Toussaint.

"I did—naturally."

"She is asleep, and she must not be awakened. You would be the last to wish it, Moyse."

"Must not be awakened," repeated Moyse to himself, with something of doubt in his tone, something of triumph in his countenance.

"Perhaps you think," said Toussaint, fixing his eyes on the young man's face, "that she cannot be awakened. Perhaps you think that she has drunk the red water?"

"She has told, then. A curse upon woman's cowardice and woman's treachery! Who would not have sworn that, if ever a woman loved, Génifrède loved me; and now, when put to the test—"

"Now, when put to the test," said Toussaint, "my poor child was prepared to die with you, though you had perplexed her mind with superstition—terrified her with spells and charms—"

"You do not know her, uncle. She herself told me that she dared not die with me, though it was the only—"

"And you wished it—you required it! You have striven to destroy her, body and soul, because you yourself were lost; and now you curse a woman's cowardice and treachery! I leave you with Father Laxabon. Hasten to confess and cleanse your soul, Moyse, for never soul needed it more. I leave you my pity and my forgiveness; and I engage for Génifrède's."

"Stop!" cried Moyse; "I have something to ask. Who has dared to keep Génifrède from me? She is mine."

"Think of her no more, except to implore Heaven's pardon for your intent towards her." And Toussaint produced the ivory ring and vial.

"Yes," exclaimed Moyse; "with that ring we obtained that water, which we were to have drunk together."

"Here, then, I break the bond by which she was yours." And Toussaint crushed the ring to dust with the heel of his boot, and dashed the vial against the ceiling, from whence the poisonous water sprinkled the floor.

"You spoke of treachery just now," said Moyse. "How do you propose to answer to my father for the charge he left you in me?"

"Be silent, my poor son," said Father Laxabon. "Do not spend your remaining moments in aggravating your crimes."

"A few minutes' patience, father. I never before ventured to speak freely to my uncle. Not on account of any severity of his—he never was severe to me—but on account of a certain awe I felt of him; an awe which the events of this day have had a wonderful power to dispel."

"It is well," said Toussaint. "There should be no awe of the creature when but a moment's darkness separates one from the Creator. Speak freely and fearlessly, Moyse."

"I ask," said Moyse, in a somewhat softened tone, "how you will answer to my father for the charge he left you in me?"

"Not by revealing to him the vices of the spirit he gave me to guide. If your father's heart must be broken for you, it shall be for having thus lost a noble and gallant son, and not for—But it is no time for reproach from me. Let me go now, my poor boy."

"Not yet, uncle. It is far from sunrise yet. How do you mean to report of me to Génifrède? Will you make her detest me? Will you work upon her fears—her fears of my



ghost—to make her seek refuge with another? Will you trample on the memory of the dead, to drive her into the arms of some living lover, that you may no longer be reminded of the poor wretch that you first fostered and then murdered?”

“Leave us!” said Laxabon to Toussaint. “He is desperate. Leave him to me, that he may not plunge deeper into sin with every word he speaks.”

“Presently, father. Moyse, what Génifrède hears of you will be according to what Father Laxabon has to report of your last hours. Be assured that I shall not interpose between you and her. It rests with yourself to justify her love and engage her affections to your memory. She has been laid to sleep this night, not out of enmity to you, but to save her brain. As Providence has decreed, it has also saved her life. When she awakes, she will regard you as a martyr to a professional necessity. A woman’s love is sanctified and made immortal when baptized in the blood of martyrdom. Hers may be so if your last moments are full of holy contrition and purged from passion. Of Father Laxabon, and not of me, will Génifrède inquire concerning you.”

“This is kind—this is generous,” said Moyse, looking wistfully in his uncle’s face.

“And now,” said Toussaint, “I have to ask you to be generous to me. I need and implore your pardon, Moyse. While you were yet weak and wayward, I neglected the necessary watch over you. Too prone to ease and satisfaction for my child’s sake and my own, I too soon concluded you a man, and imposed upon you the duties of a man. Your failure is my condemnation. I have cut short your discipline, and enabled you to throw away your life. All this, and much more, am I answerable for. Whether or not God may have mercy, can you yield me your pardon? I implore it, Moyse.”

Moyse gazed at him in astonishment, and then cast himself at his uncle’s feet, clinging to his knees, and crying,

“Save me! uncle, save me! You can, you will—”

“No, Moyse, I will not, I cannot,” declared Toussaint, in a voice which silenced even that most piercing of all sounds—the cry for life.

“Not one word—” continued L’Ouverture. “Keep your entreaties for Him who alone can help you. Kneel to Him alone. Rise, Moyse, and only say, if you can say it, that your last prayer for me shall be for pardon.”

The awe of man was not destroyed in Moyse. He looked

humbly upon the ground, as he again stood before his uncle, and said,

"My destruction is my own work, and I have felt this throughout. But if you have ever done me wrong, may it be forgotten before God, as it is by me! I know of no such wrong."

"Thank God!" cried Toussaint, pressing him to his breast. "This is the temper which will win mercy."

"Leave us now," said Father Laxabon once more; and this time he was obeyed.

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## CHAPTER II.

### ALL EAR.

ThÉRÈSE was struck with awe as she stood, from time to time, beside the bed on which lay Génifrède. The room was so darkened that nothing was to be seen; but there she lay, breathing calmly, motionless, unconscious, while the blessings and hopes of her young life were falling fast into ruins around her. It seemed treacherous, cruel, thus to beguile her of that tremendous night; to let these last hours of the only life she prized pass away unused; to deprive her of the last glances of those eyes which were presently to be dim in death; of the latest tones of that voice which soon would never speak more. It seemed an irreparable injury to rob her of these hours of intense life, and to substitute for them a blank and barren sleep. But it was done. It was done to save her intellects; it had probably saved her life; and she could not now be wakened to any purpose. With sickening heart Thérèse saw the moonlight disturbed by gray light from the east. In a few minutes the sun would leap up from the sea, to quench not only the gleams of moon and star, but the more sacred lamp of human life. Brief as was always the twilight there, never had the gushing in of light appeared so hasty, so peremptory as now. By the rousing up of the birds, by the stir of the breezes, by the quick unfolding of the flowers, it seemed as if Nature herself had turned against her wretched children, and was impatient till their doom was fulfilled. Thérèse resolved to return no more to the chamber till all should be over, lest



light and sound should enter with her, and the sufferer be roused too soon.

As the yellow rays shone in fuller and fuller, the watcher's nerves were so stretched, that, though she wrapped her head in her shawl as she sat, she felt as if the rustle of every leaf, the buzz of every insect wing in the gardens reached her ear. She heard at intervals the tap of a distant drum, and, she was certain, a discharge of firearms; not in a volley from the Place d'Armes, as she had expected, but farther off, and mere dropping shot. This occurred so often that she was satisfied it was not the execution; and, while she drew a deep breath, hardly knew whether to feel relieved or not. The door from the corridor presently opened and closed again, before she could throw back the shawl from her face. She flew to the door, to see if any one was there who could give her news. M. Pascal was walking away towards the farther end. When she issued forth, he turned and apologized for having interrupted her, believing that the salon would be unoccupied at this early hour.

"Tell me—only tell me," said she, "whether it is over."

"Not the principal execution—it is about going forward now. I came away; I saw what melted my soul, and I could endure no more."

"You saw L'Ouverture?" said Madame Dessalines, anxiously.

M. Pascal went back with her into the salon, as glad to relieve his mind as she was eager to hear.

"I saw," said he, "what I never could have conceived of, and would never have believed upon report. I have seen man as a god among his fellow-men."

A gleam of satisfaction lighted up Madame Dessalines' face through its agony.

"It was too touching, too mournful to be endured," resumed M. Pascal. "The countenances of those poor creatures will haunt me to my dying hour. Never was man idolized like L'Ouverture. For him men go willingly to their deaths; not in the excitement of a common danger, not for glory or for a bright future, but solitary, in ignominy, in the light of a calm sunrise, with the eyes of a condemning multitude upon them. Without protest, without supplication—as it appears, without objection—they stoop to death at his word."

"I do not know—I do not understand what has been done," said Thérèse. "But does not every black know that L'Ou-

venture has no private interests ; nothing at heart but the good of us all ?”

“That is the spell,” replied Pascal. “This sacrifice of his nephew will confirm it with my countrymen, as well as with yours, for ever. These thirteen others—for he has sacrificed thirteen of the soldiers for dereliction of duty in the late rising—these thirteen are from the garrison of Cap chiefly, though it is said two or three are from Limbé. All the soldiery from these two places and from Fort Dauphin are upon the Place. L'Ouverture stood in the midst and addressed them. He told them that it was needless to explain to them what they had been learning from his whole course of conduct since he was chosen by the blacks to lead and govern them. It was needless to insist on the protection due to every inhabitant of the colony, and especially the whites ; and on the primary duty of a liberated race—that of keeping the peace. They knew their duty as well as he did ; and those who had violated it should suffer the long-declared and inevitable punishment of death. All knew that everything was prepared on the rampart, near at hand. L'Ouverture walked slowly along each line of the soldiery ; and I declare to you, madame, that, though all knew that he was selecting victims for instant death, there was passionate love in every face.”

“I believe it,” said Thérèse. “And he ?”

“He was calm ; but a face of deeper sorrow never did I see. He is ten years older since last night. He spoke aloud the names of the most guilty, according to their own previous account of themselves to him and the committee of investigation.”

“And no one of the thirteen resisted ?”

“Not one. One by one, they joined their hands, bowed their heads humbly before him, and repaired where he pointed—to be shot. There was a spell upon me. I could not come away, though feeling at every moment as if I could endure no more. I did not, however, stay to see General Moyse brought out—”

As he was speaking, there was heard the heavy roll of drums at a distance, followed by a volley of musketry.

“That is it,” cried M. Pascal ; and he was gone. Thérèse sank back upon a sofa, and again drew her shawl over her head. She desired, in the sickness of her heart, never to see the daylight more.

She knew not how long it was before the door was again gently opened. She did not move ; but she presently heard Father Laxabon's soft voice saying,



"Pardon, madame; but I am compelled to ask where is Mademoiselle L'Ouverture?"

"She is asleep," said Thérèse, rousing herself; "asleep, if indeed she be not dead. If this last sound did not rouse her, I think the trump of doom will scarcely reach her soul."

This last sound had roused Génifrède. She did not recognise it; she was not aware what had wakened her; but she had started up, supposed it night, but felt so oppressed that she sprang from the bed, with a confused wonder at finding herself dressed, and threw open the door to the salon. There she now stood, bewildered with the sudden light, and looking doubtful whether to advance or go back.

"My daughter—" said Father Laxabon. She came forward with a docile and wistful look. "My daughter," he continued, "I bring you some comfort."

"Comfort?" she repeated, doubtfully.

"Not now, father," interposed Thérèse. "Spare her."

"Spare me?" repeated Génifrède, in the same tone.

"I bring her comfort," said the father, turning reprovingly to Madame Dessalines. "His conflict is over, my daughter," he continued, advancing to Génifrède. "His last moments were composed: and as for his state of mind in confession—"

He was stopped by a shriek so appalling that he recoiled as if shot, and supported himself against the wall. Génifrède rushed back to the chamber, and drove something heavy against the door. Thérèse was there in an instant, listening, and then imploring, in a voice which, it might be thought, no one could resist,

"Let me in, love! It is Thérèse. No one else shall come. If you love me, let me in."

There was no answer.

"You have killed her, I believe," she said to the priest, who was walking up and down in great disturbance—not with himself, but with the faithless creature of passion he had to deal with.

"The windows!" exclaimed Thérèse, vexed not to have thought of this before. She stepped out upon the balcony. One of the chamber windows was open, and she entered. No one was there. Génifrède must have fled down the steps from the balcony into the gardens; and there Thérèse hastened after her. In one of the fenced walks leading to the fountain she saw the fluttering of her clothes.

"The reservoir!" thought Thérèse, in despair.

She was not mistaken. Génifrède stood on the brink of the

deep and brimming reservoir ; her hands were clasped above her head for the plunge, when a strong hand seized her arm and drew her irresistibly back. In ungovernable rage she turned and saw her father.

"They say," she screamed, "that every one worships you. Not true now ! Never true more ! I hate—I curse—"

He held up his right hand with the action of authority which had awed her childhood. It awed her now. Her voice sank into a low shuddering and muttering.

"That any one should have dared to tell you—that any one should have interfered between me and my poor child !" he said, as if involuntarily, while seating her on the fresh grass. He threw himself down beside her, holding her hands, and covering them with kisses.

"This sod is fresh and green," said he ; "but would we were all lying under it !"

"Do *you* say so ?" murmured Génifrède.

"God forgive me !" he replied. "But we are all wretched."

"You repent, then ?" said Génifrède. "Well you may ! There are no more such, now you have killed him. You should have repented sooner : it is too late now."

"I do not repent, Génifrède ; but I mourn, my child."

"There are no more such," pursued she. "He was gallant."

"He was."

"He was all life : there was no deadness, no coldness—he was all life."

"He was, my child."

"And such a lover !" she continued, with somewhat of a strange, proud smile.

"He was a lover, Génifrède, who made your parents proud."

"Such a soldier !" she dreamed on. "War was his sport, while I trembled at home. He had a soldier's heart."

Her father was silent, and she seemed to miss his voice, though she had not appeared conscious of his replies. She started, and sprang to her feet.

"You will go home now, Génifrède," said her father. "With Madame Dessalines you will go. You will go to your mother and sister."

"Home !" she exclaimed, with loathing. "Yes, I must go home," she said, hurriedly. "You love Pongaudin—you call it Paradise. I wish you joy of it now ! You have put an evil spirit into it. I wish you joy of your Paradise !"

She disengaged herself from him as she spoke, and walked away. Thérèse, who had drawn back on seeing that she was



in her father's care, now intercepted her path, met her, and drew her arm within hers. Toussaint, who was following, retreated for a moment, to ease his agony by a brief prayer for his child, and for guidance and strength. Having acknowledged with humiliation that he found his mission wellnigh too hard for him, and imploring for the wounded in spirit the consolation which he would willingly purchase for his brother and his child by a life of woe for himself, he repaired to his chamber of audience, where, for the rest of the morning, he appeared wholly engrossed by the affairs of the citizens of Cap. The steadiness of his attention to business was felt by his still-agitated secretary as a rebuke to his own wandering thoughts.

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### CHAPTER III.

#### PERCH OF THE RAVEN.

EUPHROSYNE's life in the convent was dull and weary. It would probably have been so anywhere for some time after the old man's death; but elsewhere there would have been more to do and to amuse herself with. Every one was kind to her—too kind. She had been accustomed to the voice of chiding during all the years that she had lived with her grandfather, and she did not mind it. It would now have been something of a relief, something welcome and familiar, to have been called "child" and "little fool" at times, instead of being told at every turn that she was an angel and a love, and finding that she was every one's pet, from the abbess to old Raphael.

The kindness of the household had begun from the moment the poor girl appeared, after having been consoled by Father Gabriel, and visited by Pierre and the guardian to whose care her grandfather had confided her person and her property. Pierre had engaged to see her daily till the furniture should have been sold, and the house shut up, and he himself about to embark for France with the savings of his long service. Her guardian, M. Critois, knew but little of young people, and how to talk to them. He had assured her that he mourned extremely the loss of his old acquaintance—the acquaintance of so many years—and so lost! He declared his desire of discharging his office of guardian so as to prove himself worthy of the

trust, and his hope that he and his ward should be very good friends. At present, it was his wish that she should remain where she was ; and he asked whether she did not find every one very kind to her. Euphrosyne could just say " Yes ;" but she was crying too much to be able to add that she hoped she should not have to remain in the convent very long. M. Critois saw that she was struggling to say something ; but, after waiting a minute, he stroked her hair, promised to come again some day soon, hoped she would cheer up, had no doubt she would be very happy, and was gone, glad to have done with sobbing girls for this day.

When the gates had closed upon him, the petting began. The abbess decreed that Euphrosyne should have the sole charge of her mocking-bird. Sister Angélique, who made the prettiest artificial flowers in the world, invited her to her apartment at all reasonable hours, when she might have a curiosity to seek to learn the process. Sister Célestine had invented a new kind of comfit, which she begged Euphrosyne to try, leaving a paper of sweetmeats on her table for that purpose. Old Raphael had gained leave to clear a parterre in the garden, which was to be wholly hers, and where he would rear such flowers as she particularly admired. Father Gabriel himself, after pointing out to her the uncertainty of life, the sudden surprises of death, and the care with which it becomes social beings to discharge their duties to each other, since they know not how soon they may be parted—the serious Father Gabriel himself recommended her to amuse herself, and to remember how her grandfather had liked to see her gay. She had, no doubt, been a good girl on the whole ; and she could not now do better than continue the conduct which had pleased the departed in the days that were gone.

Petted people generally prove perverse ; and so, in the opinion of the universal household, did Euphrosyne. There could be no doubt of her love for her grandfather. One need but see the sudden tears that sprang, twenty times in a day, when any remembrance of him was awakened. One need but watch her wistful looks cast up towards his balcony whenever she was in the garden. Yet, whenever any one expressed indignation against his murderers, she was silent, or she ran away, or she protested against it. Such was the representation which Sister Claire made to her reverend mother on the first opportunity.

" I was not aware that it was exactly so," replied the abbess. " It appears to me that she dislikes to hear any par-



ties made answerable for the murder but those by whose hands it was actually done. She—”

The abbess stopped, and Sister Claire started, at the sound of musketry.

“Another shot !” said the abbess. “It is a fearful execution. I should have been glad to have removed this poor child out of hearing of these shots ; but I had no notice of what was to happen till the streets were too full for her to appear in them.”

“A piece of L'Ouverture's haste !” said Sister Claire.

“A fresh instance, perhaps, of his wise speed,” observed the abbess. “Events seem to show that he understands the conduct of affairs better than you or I, my daughter.”

“Again ! Hark ! Oh, mercy !” cried Sister Claire, as the sound of a prolonged volley reached them.

“Let us hope it is the last,” said the abbess, with changing colour. “Christ save their sinful souls !”

The door opened, and Euphrosyne entered, in excessive agitation.

“Madame,” she cried, gasping for breath, “do you hear that ? Do you know what it is ? They have shot General Moyse ! Father Gabriel says so. Oh no, no ! L'Ouverture never would do anything so cruel.”

Sister Claire looked at the abbess.

“My daughter,” said the abbess, “L'Ouverture's duty is to execute justice.”

“Oh, Génifrède ! Poor, poor Génifrède ! She will die too. I hope she is dead !”

“Hush, my child ! Her life is in God's hand.”

“Oh, how cruel ! how cruel !” the girl went on sobbing.

“What would L'Ouverture say,” interposed Sister Claire, “if he knew that you, of all people, called him cruel ? Have you to-day put on this ?” she continued, calling Euphrosyne's attention to her new mourning ; “and do you call it cruel to execute justice on the rebels and their officers ?”

“It is a natural and amiable grief in Euphrosyne,” said the abbess ; “and if it is not quite reasonable, we can give her time to reflect. She is among friends, who will not report the words of her hours of sorrow.”

“You may, you may,” cried Euphrosyne. “You may tell the whole world that it is cruel to—to—They were to have been married so very soon ! Afra wrote me all about it.”

The abbess repeated what she had said about L'Ouverture's office and the requirements of justice.



"Justice ! justice !" exclaimed Euphrosyne. "There has been no justice till now ; and so the first act is nothing but cruelty."

The abbess, with a look, dismissed Sister Claire, who, by a report of Euphrosyne's rebellion against justice, sent in Father Gabriel.

"Euphrosyne thinks, father," reported the abbess, "that these negroes, in consideration of their ignorance, and of their anger at having once been slaves, should be excused for whatever they may now do in revenge."

"I am surprised," said Father Gabriel.

So was Euphrosyne when she heard her argument thus stated.

"I only mean," said she, striving to subdue her sobs, "I only mean that I wish Sister Claire, and Sister Benoîte, and all of them, would not want me to be glad and revengeful."

"Glad and revengeful !" repeated Father Gabriel. "That would be difficult."

"It makes me very miserable ; it can do no good now—it could not bring grandpapa to life again if every negro in Limbé were shot," she continued, as tears rained down her cheeks. "Dear grandpapa never wished any ill to anybody—he never did anybody any harm—"

The priest and the abbess exchanged glances.

"Why do you suppose these wretched blacks killed him, my dear ?"

"I do not know why they rose this one particular time. But I believe they always rose because the whites have been proud and cruel ; because the whites used to put them in chains, and whip them, and part mothers and children. After doing all this, and after bringing them up ignorant and without religion, we expect them to forgive everything that has passed, while we will not forgive them ourselves. But I will—I will forgive them my share. For all that you religious people may say, I will forgive them : and I am not afraid of what grandpapa would think. I hope he is in a place now where there is no question about forgiving those who have injured us. The worst thing is—the thing that I cannot understand is, how L'Ouverture could do anything so cruel."

"I have a word to say to you, my dear," said the priest, with a sign to the abbess.

"Oh, father !" replied the abbess, in an imploring tone.

"We must bring her to a right view, reverend sister. Euphrosyne, if your grandfather had not been the kind master

you suppose him—if he had been one of the cruel whites you spoke of just now—if his own slaves had always hated him, and—”

“Do stop!” said Euphrosyne, colouring crimson. “I cannot bear to hear you speak so, father.”

“You must bear, my child, to listen to what it is good for you to hear. If he had been disliked by every black in the colony, and they had sought his life out of revenge, would you still be angry that justice was done, and ungrateful that he is avenged?”

“You talk of avenging! you, a Christian priest!” said Euphrosyne. “You talk of justice! you, who slander the dead!”

“Peace, my daughter!” said the abbess, very gently. “Remember where you are, and whom you speak to.”

“Remember where my grandfather is,” cried Euphrosyne. “Remember that he is in his grave, and that I am left to speak for him. However,” she said—and in these few moments a thousand confirmations of the priest’s words had rushed upon her memory—a thousand tokens of the mutual fear and hatred of her grandfather and the black race—a thousand signs of his repugnance to visit Le Bosquet—“however,” she resumed, in a milder tone, and with an anxious glance at Father Gabriel’s face, “Father Gabriel only said ‘if’—if all that he described had been so.”

“True, my child,” replied the abbess: “Father Gabriel only said ‘if it had been so.’”

“And if it had,” exclaimed Euphrosyne, who did not wish to hear the father speak again at the moment, “if it had been so, it would have been wicked in the negroes to do that act in revenge; but it could never, never excuse us from forgiving them—from pitying them because they had been made cruel and revengeful. I am sure I wish they had all lived—that they might live many, many years, till they could forget those cruel old times, and, being old men themselves, might feel what it is to touch an old man’s life. This is the kind of punishment I wish them; and I am sure it would be enough.”

“It is indeed said,” observed the abbess, “‘Vengeance is mine; I will repay, saith the Lord.’”

“And oh! poor Génifréde!” pursued Euphrosyne. “She no more wished ill to my parent than I do to hers; and her lover—it was not he that did it: and yet—Oh, Father Gabriel, are you sure that that firing—that last volley—”

“It was certainly the death-stroke of Moyse. I perceive how it is, my child. I perceive that your friendships among



this new race have blinded your eyes, so that you cannot see that these executions are indeed God's avenging of the murder by which you are made a second time an orphan."

"Do you think L'Ouverture right, then? I should be glad to believe he was not cruel—dreadfully cruel."

"There is no doubt of L'Ouverture being wise and right—of his having finally assured the most unwilling of the inhabitants of their security, and his stern justice. There is no doubt that L'Ouverture is right."

"I could not have believed," said the abbess, "that my daughter would have required a justification of anything done by L'Ouverture."

"Nor I," said Euphrosyne, sighing.

"Under him," said Father Gabriel, "there is less crime in the colony than, I verily believe, in any other part of the empire. Under him have homes become sacred, children are instructed, and brethren are taught to dwell together in unity."

"As," said the abbess, "when he stopped in his journey to greet an old negro of ninety-nine, and reconcile to him two who had offended out of his many children. L'Ouverture is never in so much haste but that he can pause to honour old age: never too busy for works of mercy. If the peacemakers are blessed, so is he."

"And where," continued the father, "where are the poor? We can observe his continual admonition to works of mercy by nursing the sick and consoling the afflicted; but we have no longer any poor. By his wisdom he has won over all to labour. The fields are thronged with labourers; the storehouses are overflowing with food and merchandise; and there is a portion for all."

"And it was the French," said Euphrosyne, "who made this last commotion. If they had let L'Ouverture alone, how happy we might all have been! Now Génifrède will never be happy again. If L'Ouverture could only have forgiven this once! But, father, I have no comfort, and never shall have comfort; as long as I think that men have been murdered for injuring us."

"Pray for comfort, my child. In prayer you will find consolation."

"I dare not pray now this has happened. If they were but alive, how I would pray for them!"

"They are alive, my daughter, and where they much need your prayers. Pray for them, and your intercession may be heard."



Euphrosyne saw that her feelings were not understood, and she said no more. She listened to all the teachings that were offered her, and reserved her doubts and troubles for Afra's ear. Afra would tell her whether it could be right in such a Christian as L'Ouverture to render violence for violence. As for what the father and the abbess said about the effect of example, and the necessity and the benefit of assuring and conciliating the whites, by sacrificing negro offenders for their sakes, she dissented from it altogether. She had witnessed Toussaint's power; the power with which his spirit of gentleness and forbearance endowed him; and she believed that, if he would but try, he would find he could govern better by declaring always for the right and against the wrong, and leaving vengeance to God, than by the violent death of all the ignorant and violent men in the island. She would ask Afra. She was pretty sure Afra would think as she did; and, if so, the time might come—it made her breathless to think of it, but she could not help thinking of it every day—the time might come when she might ask Toussaint himself what he thought was exactly meant, in all cases, by forgiving our enemies; and particularly whether this did not extend to forgiving other people's enemies, and using no vengeance and no violence at all.

This idea of seeing Afra gained strength under all the circumstances of her present life. If Father Gabriel offered her comfort which was no comfort, or reproved her when she did not feel herself wrong; if the abbess praised her for anything she had not designed to be particularly right; if the sisters applauded sayings which she was conscious were not wise; if her heart ached for her grandfather's voice or countenance; if M. Critois visited her, or Pierre did not; if her lesson in history was hard, or her piece of needlework dull; if her flowers faded, or her bird sang so finely that she would have been proud for the world to hear it, the passion for seeing Afra was renewed. Afra would explain all she could not understand, would teach her what she wanted to know. Afra would blame her where she was aware she was wrong, instead of bidding her be quit of it with a few prayers, while laying much heavier stress upon something that she could cure much more easily. Afra wrote her a few letters, which were read by the abbess before they were delivered to her; and many more which Pierre slipped into her hand during their occasional interviews. She herself wrote such prodigiously long letters to Afra, that to read them through would have been too great an

addition to the reverend mother's business. She glanced over the first page and the last ; and, seeing that they contained criticisms on Alexander the Great, and pity for Socrates, and questions about flower-painting and embroidery, she skipped all that lay between.

It was not that Euphrosyne did not love and trust the abbess. She loved her so as to open to her all but the inner chambers of her heart ; and she trusted her with all but other persons concerns. The middle pages of her letters contained speculation chiefly ; speculation, in the first place, on Afra's future destiny, names and events being shrouded under mysterious expressions ; and, in the second place, on points of morals, which might be referred to M. Pascal, whose opinion was of great value. Euphrosyne had a strong persuasion, all the while, that she should one day tell her reverend mother the whole. She knew that she should not object to her seeing every line that Afra held of hers. Whatever was clandestine in the correspondence was for the sake of avoiding restraint, and not because she was ashamed of any of her thoughts.

One morning the abbess found her in the garden, listlessly watching the hues of a bright lizard as it lay panting in the sun. The abbess put her arm round her waist while stooping to look.

"How it glitters !" said she. "It is a pretty piece of God's handiwork : but we must leave it now, my dear. This sun is too hot for you. Your chamber, or Sister Claire's room, is the fittest place for you at this hour. You find your chamber cool ?"

"Yes, madame."

"The new ventilator works well ?"

"Yes, madame."

"You find—this way, my dear ; this alley is the most shady—you find your little bed comfortable ?"

"Yes, madame."

"And your toilet-cover—Sister Marie's work—is, I think, extremely pretty ; and the bookshelf that Father Gabriel gave you very convenient. Your friends here, my dear, are fond of you. They are anxious to make you happy."

"They are all very kind to me, madame."

"I am glad you are sensible of it. You are not of an ungrateful nature, we all know."

"I hope not : but, madame, I cannot stay here always."

"I was going to say, my dear, that we have not done every-



thing in our power for you yet. We must not forget that we grave women must be dull companions for a girl like you."

"It is not that, reverend mother. But I cannot stay here always."

"You will find it a very different thing when you have a companion of your own age, which I hope will be the case very soon. There is a negotiation on foot respecting a sweet girl, every way worthy of being your companion—"

"But, madame, I do not want that; I do not wish for any companion while I am here. I had much rather be alone; but—"

"But you would like to leave us, eh? You would like to be on a plantation, where you could amuse yourself with playing with the little negroes, and driving about the country, and visiting your neighbours two or three times a week."

Euphrosyne smiled, and plucked a twig to play with.

"You would like," continued the abbess, "to live with accomplished people; to have a fine library; to lie on a couch and read during the hot hours; and to sing gay songs in the piazza in the evening."

Euphrosyne smiled again.

"You would like," the abbess went on, "to dance, night after night, and to make picnic parties to the cacao-walks and to the shore. You would like to win over your guardian to let you have your own way in everything; and, to be sure, in comparison with his house, our convent—"

"My guardian!" exclaimed Euphrosyne. "Live at M. Critois's! Oh no!" And she laughed as she went on.

"He would be telling me every day that we should be very good friends. He would be saying all day long that it was his desire fully to discharge his duty to me. I can hardly help shaking off his hand now when he strokes my hair; and, if it came to his doing it every morning, we should certainly quarrel. They say Madame Critois never speaks; so I suppose she admires his conversation too much to interrupt it. There she and I should never agree. Live at my guardian's! Oh no!"

"You were thinking of some other house while I was describing your guardian's, my dear! What were you thinking of? Where would you live?"

Euphrosyne plucked another twig, having pulled the first to pieces. She smiled again, blushed, and said she would tell her reverend mother very soon what home she was thinking of: she could not tell to-day; but in a little while—



"In the mean time," said the abbess, with a scrutinizing gaze, "in the mean time, I conclude Father Gabriel knows all that is in your mind."

"You will know in good time what I am thinking of, madame : everybody will know."

The abbess was troubled.

"This is beginning early," she said, as if thinking aloud ; "this is beginning early with the mysteries and entanglements of life and the world ! How wonderful it is to look on—to be a witness of these things for two or three successive generations ! How every young creature thinks her case something wholly new ; the emotions of her awakened heart something that God never before witnessed, and that man never conceived of ! After all that has been written about love, upon the cavern walls of Hindoo temples, and in the hieroglyphics of old Egypt, and printed over all the mountains and valleys of the world by that deluge which was sent to quench unhallowed love, every young girl believes in her day that something unheard-of has happened when the dream has fallen upon her. My dear child, listen to one who knows more of life than you do ; to one who would have you happy, not only in the next world, but in this."

"Thank you, reverend mother."

"Love is holy and blessed, my dear, when it comes in its due season ; when it enters into a mind disciplined for new duties, and a heart waiting for new affections. In one who has no mother to help and comfort—"

"No mother, it is true," said Euphrosyne.

"The mother is the parent most naturally missed," said the abbess, supposing she was reading her pupil's mind. "Where there is no mother by a young girl's side, and no brothers and sisters to serve, the fancy and the heart are apt to fix prematurely on some object—too likely, in that case, to be one which will deceive and fail. But, my dear, such a young girl owes duty to herself, if God has seen fit to make her solitary in the world."

"One cannot say solitary," interposed Euphrosyne, "or without duties."

"You are right, my love. No one is, indeed, solitary in life (blessed be God !) nor without duties. As I was going to say, such a young girl's business is to apply herself diligently to her education during the years usually devoted to instruction. This is the work appointed to her youth. If, while her mind is yet ignorant, her judgment inexperienced, and her

tastes actually unformed, she indulges any affection or fancy which makes her studies tedious, her companions dull, and her mind and spirits listless, she has fallen into a fearful snare."

"How long, then, would you have a girl's education go on? And if her lover be very particularly wise and learned, do not you think she may learn more from him than in any other way? And if she be not dull and listless, but very happy—"

"Every girl," interrupted the abbess, with a grave smile, "thinks her lover the wisest man in the world: and no girl in love would exchange her dreams for the gayest activity of the fancy-free."

"Well, but as to the age," persisted Euphrosyne; "how soon—"

"That depends upon circumstances, my dear. But in all cases I consider sixteen too early."

"Sixteen! Yes. But nineteen, or, one may say, twenty. Twenty, next month but one."

"My dear," said the abbess, stopping short, "you do not mean to say—"

"Indeed, madame," said Euphrosyne, very earnestly, "Afra will be twenty in two months. I know her age to a day, and—"

"And you have been speaking of Mademoiselle Raymond all this time! Well, well—"

"And you were thinking of me, I do believe. Oh, madame, how could you? Why, I never saw anybody."

"I was wondering how it could be," said the abbess, striving to conceal her amusement and satisfaction. "I was surprised that you should have seen any one yet; and I was going to give you a lecture about half-confidences with Father Gabriel."

"And I could not conceive what Father Gabriel had to do with Afra's affairs, or how you came to know anything about it. I have let it out now, however; and I do not know what Afra will say."

"You have not told me who the gentleman is, you know; so there is not much harm done. No, do not tell me, my dear, till Mademoiselle Raymond desires it."

"Oh, I may as well, now you know so much. I dare say Afra would have no objection, particularly as you will then understand what I meant about living somewhere else. When you talked of a fine library," she continued, laughing, "how could I suppose you were thinking of any in the colony but M. Pascal's?"



"So he is the gentleman," said the abbess. "How times are changed! A lady of colour may be Madame Pascal now without reproach."

"I am glad it is out," said Euphrosyne, gayly. "I can speak now to somebody about Afra. Oh, madame, you do not know, you cannot imagine how they love one another."

"Cannot I?" and the abbess sighed.

"And I may look forward to living with them. They say I may, madame. They say I must. And surely my guardian will have no objection. Do you think he can, madame?"

"Indeed I do not know. I am acquainted with the parties only by hearsay. Report speaks highly of M. Pascal. Some persons at Paris, and some formerly in office here, are surprised at his unqualified adherence to the *Ouverture* system; but I never heard anything worse of him than that."

"And that is nothing but good, as any one would say who really knew all those dear people. *L'Ouverture* and M. Pascal are almost like father and son. Afra says—"

"My dear," interposed the abbess, "you wondered how I knew of this affair. You must allow me to wonder how you have gained all this intelligence. Mademoiselle Raymond must have crossed her letters with sympathetic ink, which the warmth of your friendship brought out; for not a syllable of what you have told me have her letters conveyed to me."

The abbess did not mean to press for an answer; so indulgent was she made by the complacency of discovering that her charge was not entangled in a love-affair. While Euphrosyne was blushing, and hunting for a reply which should be true and yet guarded, she was relieved by the rapid approach of Sister Benoîte.

"Something is amiss," said the abbess, assuming the look of calmness with which she was wont to await bad news.

"What has happened to alarm you, my daughter?"

"There is a message, reverend mother," said the breathless nun, "from Madame Ogé. She invites herself to our evening repast. If you cannot receive her to-day, she will come to-morrow."

"She shall be welcome," said the abbess, without, however, much of the spirit of welcome in her tone.

"So this is our calamity!" said Euphrosyne, laughing.

"There is calamity at hand, assuredly," sighed Sister Benoîte.

"Nay, nay, my daughter. This is superstition," said the abbess.



"Whatever it be, reverend mother, do we not all—does not every one quake when Madame Ogé comes abroad?"

"It is but seldom that she does," said the abbess; "and it is our part to make her welcome."

"But seldom, indeed, reverend mother. When all goes well—when the crops are fine, and the island all at peace, no one hears of Madame Ogé. She keeps within her coffee-groves—"

"Mourning her sons," interposed the abbess.

"But," continued the nun, "when any disaster is about to happen, we have notice of it by Madame Ogé coming abroad. She came to this very house the first day of the meeting of the deputies, in that terrible August of ninety-one. She came a day or two before the rising against Hédouville. She came a night or two before the great hurricane of ninety-seven—"

"That was an accident," said the abbess, smiling.

"Then you think it is not by accident that she always comes out before misfortunes happen?" asked Euphrosyne, trembling as she spoke.

"By no means, my dear. It is easily explained. Madame Ogé looks upon her sons as martyrs in the cause of the mulattoes. When all goes well, as all has done under L'Ouverture's rule, with only a few occasional troubles—fewer and slighter than might have been expected during such a change in society as we have witnessed—when all goes well, Madame Ogé feels that her sons are forgotten; and, as my daughter Benoîte says, she mourns them alone in the shades of her coffee-groves. She seems, however, to have means of information which persons less interested have not; and when she has reason to believe that troubles will ensue, she hopes that the names of her sons will once more be a watchword for the humiliation of both blacks and whites; and she comes forth with her hungry maternal heart, and her quick maternal ear, to catch the first echo of the names which are for ever mingled with her prayers."

"Can she mingle those names with her prayers, and yet not forgive?"

"My child, is it not so with us all? Do we not pray for our enemies, and ask to be forgiven as we forgive, and come out from our closets with ears open to the fresh slanders of the day, and hearts ready to burn at the thought of old injuries? It might be well for us if we had the excuse of this wretched woman, whose woes have been such as might naturally have shaken her reason and prostrated her will. If there be any

above others with whom God will be long-suffering, it is with the mother whose children have been torn from her arms, to be tortured and destroyed, and their very names made a term of reproach."

"You think something is going to happen?"

"As my daughter Benoîte says, on one occasion there was a hurricane. To-morrow the sun may rise, or there may be a cloud in the sky."

"Nay, but—" said Sister Benoîte.

"Nay, but," said the abbess, smiling, "I will have nothing said which shall make Euphrosyne look upon my guest as a sorceress, or as the instrument of any evil one. I wish all my daughters to meet Madame Ogé with cheerfulness. It is the best I have to offer her—the cheerfulness of my family, and that of which she has least at home. You hear, Euphrosyne?"

"Madame, you do not mean that I am to see her. Indeed I cannot—indeed I dare not. It is no disrespect—quite the contrary. But I could not hold up my head before one who—"

"Poor Madame Ogé, if all said so!" exclaimed the abbess.

"That is true," said Euphrosyne. "I will be there; but, dear mother, do not speak particularly to me. Do not draw her attention upon me."

"I will not, my dear."

"Do you think she will speak angrily of the *Ouvertures*? I hope she will say nothing about poor General Moyse."

"You must bear what she says, be it what it may."

"True. And it is only for one evening. But I wish it was over. I shall be glad when to-morrow morning is come, and I shall be in this alley again."

"Meantime, my dear, you have been long enough here for this morning. Let us go in."

The prospect of any guest was in itself acceptable to the sisterhood. It gave them something to do, and afforded one day of variety. The abbess's parlour and the refectory had to be adorned with fresh flowers. Napkins, of the workmanship of one sister, were laid beside the plates; and on the table were fruits gathered by another, sweetmeats made by a third, and chocolate prepared by the careful hands of a fourth. Even the abbess's veil looked whiter, and more exactly put on than usual. Everything within the walls was in its nicest order some time before Madame Ogé's carriage drew up before the gate.

Two or three of the sisters and Euphrosyne were with the



abbess in her parlour when Madame Ogé entered. Euphrosyne had permission to bring in her work, so that she could sit plying her needle, and listening to what went on, without many nervous feelings about being observed by a person whom she could become acquainted with only by stealing glances at her face.

That face, she thought, must in its youth have had much of the beauty common among mulattoes, if not natural to them, in a favourable climate. It was now deeply impressed with sorrow. Every line, every feature told of sorrow. There was no other painful expression in it. There was great solemnity, but stillness rather than passion; nothing which warranted, in itself, the superstitious fears which the sisters had of the unhappy lady. She was handsomely dressed, and her manner was quiet.

The conversation turned first upon the state of the coffee and sugar crops, about which little could be said, because the prospect of every kind of produce was excellent. So much regard was everywhere paid to the processes of cultivation; and the practice of ten years, under the vigilant eye of Toussaint and his agents, had so improved the methods of tillage and the habits of the cultivators, that the bounties of the soil and climate were improved instead of being intercepted. Every year since the revolution the harvests had been richer; and this was the crowning year.

"Yes," said Madame Ogé; "we have heard a great deal of all that, and I fancy we have nearly heard the last of it."

"There must, indeed," replied the abbess, "be some limit to the fruitfulness of the soil, and to the industry of those who till it; and it does seem as if the earth could yield no more than it is bringing forth this year."

"Father Gabriel says," observed Sister Claire, "that in his journeys he could almost believe that the fields sing, and the hills rejoice with music, as the Scripture says; the cultivators are so hidden among the corn, and the canes, and the groves, and the vines, that their songs seem really to come out of the ground."

"It is in the woods," added Sister Benoîte, "as if the very trees shouted—"

She stopped abruptly before the name L'Ouverture, remembering that it would not be acceptable to all the present company.

"I have no doubt," said Madame Ogé, "that all the monkeys and parrots are taught to shout L'Ouverture. Like his



people, they are quick at learning that much. But I imagine there will be something else for 'Toussaint to do presently than teaching the birds of the woods to praise him."

As no one asked what was likely to happen, she reserved for the present the news they trembled to hear, and went on :

"It is grievous to see so good a negro as 'Toussaint lost and spoiled. I knew him of old, when he was at Breda ; and many a time has M. Bayou told me that he was the most faithful, decent, clever, well-mannered negro on the estate."

"I believe he preserves those qualities still," observed the abbess, reproving with a glance the laugh which was rising at this description of the commander-in-chief.

"If those had been masters who ought to have been masters," pursued Madame Ogé, "'Toussaint would no doubt have been placed at the head of the negroes ; for we knew him well—I and they whom I have lost. Then, without insubordination—without any being lifted out of their proper places to put down others, we should have had a vast improvement in the negroes. 'Toussaint would have been made their model, and perhaps would have been rewarded with his freedom some day or other, for example. This would have satisfied all the ambition he had by nature. He would have died a free man, and perhaps have emancipated his family. As it is, they will all die slaves ; and they will feel it all the harder for the farce of greatness they have been playing these ten years. I am very sorry for them, and I always was ; for I foresaw from the beginning how it would end."

"Do you really imagine that any one thinks of enslaving this wonderful man again ? And what should make him submit to it ?"

"He would sooner lay a train to the root of Cibao, and blow up the island," exclaimed Euphrosyne.

"Are you one of his party, young lady ? You look too much as if you were but just landed from France for me to suppose that I was speaking before a friend of L'Ouverture's. If you really are lately from France, you may know that there is a greater than our poor 'Toussaint, to whom he must yield at command."

"I have never been at Paris, madame ; and I do not believe that there is a greater than L'Ouverture there, or anywhere else."

"You have been a happy child, I see : you have lived so retired from our miserable world as not to have heard of Bonaparte. It was by Bonaparte, my dear—for Bonaparte's conve-

nience, and (it is my idea) for his amusement, that Toussaint was made what he is, and allowed to gallop about, with his trumpeters behind him, for so long. You look as if you did not believe me, my dear. Well : time will show."

"I thought," said Euphrosyne, "that Toussaint was the First of the Blacks before Bonaparte was the First of the Whites. I have no doubt, however, that it has been very convenient to Bonaparte, and very surprising to him and everybody, that the colony has been so perfectly well governed by one from whom they could have expected nothing. I hope Bonaparte will be too wise and too grateful to injure him, or even to hurt his feelings ; and I feel very sure that Bonaparte is not strong enough, with all the world to help him, to make L'Ouverture and his family slaves again."

"We shall see. Even I may live to see it ; and I have no doubt you will. Bonaparte is going to try ; and if he cannot, as you say, do it by himself, he may now persuade all the world to help him ; for he is making peace on all hands."

"You have that news from France ?" inquired the abbess.

"I have it from a sure quarter—never mind how. It will soon be generally known that the preliminaries of peace between France and England are signed : and I happen to know two things more—that Bonaparte has agreed to maintain negro slavery in Martinique, Gaudaloupe, and Cayenne ; and that (pray listen, young lady) he declares to the English that he can do what he pleases in St. Domingo. I wish he could see that angry blush. Pray, look at her, madame ! I see she thinks Bonaparte a very impertinent fellow."

"I do," replied Euphrosyne : "and I hope he will know better, and feel better, before he is L'Ouverture's age."

"Ha ! he ought to know what disloyal little hearts there are beating against him in this St. Domingo that he thinks all his own."

"Perhaps," observed the abbess, "he used these words when he was not speaking of slavery ; but rather from being aware of the loyalty of the Ouverture family, which is, I believe, exemplary."

"It is," declared Euphrosyne, looking up, with glowing eyes. "He has not only served, but worshipped Bonaparte, all the years that they have both ruled. In his own family, M. Pascal says—"

"What is M. Pascal to do under the changes that are coming ?" interrupted Madame Ogé. "He has placed himself in a difficulty, it seems to me. Will he go under the yoke with his



father-in-law ? (for I suppose, in his devotion, he will be marrying one of 'Toussaint's daughters). Will he take the hoe and go into the field—You are smiling, my dear young lady.”

Euphrosyne was indeed smiling. She could not but hope that, as Madame Ogé was so ill-informed about the affairs of M. Pascal and of the Raymonds, who were of her own colour, she might be mistaken about the whole of her news.

“You are smiling,” repeated Madame Ogé. “Though you stoop your head over your work, I see that you have some droll thought.”

“It would be strange, certainly,” replied Euphrosyne, “to see the philosophical M. Pascal hoeing canes or working at the mill. Yet I believe we may be certain that he will be a slave as soon as Toussaint, or any negro in St. Domingo.”

“Young people like to be positive,” said Madame Ogé to the abbess. “But it does not much matter, as they have life before them ; time enough to see what is true and what is not. Is it your doctrine, my dear young lady, that God has given over his wrath towards this island ; and that it is to be happy henceforth with the negroes for masters ?”

“With the negroes for equals, I think it may be happy. But I never thought of God being wrathful towards us. I thought our miseries had arisen out of men's wrath with each other.”

“If ever,” said Madame Ogé, in a low tone, but yet so that every word was heard, “if ever there was a place set apart by cursing, if ever there was a hell upon this earth, it is this island. Men can tell us where Paradise was : it was not here, whatever Columbus might say. The real Paradise, where the angels of God kept watch, and let no evil thing enter, was on the other side of the globe : and I say that this place was meant for a hell, as that was for a heaven, upon earth. It looked like heaven to those who first came ; but that was the devil's snare. It was to make lust sweeter, and cruelty safer, that he adorned the place as he did. In a little while it appeared like what it was. The innocent natives were corrupted—the defenceless were killed—the strong were made slaves. The plains were laid waste, and the valleys and woods were rifled. The very bees ceased to store their honey ; and among the wild game there was found no young. Then came the sea-robbers and haunted the shores ; and many a dying wretch screamed at night among the caverns—many a murdered corpse lies buried in our sands. Then the negroes were brought in from over the sea ; and from among their chains, from under the lash, grew up the hatred of races. The whites hated the



mulattoes and despised the blacks. The mulattoes hated both the whites and the blacks ; and—”

“ And,” interposed Euphrosyne, courageously, “ the blacks hated neither. They loved where they could ; and where they could not love, they forgave ; and there lies the proof that this island is not hell.”

“ You have proved nothing, my dear, but that you do not know what has happened, even since you were born. Any white will tell you what the negroes did so late as the year ninety-one—how they killed their masters by inches—how they murdered infants—how they carried off ladies into the woods—”

A sign from the abbess availed to stop Madame Ogé, even in the midst of a subject on which none usually dared to interrupt her. Euphrosyne, in some agitation, replied,

“ I am aware of all that you say ; but every one allows that the most ignorant and cruel of the negroes did over again exactly what they had seen the whites do to their race. But these revengeful blacks were few, very few, in comparison with the numbers who spared their masters, helped and comforted them, and are now working on their estates—friends with all who will be friends with them. The place is not hell where thousands of men forget the insults of a lifetime, and bind up the wounds of their oppressors.”

“ I cannot doubt,” said the abbess, “ that ever since there was a Christian in the island, there have been angels of God at hand, to sanctify the evil which they were not commissioned to prevent. Violence is open to the day. Patience is hidden in the heart. Revenge has shouted his battle-cry at noon, while forgiveness breathes her lowly prayer at midnight. Spirits from hell may have raged along our high roads ; but I trust that, in the fiercest times, the very temper of Christ may have dwelt in a thousand homes, in a thousand nooks of our valleys and our woods.”

“ Besides,” Sister Benoîte ventured to say, “ our worst troubles were so long ago ! For ten years, now, we have been under the holy rule of a devout man ; and, for the most part, at peace.”

“ Peace !” exclaimed Madame Ogé, contemptuously.

“ There have been disputes among the rulers, as Father Gabriel says there are among all the rulers in the world ; but he says (and no one knows better than Father Gabriel) that the body of the people have not been troubled by these disputes, and are not even aware of them.”

“ Does not Father Gabriel tell you that ten years are but a

day in heaven and hell? Yes, in hell: they may be long for suffering, but they are short for revenge. The cruel master, who saw one slave faint under the lash, and let another die in the stocks, and tore the husband from the wife, and the child from the mother, might escape for the time with the destruction of his family, punished for his sake; he might live safely, in the midst of the city, for the ten years you speak of; but let him venture out for a single day—let him but drive to his own estate and back again, and, gray as his head is, he is shot in his own carriage as soon as it is dark.”

Before the abbess could anticipate what was coming, the words were out. Before she could make a sign, Euphrosyne had rushed from the room.

It was not long before the abbess entered the chamber of her charge. She found her stretched on the bed, not weeping, but shuddering with horror.

“My daughter,” said she, “I grieve that this trial should have come upon you already. If one could have foreseen—”

“But, madame, is it true? She meant *him*, I know. Tell me faithfully, is it true?”

“It is, my daughter.”

“What, all? Every one of those things?”

“All true. Perhaps it is well that you should know it, that the departed may have the benefit of your prayers. But how differently would I have had you told!”

“Never mind that! Whatever is true, I can and will bear. I will pray for him, madame, day and night; as long as I live will I pray for him; for he was to me—Oh, madame, how he loved me! I will make reparation for him—the reparation that he would make if he could. I will find out who were the poor creatures—I will make them happy for as long as they live, for his sake. You will help me, madame.”

“I will. It is a pious intention.”

“I owe him all that I can do. I ask one favour of you, madame. Let no one speak to me about him—never again. No one can understand what he was to me—what care he took of me—how he used to love me. Oh! madame, is it quite certain—are you quite sure that those things are true?”

“My child, do not give me the pain of explaining more. As you say, let this never again be spoken of. I propose to you, Euphrosyne, to make a virtuous effort.”

“Not to come down this evening, madame?”

“Yes, my child, to come down this evening. I think it of importance that Madame Ogé should not discover how she has



wounded you, and that nothing should occur to fix her attention on the descendant of one who was active in procuring the death of her sons. Trust me, my dear, it is worth an effort to prevent Madame Ogé leaving this house your enemy."

"I do not care for it, madame. Let her hate me. She is quite welcome."

"You are thinking only of yourself, Euphrosyne. I am thinking also of her. Consider how sore a heart she carries within her. Consider how wretched her life has been made by the enmities in which she has lived. Will you not save her one more? You have professed to pity her. Now you can show it, if your pity is real, by saving her from a new enmity."

"I am willing to do that: but how can I speak to her? How can we know what things she may say?"

"You shall not converse with her again. The table is spread. Go down now, and take your place at the foot, beside Sister Claire. When we rise from table, I will dismiss you to your room as in course."

"I wish that time was come," sighed Euphrosyne, as she languidly arranged her hair.

The abbess stroked her pale cheek as she said that in an hour she would be glad the effort was made.

"You can spend the evening in writing to your friend," said she; "and, if you think proper to tell her that I know her secret, you may assure her of my blessing and my prayers. They are due to one who loves my dear charge as she does."

Euphrosyne's cheeks were now no longer pale.

"And may I tell her, madame, what Madame Ogé has been declaring about Bonaparte and his threats?"

"It will be needless, my dear. If there be any truth in the matter, M. Pascal doubtless knows more than Madame Ogé."

"In that case, there can be no harm in mentioning it."

Still the abbess thought it would be safer to say nothing about it; and Euphrosyne gave up the point for to-night, remembering that she could perhaps send a private despatch afterward by the hands of Pierre.

During the meal, while the length of the table was between them, Euphrosyne nearly escaped the notice of Madame Ogé. When it was over, and the sisters rose, while the guest and the abbess passed out to the parlour, the abbess stopped at Euphrosyne, kissed her forehead, and commended her to her studies. Madame Ogé stopped too, and put in an intercession that the young lady might be excused studying this evening, and permitted to return to her pretty fancy-work in the par-



hour. The colour rushed to Euphrosyne's temples—a sign of ardent hope of a holyday in Madame Ogé's eyes. She therefore thought the abbess grievously strict when she replied that her charge would prefer spending the evening in her own chamber.

"As you please," said Madame Ogé. "It was my wish to do the child a kindness, and perhaps to have the pleasure myself of seeing a young face for an hour or two—the rarest of all sights to me. I seldom go out; and when I do, all the young and cheerful faces seem to have hidden themselves."

The abbess regulated her invitations for the evening by this speech. Sisters Debora and Marie, one the youngest, and the other the merriest of the family, were requested to bring their workbags, and join the party in the parlour.

"Good evening, young lady," said Madame Ogé to Euphrosyne, holding out her hand. "I hoped to have procured you a little freedom, and to have had more conversation about your hero; but—"

"If there are to be great changes in the colony," observed the abbess, "it may yet be in your power, madame, to show kindness to my charge."

"If so, command me, my dear. But it is more likely that the changes to come will have the opposite effect. Then pretty young white ladies may have all their own way, while the storm will burst again on the heads of the dark people."

"If so, command me, madame," Euphrosyne exerted herself to say. The abbess's smile made her eyes fill with tears almost before she had spoken.

"Are your eyes wet for me, my dear?" said Madame Ogé, with surprise. "Let the storm burst upon me; for I am shattered and stricken already, and nothing can hurt me. But I shall remember your offer. Meantime, you may depend upon it, the news I told you is true; the times I warned you of are coming."

"What news? what warning?" eagerly asked the sisters of Euphrosyne, as soon as the guest was out of hearing.

"That there were hurricanes last November, and there will be more the next," replied she, escaping to her chamber. Before she slept, she had written all her news and all her thoughts to Afra, leaving it for decision in the morning whether she should send entire what she had written.

## CHAPTER IV.

## THE HERALD ABROAD.

MADAME OGÉ's news was too true. M. Pascal had held many an anxious conversation with L'Ouverture on the subject before Afra showed him her little friend's letter. In a short time an additional fact became known--that Bonaparte had re-established the slave-trade. His enmity to the race of blacks was now open and declared.

The first intimation which the colony at large had of what had happened was through the altered demeanour of their chief. From the first bright day of the prolific, gorgeous summer, to that in which the season merged in a fierce autumnal storm, L'Ouverture had been seen to be not less calm and quiet than usual, but depressed and sad. Some ascribed his gloom to the transaction at Cap, and the misery it must needs have introduced into his home. Others, who saw how much the colony had gained in confidence, and Toussaint's government in strength, by that act, looked for a different cause. Some reminded each other that, while no man was more energetic in the hour of proof than their chief, his spirits were wont to droop when others were elated. It seemed as if some boding ghost whispered evil to him most peremptorily when the harvests were ripest before his eyes, when the laugh and the song were loudest in his ear, and when no one dreamed that the bright days of the colony would ever more be overclouded.

It was even so. When Toussaint saw that his race was in peace, it filled him with grief that this peace was not likely to last. When he saw what the true African soul was when cleansed from blood and anger, and permitted to grow in freedom and in harmony, it was torture to know (as he did too well) that new injuries were preparing for it; that it was certain to be again steeped in passion and slaughter, and all that was savage in it excited afresh. This, even more than the death of Moyse, cast gloom round his soul during the last of the series of bright and prosperous summers that were to pass under his eye. When autumn came, it might have made him wonder, if he had had leisure to consider himself, to find how his spirits rose and his heart grew light, not exactly when dismay



and dread began to overcloud every face about him, but when he saw that suspense and struggle were coming to an end. He perceived perplexity in the countenance of his friend Pascal, even in the presence of his bride. He met sorrow in the mild eyes of Henri. He heard that exultation in the voice of Jacques which always struck like discord upon his ear. He observed that in the bearing of Madame Dessalines which carried back his memory ten years into her past history. He saw Aimée tremble at the approach of any one who might bring news from France; and he heard Margot weeping at her prayers, as she implored from Heaven the safe return of her sons. Yet all this caused to his sympathizing heart scarcely a pang; so clear was his path now, so distinct was the issue to which his duty and the fate of his race was brought.

"Here it ends, then," said he, one day, at the council-table, rising as he spoke. "Here ends all possibility of compromise. For the blacks, it is slavery or self-defence. It is so, M. Pascal."

"It is. The terms of the new peace are proclaimed."

"And the fact substantiated that Bonaparte has declared that he will do what he pleases with St. Domingo."

"Such were certainly his words."

"Who is surprised?" inquired Dessalines. "I forewarned you of this long ago; and I said at the same time that, if we waited for aggression, we might find it too late for defence."

"Not a word of fear, Jacques! Our victory is as sure as the justice of Heaven."

"Perhaps so; but it would have been easier if you had not been training your people, all these years, to love and cherish those whom they are now going to resist."

"I see and admit our difficulty, Jacques. But if I had governed as you would have had me, we should have been in a worse. I should then have been the chief of a race of savages instead of soldiers and citizens. If we had been extirpating the whites all this time, we should now have been destroying each other instead of preparing to go forth to a righteous war."

"True. Most true," declared Henri. "We may suffer for a time, and fight with the more difficulty, from our habits of observance towards those whom we must now oppose. But God will not allow the spirit of forgiveness and love to be finally a snare."

"Never," said Toussaint. "He has appointed fierce passions for a yoke, and mild affections for freedom. Though



Bonaparte betrays and oppresses, the Gospel stands. It is now time for proclaiming the war throughout the colony."

"I will prepare the proclamation this night," said M. Pascal.

"If you will, my friend," said Toussaint. "But I intend to be my own proclamation. To-morrow morning I set forth for St. Domingo, to visit my brother in his city. I shall examine every fort, and call together the militia as I go. The trip would be more effective if I could have my council about me."

"I will go with you," said Henri.

"And I," exclaimed Jacques.

"And I?" said Raymond, inquiringly.

"No, Raymond. Stay at Port au Prince, to report my proceedings to the Legislature. And you, M. Pascal, remain here to receive the despatches which may arrive from France. My brethren-in-arms of the council will be with me. When we have satisfied ourselves, we will let you know whether or not those who would have loved and served France for ever as a guardian angel, can cast her off when she becomes an incubus."

It was a time of high excitement—that in which L'Ouverture, attended by four of his generals and a train of inferior officers, traversed the island, to communicate or confirm the intelligence that an expedition was believed to be setting sail from France for the purpose of wresting from the blacks the freedom which was theirs by the law of the land. Toussaint found, not only that all hearts were ready for the assertion of freedom, but that all eyes were so fixed upon him, all ears so open to his lightest word, that there was every probability of his purposes being fully understood and completely executed. At a word from him, the inhabitants of Cap Français and Port au Prince began to remove their property into the fastnesses of the interior, and to prepare to burn those towns at the moment of the French attempting to land. It was useless to think of preventing a landing, so exposed was the greater part of the coast. The more rational hope was so to distress the foe on shore as to make them glad to go on board their ships again. Equally satisfactory was the disposition of the interior. The municipal bodies throughout the colony, previously brought under one system, now acted in concert. Their means of communication had been improved, so that each settlement was no longer like an encampment in the wilderness; on the contrary, every order given by L'Ouverture seemed to have been echoed by the mountain-tops around, so promptly

was it transmitted, and so continually did he find his commands anticipated. As he went, his four generals parted off, to examine the forts on either hand, and to inspect and animate the militia. Everywhere the same story was told, and everywhere was it received with the same eagerness and docility. "The French are coming, to make slaves of us again. But—there shall never more be a slave in St. Domingo. They are coming; but they are our countrymen till they have struck the first blow. We will demand of them an account of our brethren in Cayenne, in Guadaloupe, and in Martinique. We will ask of them concerning our brethren on the coasts of Africa. If, in return, they throw us chains and the whip, we shall know how to answer. But not a blow must be struck till they have shown whether they are brethren or foes. Our dark skin is no disgrace; but the first drop of a brother's blood dyes us all in infamy. Let the infamy be theirs who assault us. At this moment, our first duty is to our white brethren of this island. In this time of our high excitement, they are full of grief. They are guiltless of this attack upon our liberty. They are as willing as we to live and die under the rule of L'Ouverture; and under the special protection of L'Ouverture they shall, if they please, live and die. Beware of imputing to them the sins of their colour. Protect them from your hearts—defend them with your lives. In the hour of danger, as you invoke the blessing of Heaven, save first the creole whites, and next your wives and your children."

Such were the exhortations spoken everywhere by Christophe, La Plume, and Clerveaux. It could not be expected of Dessalines that he should deliver the last clauses with perfect fidelity. The solemnity of the hour had, however, its tranquillizing effect, even upon his ruling passion. Even his heart, which usually turned to stone at the sight of a white, was moved by the visible distress of the proprietors of that race, who were, with scarcely an exception, in despair. In private they execrated the spirit and conduct of their former neighbours, now in Paris, whose representations were the chief cause of the expedition now projected. Instead of remaining, or returning to ascertain the real state of things in St. Domingo—instead of respecting the interests and wishes of those who were entirely satisfied under the government of L'Ouverture, they had prejudiced the mind of the First Consul, and induced him to bring back the ruin and woe which had passed away. The ladies wept and trembled within their houses. Their fathers, husbands, and brothers flocked to every point



where L'Ouverture halted, to assure him of their good-will to his government, and to remind him of the difficulty and danger of the position in which they were placed. These last carried some comfort home with them. All who had seen Toussaint's face had met there the gaze of a brother. If there were two or three who went with doubtful minds, prepared to exult at the depression of the blacks, but thinking it well to bespeak protection in case of the struggle ending the wrong way—if there was a sprinkling of such among the throng of whites who joined the cavalcade from the cross-roads, they shrunk away abashed before the open countenance of the Deliverer, and stole homeward to wait the guidance of events.

If it had not been that the city of St. Domingo was at the end of this march, Toussaint would have traversed the colony with a higher spirit and a lighter heart than during any of his serener days of power. But the city of his brother's government was before him, and at its gates Paul, whom he had not met since the death of Moyse. He had not been forgetful of his sorrowing brother. He had immediately sent to him Father Laxabon—the best consoler, as the last confidant of the departed. Letter upon letter had Toussaint sent; deed upon deed of kindness had he attempted towards his brother; but still Father Laxabon had written, "Come not yet." "He must have time." "Give him time, if there is to be peace between you." Now it had become necessary that they should meet; and far readier was Toussaint to encounter the armies of France than the countenance of his brother. For ever, in the midst of the excitements of the journey, he found himself asking in his own mind where and how Paul would meet him; and whether he had cut off from himself his brother as well as his brother's son.

Meantime, the party rode proudly on through the interior of the island, signs of welcome spreading around them at every step. From the grassfarms in the wide savannahs, the herdsmen hastened, with promises to drive their flocks up into the Mornes, where no enemy should penetrate while a man remained to guard the passes. At each salute from the forts that rose at intervals along the way, the wild cattle rushed towards the steeps; while the parties of hunters turned back from their sport, to offer themselves as scouts and messengers on behalf of the colony. From some glade of the woods appeared the monk, charged with the blessing of his convent; or the grazier, with a string of horses—his gift for the service of the army. Around the crosses which, half concealed by the long



grass of the plains, yet served to mark the road, were gathered groups of women, bearing bags of money, or ornaments of gold and silver, which they would have thrust upon him, to whom they declared that they owed their all ; while every settlement displayed its company of armed men, standing in military order, and rending the air with shouts on the approach of their chief. La Plume and Clerveaux, to whom such demonstrations were less familiar than to the other generals, no longer doubted that all would be well. They pronounced that the colony already showed itself invincible. Toussaint thought that he might have been of the same opinion if the expected foe had been any other than French. The event must show whether the pains he had taken to unite his race with their fellow-citizens as brethren would now weaken or strengthen his cause—whether it would enhance or mitigate the bitterness of the impending quarrel.

On the morning of the last day of their survey of the interior, the party emerged from the shade of the woods, and, crossing the grassy level of the Llanos, reached the ferry by which the Ozama was to be crossed near its mouth. On the opposite bank were horsemen, who, on observing the party approaching the ferry, put spurs to their horses and galloped southward in the direction of the city. They need not so have hastened ; for the Deliverer was stopped at every fishing hamlet—almost at every hut along the shores of the bay, to receive the loyal homage of the inhabitants, Spanish as well as French. In the midst of these greetings, the eye and the soul of the chief were absent—looking to what lay before him. There, at some distance, springing from the level of the plain, rose the Cathedral of St. Domingo and other lofty buildings, whose outline was distinctly marked against the glittering sea which spread immediately behind. An ungovernable impatience seized him at length, and he broke away, bursting through the throngs upon the road, and resolving not to stop till he should have seen his fate, as a brother, in his brother's eyes.

A procession of priests was issuing from the city gate as he approached. They were robed, and they bore the Host under a canopy. At the first sound of their chant, the generals and their suite threw themselves from their horses and prostrated themselves upon the grass. On rising, they perceived that the whole city had come out to meet them. "The whole city," Toussaint heard his companions say ; and his heart throbbed when he strained his sight to see if the governor of the city was the only one left at home. The procession of priests had

now turned, and was preceding him—slowly—so slowly, that he would fain have dispensed with the solemnity. The people crowded round his horse and impeded his way. He strove to be present to the occasion; but all was like a troubled dream—the chanting, the acclamation, the bursts of military music from a distance; all that at other times had fired his soul, was now disturbance and perplexity. A few faithless persons in the crowd, on the watch for information with which they might make interest with the French on their arrival, noted the wandering of the eye and the knitting of the brow, and drew thence a portent of the fall of the Deliverer.

At length the gate was reached; and there, in the shadow of the portal, surrounded by his attendants, stood Paul. On the arrival of his brother at the threshold, he took from an officer the velvet cushion on which the keys of the city were deposited, and, advancing to the stirrup of the commander-in-chief, offered them, according to custom. For an instant Toussaint gazed on the aged, worn, melancholy countenance beside him, and then stooped from his horse to fling his arms round the neck of his brother, breathing into his ear,

“If *you* are in your duty at such a time as this, who else dare fail me? I thank God! I thank God! We cannot fail.”

Paul withdrew himself without speaking. His action was sullen. He led the way, however, towards the governor's house, evidently expecting to be followed. Not another word passed between them on the way. Through one wide street after another L'Ouverture was led; and from the balconies of whole ranges of fine houses, from the roof of many a church, and the porch of many a convent, was he hailed, before he could catch another glimpse of the countenance of the brother who preceded him. At the gate of the governor's house there was a pause, and way was made for the chief to pass in first. He did so; and the next moment turned round in the vestibule to speak to Paul—but Paul had disappeared. Glancing round, Toussaint saw Father Laxabon awaiting him at the foot of the staircase. Each advanced to the other. “Father, he is wretched,” whispered Toussaint. “Bring me to him.”

“Follow me,” said the priest; and, instead of mounting the marble staircase, L'Ouverture and the father were seen to enter a passage, into which every one else was forbidden to follow. Father Laxabon tapped softly at a door, and was desired to enter. He opened it, and closed it behind Toussaint, keeping watch outside that the brothers might not be disturbed.

Paul started to his feet from the couch on which he had



thrown himself. He stood waiting. Now was the decisive moment, and Toussaint knew it was. Yet he stood speechless.

"I left my son in your charge," said Paul, at length.

"You did; and I—"

"And you murdered him."

"No, Paul! I executed justice upon him. Hear me, brother, once for all. I am heartbroken for you as a brother, but as a magistrate I will admit no censure. As his father in your stead, I was, as the event has proved, too ambitious for him; but as a ruler, I did but my duty."

"Yes! You have been ambitious! You have chosen your duty!"

"My ambition was for him, Paul. As for my duty—remember that I too have a child whom, by that act, I doomed to worse than death."

"You see what liberty has brought to us. Look at the family of Overture; consider what has befallen since your struggle for liberty began; and then, perhaps, you will give over struggling. Welcome the French—go back to Breda—send me home to my hut on the shore, that I may die in such peace as is left to a childless man. Why do you not answer me, Toussaint? Why will you not give us a last chance of peace? I must obey you at the city gate, but I will importune you here. Why will you not do as I say?"

"Because I know that some—and the Overtures among them—were not born to live at ease—to pass their days in peace. I feel that some—and the Overtures among them—are born to suffer—to struggle and to die for their race. If you would know why, ask their Creator. I myself would fain know why. Meantime, the will of God is so clear, that I have devoted, not myself only, but my children. My sons, you know—"

"And not your children only, but your brother and his child."

"No. Moysse cast himself away. And as for you, your hut still stands, as you say. Go to it if you will, or make friends with the French if you desire to be a slave again. You have suffered too much by me for me to ask you ever to serve me more. I shall never desire you to dedicate yourself anew to pain in this crisis. Go and seek for ease. I shall incessantly pray that you may find it."

"I shall not seek what is not to be found, Toussaint. I have never dared wretchedness as you have; but, since I am and must be wretched, I will be an Overture. Your eye and



your voice make me an Overture again, even yet. Give me your commands."

"Read this proclamation with the eye of an Overture. Well! Do you like it? How do you understand it?"

"You declare your allegiance to France, declaring, at the same time, its limits, and appealing to your soldiers in the event of aggression. It is plain, from this, that you mean to defend yourself and anticipate war."

"It is well. That is what I intend to convey. You will publish this proclamation in your city and district, under date of this 18th of December, 1801. You will then concert with General Clerveaux the measures for the defence of this city, and report your decisions to me on my return from Cap Samana. Shall it be so, brother?"

"Be it so."

"And we are friends?"

"We are fellow-citizens—we are Overtures—and therefore faithful. I shall not betray you."

"That is all I can ask, I know. We are old men, Paul. Fidelity for a while! Beyond the grave, perhaps more."

"You are going already?"

"To Cap Samana, and alone. Farewell!"

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## CHAPTER V.

### ALL EYE.

DAY by day, in the intervals of his occupation about the defence of the colony, did Toussaint repair to Cap Samana, to look eastward over the sea. Day by day was he more sure, from the information that reached him, that the French could not be far off. At length he desired that his generals should be within call from Cotuy, a small town which stood on the banks of the Cotuy, near the western base of the mountainous promontory of Samana—promontory at low water, island at high tide.

All was yet dark on the eastern point of this mountain on the morning of the 28th of December, when two watchmen, who had passed the night under the ferns in a cleft of the steep, came out to look abroad. On their mountain all was yet dark;

for the stars overhead, though still rolling clear and golden—visible orbs in the empty depths of the sky—were so far dimmed by the dawn in the east as no longer to send down their shafts of light upon the earth. The point on which these watchmen stood was so high, that between them and the horizon the sea lay like half a world—an immeasurable expanse, spreading as if from a vast depth below up into the very sky. Dim and soundless lay the mass of waters; breaking, no doubt, as for ages past, against the rocky precipice below, but not so as to be heard upon the steep. It might have appeared dead, but that a ray from some quarter of the heaven, capriciously touching its surface, showed that it was heaving, as was its wont. Eastward, at the point of junction of sea and sky, a dusky yellow light shone through the haze of morning, as behind a curtain, and told that the sun was on his way. As their eyes became accustomed to the dim light (which was darkness compared to that which had visited their dreams among the ferns), the watchmen alternately swept the expanse with their glass, and pronounced that there was not a sail in sight.

“I believe, however, that this will be our day; the wind is fair for the fleet,” said Toussaint to Henri. “Go and bathe while I watch.”

“We have said for a week past that each would be the day,” replied Henri. “If it be to-day, however, they can hardly have a fairer for the first sight of the Paradise which poets and ladies praise at the French court. It promises to be the loveliest day of the year. I shall be here again before the sun has risen.”

And Christophe retired to bathe in the waterfall which made itself heard from behind the ferns, and was hidden by them; springing, as they did, to a height of twenty feet and upward. To the murmur and gush of this waterfall the friends had slept. An inhabitant of the tropics is so accustomed to sound, that he cannot sleep in the midst of silence; and on these heights there would have been everlasting silence but for the voice of waters, and the thunders and their echoes in the season of storms.

When both had refreshed themselves, they took their seat on some broken ground on the verge of the precipice, sometimes indulging their full minds with silence, but continually looking abroad over the now brightening sea. It was becoming of a deeper blue as the sky grew lighter, except at that point of the east where earth and heaven seemed to be kindling with a mighty fire. There the haze was glowing with purple and



crimson ; and there was Henri, intently watching for the first golden spark of the sun, when Toussaint touched his shoulder and pointed to the northward. Shading his eyes with his hand, Christophe strove to penetrate the gray mists which had gathered there.

"What is it?" said he ; "a sail? Yes: there is one—three—four!"

"There are seven," said Toussaint.

Long did he gaze through the glass at these seven sail, and then he reported an eighth. At this moment his arm was grasped.

"See! see!" cried Christophe, who was looking southward.

From behind the distant southeastern promontory Del Enganno now appeared sail after sail to the number of twenty.

"All French," observed Christophe. "Lend me the glass."

"All French," replied his friend. "They are, no doubt, coming to rendezvous at this point."

While Henri explored those which were nearest, Toussaint leaned on his folded arms against the bank of broken ground before him, straining his eyes over the now peopled sea.

"More! More!" he exclaimed, as the sun appeared, and the new gush of light showed sail upon sail, as small specks upon the horizon line. He snatched the glass ; and neither he nor Henri spoke for long.

The east wind served the purposes of the vast fleet, whose three detachments, once within each other's view, rapidly converged, showing that it was indeed their object to rendezvous at Cap Samana. Silent, swift, and most fair (as is the wont of evil) was this form of destruction in its approach.

Not a word was spoken as the great ships-of-the-line bore majestically up towards their point, while the lighter vessels skimmed the sea, as in sport, and made haste in, as if racing with one another, or anxious to be in waiting to welcome their superiors. Nearer and nearer they closed in, till the waters seemed to be covered with the foe. When Toussaint was assured that he had seen them all—when he had again and again silently counted over the fifty-four ships-of-war—he turned to his friend with a countenance of anguish, such as even that friend of many years had never seen.

"Henri," said he, "we must all perish. All France has come to St. Domingo!"

"Then we will perish," replied Henri.

"Undoubtedly: it is not much to perish, if that were all. But the world will be the worse for ever. France is deceived.



She comes, in an error, to avenge herself and to enslave the blacks. France has been deceived."

"If we were but all together," said Henri, "so that there were no moments of weakness to fear—If your sons were but with us—"

"Fear no moments of weakness from me," said Toussaint, its wonted fire now glowing in his eye. "My colour imposes on me duties above nature; and while my boys are hostages, they shall be to me as if they no longer existed."

"They may possibly be on board this fleet," said Christophe. "If by caution we could obtain possession of them—"

"Speak no more of them now," said Toussaint. Presently, as if thinking aloud, and with his eyes still bent on the moving ships, he went on:

"No, those on board those ships are not boys, with life before them, and eager alike for arts and arms. I see who they are that are there. There are the troops of the Rhine—troops that have conquered a fairer river than our Artibonite, storming the castles on her steeps, and crowning themselves from her vineyards. There are the troops of the Alps—troops that have soared above the eagle, and stormed the clouds, and plucked the ice-king by the beard upon his throne. There are the troops of Italy—troops that have trodden the old Roman ways, and fought over again the old Roman wars; that have drunk of the Tiber, and once more conquered the armies of the Danube. There are the troops of Egypt—troops that have heard the war-cry of the desert tribes, and encamped in the shadow of the Pyramids."

"Yet he is not afraid," said Henri to himself, as he watched the countenance of his friend.

"All these," continued Toussaint, "all these are brought hither against a poor, depressed, insulted, ignorant race; brought as conquerors, eager for the spoil before a blow is struck. They come to disembarass our Paradise of us, as they would clear a fragrant and fruitful wood of apes and reptiles. And, if they find that it takes longer than they supposed to crush and disperse us, France has more thousands ready to come and help. The labourer will leave his plough at a word, and the vine-dresser his harvest, and the artisan his shop; France will pour out the youth of all her villages, to seize upon the delights of the tropics and the wealth of the savages, as they are represented by the emigrants who will not take me for a friend, but eat their own hearts far away with hatred and jealousy. All France is coming to St. Domingo!"

"But—" interposed Christophe.

"But, Henri," interrupted his friend, laying his hand on his shoulder, "not all France, with her troops of the Rhine, of the Alps, of the Nile, nor with all Europe to help her, can extinguish the soul of Africa. That soul, when once the soul of a man and no longer that of a slave, can overthrow the Pyramids and the Alps themselves, sooner than be again crushed down into slavery."

"With God's help," said Christophe, crossing himself.

"With God's help," repeated Toussaint. "See here," he continued, taking up a handful of earth from the broken ground on which they stood, "see here what God has done! See, here are shells from the depth of yonder ocean lying on the mountain top. Cannot he who thus uprears the dust of his ocean floor, and lifts it above the clouds, create the societies of men anew, and set their lowest order but a little below the stars?"

"He can," said Christophe, again crossing himself.

"Then let all France come to St. Domingo! She may yet be undeceived—What now?" he resumed, after a pause of observation. "What manœuvre is this?"

The ships, almost before they had drawn together, parted off again; nearly two thirds retiring to the north, and the rest southward.

"They are doing as we supposed they would," said Christophe; "preparing to attack Cap Français and our southern or western towns at once; perhaps both St. Domingo and Port au Prince."

"Be it so: we are ready for them," replied Toussaint. "But now there is no time to lose. To Cotuy to give our orders, and then all to our posts!"

Once more he took a survey of the vast fleet in its two divisions, and then spread his arms in the direction of his chief cities, promising the foe to be ready to meet them there. In another moment he was striding down the mountain.

His generals were awaiting him at Cotuy; the horses of the whole party were saddled.

"The French are come?" they asked.

"The French are come in great force. Fifty-four ships-of-war, carrying probably ten or twelve thousand men."

"We have twenty thousand regular troops," cried Dessalines. "The day of the proud French has arrived!"

L'Ouverture's calm eye checked his exultation.

"Ten or twelve thousand of the élite of the armies of



France," said Toussaint, "are sailing along our shores, and large re-enforcements may be following. Our twenty thousand troops are untried in the field against a European foe ; but our cause is good. Let us be bold, my friends ; but the leaders of armies must not be presumptuous."

All uncovered their heads, and waited only his dismissal.

"General Christophe, Cap Français and its districts are waiting for you. Let the flames of the city give us notice when the French land."

Christophe embraced his friend and was gone.

"General Dessalines, to your command in the west ! Preserve your line of messengers from Léogane to my gate at Pongaudin, and let me not want for tidings."

The tramp of Dessalines' horse next died away.

"General La Plume, it is probable that your eye will have to be busier than your hands. You will be ever ready for battle, of course ; but remember that I rely on you for every point of the southwest being watched, from Léogane round to Aux Cayes. Send your communications through Dessalines' line of scouts."

La Plume withdrew, and Toussaint gazed after him in reverie till he was out of sight.

"And I ?" said Clerveaux, the only general officer now left in attendance.

"Your pardon, General Clerveaux. This your department in the east is likely at present to remain tranquil, as I forewarned you. I now forewarn you that it may hereafter become the seat of war, when you will have your day. Meantime, I may at any time call upon your reserve ; and you will take care that the enemy shall find no solace in your department if they should visit it. Let it be bare as the desert before them. Farewell ! I leave you in command of the east."

Clerveaux made his obeisance with an alacrity which caused Toussaint to say to himself as he mounted,

"Is he glad that the hour is come, or that his post is in the rear of the battle ?"

Toussaint's own road lay homeward, where he had assembled the choicest troops, to be ready for action on any point where they might first be wanted ; and where the great body of the cultivators, by whom his personal influence was most needed, were collected under his eye. As he now sped like the lightning through the shortest tracks, his trompettes proclaiming the invasion through all the valleys and over all the plains as they went, he felt strong and buoyant in heart like the



eagle overhead, which was scared from its eyrie in Cibao by the proclamation of war. For ever as he rode, the thought recurred to fire his soul,

“He is my rival now, and no longer my chief. I am free. It is his own act ; but Bonaparte has me for a rival now.”

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## CHAPTER VI.

### MANY GUESTS.

For some weeks after the appearance of the fleet upon the coast, nothing took place which could be called war. Toussaint was resolved not to be the aggressor. Prepared at all points, he waited till those whom he still regarded as his fellow-citizens should strike the first blow. He was the more willing to leave an opening for peace till the last, that he heard that ladies were on board—ladies from the court of France, come to enjoy the delights of this tropical Paradise. The sister of Bonaparte, Madame Leclerc, the wife of the commander of the expedition, was there. It seemed scarcely conceivable that she and her train of ladies could have come with any expectation of witnessing such a warfare as, ten years before, had shown how much more savage than the beasts of the forest men may be. It was as little conceivable that they could expect the negroes to enter into slavery again at a word, after having enjoyed freedom and held rule for ten years. There must still be hope of peace ; and Toussaint spared no effort to preserve it, till the strangers should declare their intentions by some unequivocal act.

For this object L'Ouverture appeared gifted with ubiquity. No flying Arab was ever in so many places so nearly at once. Pongaudin, like every other estate which was in friendly hands, was a sort of camp. Here the commander-in-chief and his officers had their headquarters, and here he was to be found at intervals of a few hours. During those intervals he was inspecting the fortifications of St. Marc, one of the strongest places of the island, and under the charge of Dessalines ; or he was looking over the bight of Léogane from behind Port au Prince ; or he was visiting L'Etoile, made a strong post, and held by Charles Bellair and his wife (for Deesha would not

leave her husband); or he was riding through the Mornes to the north, reanimating, with the sight of his beloved countenance, the companies there held in reserve. He was on the heights of the Gros Morne, an admiring spectator on occasion of that act of Christophe which was the real cause of the delay and indecision of Leclerc and his troops.

The main body of the French army was preparing to land immediately on its arrival at Cap Français, when Christophe sent his friend and brother-officer, Sangos, on board the fleet, to acquaint Leclerc with the absence of the commander-in-chief of the colony, without whose permission the landing of troops could not be allowed. If a landing by force were attempted, the city would immediately be fired, and the inhabitants withdrawn. General Leclerc could not believe this to be more than an empty threat; but thought it as well to avoid risk by landing in the night at points where he was not looked for. Accordingly, he sent some of his force on shore at Fort Dauphin, to the east; while he himself, with a body of troops, set foot on the fatal coast which he was never to leave, at Le Limbé, on the western side of the ridge which commanded the town, hoping to drop into the military quarter from the heights before he was looked for. From these heights, however, he beheld the town one mass of fire. Christophe had withdrawn the inhabitants, including two thousand whites, who were to be held as hostages in the interior; and so orderly and well-planned had been his proceedings, that not the slightest personal injury was sustained by any individual. Of this conflagration Toussaint had been a witness from the heights of Gros Morne. The horror which it occasioned was for the strangers alone. All the moveable property of the citizens was safe in the interior; and they were all safe in person. The dismay was for the French, when they found only a burning soil, tumbling roofs, and tottering walls, where they had expected repose and feasting after the ennui of a voyage across the Atlantic. For the court ladies, there existed at present only the alternative of remaining on board the ships, of which they were heartily weary, and establishing themselves on the barren island of Tortuga, the home of the Bucaniers of former days. They shortly after took possession of Tortuga, which they found to be a tropical region indeed, but no Paradise. It was not the best season for turtle; and there was no other of the luxuries whose savour had reached the nostrils of the court of France.

Among the two thousand whites removed from Cap were,



of course, the ladies of the convent. They were safely established under shelter of the fortifications of St. Marc, with all their little comforts about them, and their mocking-bird as tuneful as when hanging in its own orange-tree. Euphrosyne was not with them, nor yet with her guardian. M. Critois had enough to do to protect himself and his lady; and he earnestly desired his ward to be thankful that she had friends among the ruling powers. Euphrosyne needed no commands on this head. She joined Madame Pascal, and was now with her and the secretary in the half-camp, half-household of Pongaudin.

Besides the family and establishment of the commander-in-chief, as many of the white gentry of Cap were accommodated as the country-palace of Pongaudin would contain. It seemed doubtful how long they would have to find amusement for themselves there, for the invaders seemed to have fallen asleep. A month had passed since the burning of Cap, and not another step had been taken. Expectation had begun to relax; the ladies no longer shuddered at the bare idea of walking in the shrubberies; and some of the younger damsels had begun to need warnings from L'Ouverture himself not to go out of bounds—by no means to pass the line of sentinels in any direction. Instead of everything French being spoken of with a faltering voice, any one was now welcome who might be able to tell, even at second or third hand, that Madame Leclerc had been seen, and what she wore, and how she looked, and what she had said, either about the colony or anything else. The officers, both civil and military, found themselves able to devote their powers of entertainment more and more to the ladies; and the liability to be called off in the midst of the game of chess, the poem, the song, or the dance, seemed only to make their attentions more precious, because more precarious, than those of the guests who knew themselves to be hostages, and who had abundance of time for gallantry, if only they had had spirits and inclination. Most of the party certainly found the present position of affairs very dull. The exceptions were few. They were poor Génifrède, whose mind was wholly in the past, and before whose eyes the present went forward as a dim dream; her mother and sister, whose faculties were continually on the stretch to keep up, under such circumstances, the hospitalities for which they were pledged to so large a household; the secretary and his bride, who were engrossed at once with the crisis in public affairs and in their own; and Euphrosyne, who could find nothing dull after the



convent, and who unconsciously wished that, if this were invasion and war, they might last a good while yet.

One evening, the 8th of February, was somewhat remarkable for L'Ouverture being, not only at home, but at leisure. He was playing billiards with his officers and guests. It followed, of course, that General Vincent was also present. It followed, of course; for, whether it was that Toussaint felt the peculiar interest in him which report made observers look for towards an intended son-in-law, or whether the chief distrusted him on account of his fondness for Paris and the First Consul, Vincent was for ever kept under the eye and by the side of his general. Aimée was wont to sigh when she heard her father's horse ordered, for she knew that Vincent was going too; and she now rejoiced to see her father at the billiard-table, for it told her that Vincent was her own for the evening.

Vincent was not slow in putting in his claim. At the first moment when they were unobserved, he drew her to the window, where the evening breeze blew in fragrant and cool—then into the piazza—then across the lawn—then down to the gate which opened upon the beach. He would have gone farther; but there Aimée stopped, reminding him of the general order against breaking bounds.

"That is all very well for the whites—and for us when the whites have their eyes upon us," said Vincent. "But we are not prisoners; and there is not a prisoner abroad to-night. Come—only as far as the mangroves! We shall not be missed; and if we should be, we can be within the gate in two minutes."

"I dare not," said Aimée, with a longing look, however, at the pearly sands and the creaming waves that now overspread them, now lapsed in the gleam of the moon. The dark shadow of the mangroves lay but a little way on. It was true that two minutes would reach them; but she still said "I dare not."

"Who is there?" cried the sentinel, in his march past the gate.

"No strangers, Claude. Any news on your watch?"

"None, mademoiselle."

"All quiet over towards St. Marc?" inquired Vincent.

"All quiet there, general, and everywhere else, when the last reports came round, ten minutes ago."

"Very well: pass on, good Claude. Come, come!" he said to Aimée; "who knows when we may have a moonlight hour again?"

He would not bide another refusal, but by gentle violence drew her out upon the beach, telling the sentinel, as they passed between him and the water, that if they were inquired for, he might call: they should be within hearing. Claude touched his cap, showed his white teeth in a broad smile, and did not object.

Once among the mangroves, Aimée could not repent. Their arched branches, descending into the water, trembled with every wave that gushed in among them, and stirred the mild air. The moonlight quivered on their dark green leaves, and on the transparent pool which lay among their roots.

"Now would you not have been sorry if I had not made you come?" said Vincent.

"If we could only stay—stay here for ever!" she exclaimed, leaning back against the bush under which they sat. "Here, amid the whispering of the winds and the dash of the waters, you would listen no more for the roll of the drum or the booming of cannon at St. Marc. I am weary of our life at Pongaudin."

"Weary of rumours of wars before we have the wars themselves, love."

"We can never hear anything of my brothers while we are on these terms with France. Day after day comes on—day after day, and we have to toil, and plan, and be anxious—and our guests grow tired—and nothing is done—and we know that we can hear nothing of what we most want to learn. I am certain that my mother spends her nights in tears for her boys—and nothing is so likely to rouse poor Génifrède as the prospect of their coming back to us."

"And yourself, Aimée, cannot be happy without Isaac."

"I never tried," said she. "I have daily felt his loss, because I wished never to cease to feel it."

"He is happier than you, dearest Aimée."

"Do not tell me that men feel such separations less than women, for I know it well already. I can never have been so necessary to him as he is to me: I know that well."

"Say 'was,' my Aimée. The time comes when sisters find their brothers less necessary to them than they have been."

"Such a time has never come to me, and I believe it never will. No one can ever be to me what Isaac has been."

"'Has been'—true. But see how times have changed! Isaac has left off writing to you so frequently as he did—"

"No, no. He never did write frequently. It was never his habit to write as I wrote to him."



"Well, well. Whatever expectation may lie at the bottom of this little heart—whatever secret remonstrance for his silence—whatever dissatisfaction with his apologies—whatever mortification that such apologies were necessary—"

"How dare you—What right have you to pry into my heart?" exclaimed Aimée, withdrawing herself from her companion's side.

"The right of love," he replied, following till both were seated on the very verge of the water. "Can you suppose that I do not see your disappointment when L'Ouverture opens his despatches, and there is not one of that particular size and fold which makes your countenance change when you see it? Can you suppose that I do not mark your happiness for hours and days after one of those closely-written sheets has come? happiness which makes me feel of no account to you—happiness which makes me jealous of my very brother—for my brother he is, as he is yours."

"It should not do that," replied Aimée, as she sat looking into the water. "You should not be angry at my being happy. If you have learned so much of my thoughts—"

"Say on! Oh, say on!"

"There is no need," said she, "if you can read the soul without speech, as you seem to profess."

"I read no thoughts but yours, and none of yours that relate to myself. I see at a glance every stir of your love to all besides. If you care for me, I need to hear it from yourself."

"If this quarrel comes to bloodshed, what will become of my brothers? If you love me, tell me that."

"Still these brothers!" cried Vincent, impatiently.

"And who should be inquired of concerning them, if not you? You took them to France—you left them there—"

"I was sent here by Bonaparte—put on the deputation by his express command. If not, I should not now have been here; I should have remembered you only as a child, and—"

"But Placide and Isaac! Suppose Leclerc and Rochambeau both killed—suppose Madame Leclerc entering once more into her brother's presence a mourning widow—what would Bonaparte do with Placide and Isaac? I am sure you have no comfort to give me, or you would not so evade what I ask."

"I declare—I protest you are mistaken. Bonaparte is everything that is noble, and gracious, and gentle."

"You are sure of that?"



"Nay, why not? Have I not always said so? and you have delighted to hear me say so?"

"I should delight to believe it now. I will believe it; but yet, if he were really noble, how should this quarrel have arisen? For, if ever man was noble, and gracious, and gentle, my father is. If two such men come to open defiance, whose is the crime, and wherein does it lie?"

"If the world fall to pieces, Aimée, there can be no doubt of Bonaparte's greatness. What majesty he carries with him through all his conquests! How whole nations quail under his magnificent proclamations!"

"Are they really fine? I have seen but few; and they—"

"Are they not all grand? That proclamation in Egypt, for instance, in which he said he was the Man of Fate who had been foretold in the Koran, and that all resistance was impious and vain! If it had not happened four years before Bonaparte went to Egypt, I should have thought your father—"

"I was just thinking of that. But there is a great difference. It was not my father, but Laveaux, who said that the black chief predicted by Raynal had appeared. And it was originally said, not as a Divine prophecy, but because, in the natural course of things, the redeemer of an oppressed race must arise. Besides, my father says nothing but what he believes; and I suppose Bonaparte did not believe what he was saying."

"Do you think not? For my part, I believe his very words—that to oppose him is impious and vain."

"Heaven pity us if that be true! Was it not in that proclamation that Bonaparte said that men must account to him for their secret thoughts, as nothing was concealed from him?"

"Yes; just as L'Ouverture told the mulattoes in the church at Cap, that, from the other side of the island, his eye would be upon them, and his arm stretched out to restrain or punish. He almost reached Bonaparte's strain there."

"I like my father's words the best, because all understood and believed what he said. Bonaparte may claim to read secret thoughts; but before my father men have no secret thoughts; they love him so that their minds stand open."

"Then those Italian proclamations, and letters to the Directory," said Vincent; "how they grew in grandeur, as city after city, and state after state, fell before him! When he summoned Pavia to open her gates to him after her insurrection, how imperious he was! If he had found that a drop of French blood had been shed, he declared not a stone of the

city should have remained ; but a column should arise in its place, bearing the inscription, ' Here once stood Pavia ! ' There spoke the man who held the ages in his hand, ready to roll them over the civilized world ; to crumble cities and overthrow nations in case of resistance to his will ! How Paris rang with acclamations when these words passed from mouth to mouth ! He was worshipped as a god."

" It is said," sighed Aimée, " that Leclerc has proclamations from him for our people. I wonder what they are, and how they will be received ?"

" With enthusiasm, no doubt. When and where has it been otherwise ? You shudder, my Aimée ; but, trust me, there is inconceivable folly in the idea of opposing Bonaparte. As he said in Egypt, it is impious and vain. Trust me, love, and decide accordingly."

" Desert my father and my family in their hour of peril ! I will not do that."

" There is no peril in the case, love. It is glory and happiness to live under Bonaparte. My life upon it, he will do your father no injury, but continue him in his command under certain arrangements : and as for the blacks, they and the whites will join in one common enthusiasm for the conqueror of Europe. Let us be among the first, my Aimée ! Be mine ; and we will go to the French forces, among my friends there. It is as if we were called to be mediators. It is as if the welfare of your family and of the colony were, in a measure, consigned to our hands. Once married, and with Leclerc, how easily may we explain away causes of quarrel ! How completely shall we make him understand L'Ouverture ! And how, through us, Leclerc can put your father in possession of the views of Bonaparte ! Oh, Aimée, be mine, and let us go !"

" And if it were otherwise—if it came to bloodshed—to deadly warfare ?"

" Then, love, you would least of all repent. Alone and desolate—parted from your brothers—parted from me—"

" From you, Vincent ?"

" Assuredly. I can never unsheath my sword against those to whom my attachment is strong. I can never fight against an army from Paris—troops that have been led by Bonaparte."

" Does my father know that ?"

" He cannot know me if he anticipates anything else. I execute his orders at present because I admire his system of government, and am anxious that it should appear to the best advantage to the brother-in-law of the First Consul. Thus I



am confident that there will be no war. But, love, if there should be, you will be parted for ever from your brothers and from me by remaining here; you will never again see Isaac. Nay, nay! No tears! no terrors, my Aimée! By being mine, and going with me to that place where all are happy—to Paris—you will, through my interest, best aid your father; and Isaac and I will watch over you for ever.”

“Not a word more, Vincent! You make me wretched. Not a word more till I have spoken to my father. He must, he will tell me what he thinks, what he expects, whether he fears. Hark! There are horsemen!”

“Can it be? Horsemen approaching on this side? I will look out.”

“No, no! Vincent, you shall not go—”

Her terror was so great that Vincent could not indeed leave her. As the tramp of a company of horsemen became almost lost on quitting the hard road for the deep sand, he dropped his voice, whispering in her ear that she was quite safe, completely hidden under the mangroves, and that he would not leave her. She clasped his hand with both hers to compel him to keep his word, and implored him not to speak—not to shake a leaf of their covert.

The company passed very near—so near as that the sand thrown up by the horses’ feet pattered among the foliage of the mangroves. No one of the strangers was then speaking; but in another moment the sentry challenged them. They laughed, and were certainly stopping at the little gate.

“We know your master, fellow,” said one. “We have had more talk with him in one day than you in all your service.”

“I am sure I ought to know that voice,” whispered Aimée, drawing a long breath.

The strangers were certainly intending to pass through the gate into the grounds, and the sentry was remonstrating. In another moment he fired, as a signal. There was some clamour and laughter, and Aimée started as at a voice from the grave.

“That is Isaac’s voice!” she exclaimed, springing from her seat. It was now Vincent’s turn to hold her hands, or she would have been out in the broad moonlight in an instant.

“Stay, love! Stay one moment,” he entreated. “I believe you are right; but let me look out.”

She sank down on the sand while he reconnoitred. At the moment of his looking forth, a young man, who, he was certain, was Placide, was good-humouredly taking the sentry by the

shoulders and pushing him from his place, while saying something in his ear, which made the poor soldier toss his hat in the air, and run forward to meet his comrades, whom the sound of his gun was bringing from every direction over the sands.

"It is they, indeed," said Vincent. "Your brothers are both there."

While he was speaking, Aimée burst from the covert, made her way miraculously through the gathering horses and men, pushed through the gate, leaving her lover some way behind, flew like a lapwing through the shrubbery and across the lawn, and was hanging on her brother's neck before the news of the arrival was understood within the house.

There was no waiting till father and mother could choose where to meet their children. The lads followed the messenger into the salon, crowded as it was with strangers. L'Ouverture's voice was the first heard after the sudden hush.

"Now Heaven bless Bonaparte for this," he cried, "and make him a happy father!"

"Hear him, oh God! and bless Bonaparte!" sobbed Margot.

A check was given to their words and their emotions by seeing by whom the young men were accompanied. Thérèse was leading forward Génifrède, when she stopped short with a sort of groan, and returned to her seat, forgetful at the moment even of Génifrède—for M. Papalier was there. Other gentlemen were of the company. The one whom the young men most punctiliously introduced to their father was M. Coasson, the tutor, guardian, or envoy under whose charge General Leclerc had sent them home.

Toussaint offered him a warm welcome as the guardian of his sons; but M. Coasson himself seemed most impressed with his office of envoy, as did the gentlemen who accompanied him. Assuming the air of an ambassador, and looking round him as if to require the attention of all present, M. Coasson discharged himself of his commission as follows:

"General Toussaint—"

"They will not acknowledge him as L'Ouverture," observed Thérèse to Madame Pascal and Génifrède. Afra's eyes filled with tears. Génifrède was absorbed in contemplating her brothers—both grown manly, and the one looking the soldier, the other the student.

"General Toussaint," said Coasson, "I come, the bearer of a letter to you from the First Consul."

In his hand was now seen a gold box, which he did not, however, deliver at the moment.



"With it I am commissioned to offer the greetings of General Leclerc, who awaits with anxiety your arrival at his quarters as his lieutenant-general."

"Upon what does General Leclerc ground his expectation of seeing me there?"

"Upon the ground of the command of the First Consul, declared in his proclamation to the inhabitants of St. Domingo, and, no doubt, more fully in this letter to yourself."

Here he delivered the box, desiring that the presence of himself and his companions might be no impediment to General Toussaint's reading his despatches.

Toussaint had no intention that they should be any hindrance. He read and reread the letter, while all eyes but those of Aimée were fixed upon his countenance. With an expression of the quietest satisfaction, she was gazing upon her brothers, unvexed by the presence of numbers and the transaction of state business. They were there, and she was happy.

Those many eyes failed to discover anything from the countenance of Toussaint. It was immoveable; and M. Coasson was so far disappointed. It had been his object to prevent the despatches which he brought from being read in private, that he might be enabled to report how they were received. He had still another resource. He announced that he had brought with him the proclamation of the First Consul to the inhabitants at large of St. Domingo. As it was a public document, he would, with permission, read it aloud. Toussaint now looked round to command attention to the words of the Ruler of France. Vincent sought to exchange glances with Aimée; but Aimée had none to spare. M. Papalier had unceremoniously entered into conversation with some of the guests of his own complexion, and did not cease upon any hint, declaring to those about him that none of this was new to him, as he was in the counsels of Bonaparte in all St. Domingo affairs. The tone of their conversation was, however, reduced to a low murmur while M. Coasson read aloud the following proclamation:

*"Paris, Nov. 8, 1801.*

"INHABITANTS OF ST. DOMINGO:

"Whatever your origin or your colour, you are all French: you are all equal and all free before God and before the Republic.

"France, like St. Domingo, has been a prey to factions, torn by intestine commotions and foreign wars. But all has

changed : all nations have embraced the French, and have sworn to them peace and amity ; the French people have embraced each other, and have sworn to be all friends and brothers. Come also, embrace the French, and rejoice to see again your European friends and brothers !

“ The government sends you the Captain-general Leclerc. He has brought—”

Here M. Coasson’s voice and manner became extremely emphatic.

“ He has brought sufficient force for protecting you against your enemies and against the enemies of the Republic. If you are told that these forces are destined to violate your liberties, reply, ‘ The Republic will not suffer them to be taken from us.’

“ Rally round the captain-general. He brings you abundance and peace. Rally all of you around him. Whoever shall dare separate himself from the captain-general will be a traitor to his country ; and the indignation of the country will devour him, as the fire devours your dried canes.

“ Done at Paris,” &c.

“ This document is signed, you will perceive,” said M. Coasson, “ by the First Consul, and by the secretary of state, M. H. B. Maret.”

Once more it was in vain to explore the countenance of L’Ouverture. It was still immovable. He extended his hand for the document, saying that he would retire with his secretary for the purpose of preparing his replies for the First Consul, in order that no such delays might take place on his part as the date of the letter and proclamation showed to have intervened on the other side. Meantime, he requested that M. Coasson, and all whom he had brought in his company, would make themselves at home in his house ; and, turning to his wife and family, he commended his newly-arrived guests to their hospitality. With a passing smile and greeting to his sons, he was about to leave the room with M. Pascal, when M. Coasson intimated that he had one thing more to say.

“ I am directed, General Toussaint,” said he, in case of your refusal to join the French forces immediately, to convey your sons back to the guardianship of the Captain-general Leclerc ; and it will be my duty to set out with them at dawn.”

A cry of anguish broke forth from Margot, and Placide was instantly by her side.

“ Fear nothing,” said Toussaint to her, in a tone which once



more fixed all eyes upon him. His countenance was no longer unmoved. It was convulsed for a moment with passion. He was calm in his manner, however, as he turned to M. Coasson and said,

"Sir, my sons are at home. It rests with myself and with them what excursions they make henceforth."

He bowed, and left the room with M. Pascal.

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## CHAPTER VII.

### THE HOUR OF PROOF.

"So the long-expected letter is come at last," observed M. Pascal, as the study-door closed upon himself and his friend.

"Read it," said Toussaint, putting the letter into the secretary's hand, and walking up and down the room till his friend spoke again.

"We hear," said M. Pascal, "that the First Consul understands men. He may understand some men—the soldiery of France, perhaps—but of others he knows no more than if he were not himself a man."

"He no more understands my people than myself. Can it be possible that he believes that proclamation will be acceptable to them—that mixture of cajolery and bombast? He has heard that we are ignorant, and he concludes that we are without understanding. What think you of his promise of abundance by the hands of Leclerc? As if it were not their cupidity, excited by our abundance, which has brought these thousands of soldiers to our shores! They are welcome to it all—to our harvests, our money, and our merchandise, if they would not touch our freedom."

"Bonaparte has a word to say to that in his letter to you," observed the secretary. "'What can you desire? The freedom of the blacks? You know that in all the countries we have been in, we have given it to the people who had it not! What say the Venetians to that? What says the pope?'"

"Does he suppose us deaf," replied Toussaint, "that we have not heard of the fate of our race in Guadaloupe, and Martinique, and Cayenne? Does he suppose us blind, that we do not see the pirates he has commissioned hovering about the

shores of Africa, as the vulture preparing to strike his prey? Ignorant as we are, does he suppose us stupid enough to be delighted when, free already, we find ourselves surrounded by fifty-four war-ships, which come to promise us liberty?"

"He does not know, apparently, how our commerce with the world brings us tidings of all the world."

"And if it were not so—if his were the first ships that our eyes had ever seen—does he not know that the richest tidings of liberty come not through the eye and ear, but from the heart? Does he not know that the liberties of St. Domingo, large as they are, everlasting as they will prove to be, all sprang from here and here?" pointing to his head and heart. "This is he," he continued, "who has been king in my thoughts from the hour when I heard of the artillery officer who had saved the Convention! This is he to whom I have felt myself bound as a brother in destiny and in glory! This is he with whom I hoped to share the lot of reconciling the quarrel of races and of ages! In the eye of the world he may be great, and I the bandit captain of a despised race. On the page of history he may be magnified and I derided. But I spurn him for a hero, I reject him for a brother. My rival he may make himself. His soul is narrow, and his aims are low. He might have been a god to the world, and he is a tyrant. We have followed him with wistful eyes, to see him loosen bonds with a divine touch; and we find him busy forging new chains. He has sullied his divine commission; and, while my own remains pure, he is no brother of my soul. You, my friend, knew him better than I, or you would not have left his service for mine."

"Yet I gave him credit for a better appreciation of you—a clearer foresight of the destiny of this colony than he has shown."

"While we live, my friend, we must expect disappointment. In my youth I learned to give up hope after hope; and one of the brightest I must now relinquish in my old age."

"Two brilliant ones have, however, entered your dwelling this evening, my friend," said the secretary.

"My boys! Are they not—But these are times to show what they are. In the joy of having them back, I might have forgiven and forgotten everything but for the claim—You heard, Pascal?"

"About their leaving you at dawn. Yes: that was amusing."

"If they will not consider a negro a man, they might have



remembered that beasts are desperate to recover the young that they have lost. Leclerc will find, however, that this night will make men of my sons. I will call them my boys no more ; and never more shall this envoy call them his pupils or his charge. These French will find that there is that in this St. Domingo of ours which quickly ripens young wits, and makes the harvest ready in a day. Let them beware the reaping ; for it is another sort of harvest than they look for. But come," said he ; " it is late ; and we have to answer the letter of this foreigner—this stranger to my race and nature."

He took some papers from his pocket, sat down beside his friend, and said, with the countenance of one who has heard good news,

" See here how little they comprehend how negroes may be friends ! See here the proofs that they understand my Henri no better than myself."

And he put into the hands of his secretary those fine letters of Christophe, which do everlasting honour to his head and heart, and show that he bore a kingly soul before he adorned the kingly office. As M. Pascal read the narrative of Leclerc's attempts to alarm, to cajole, and to bribe Christophe to betray his friend's cause and deliver up his person, the pale countenance of the secretary became, now paler with anger and disgust, now flushed with pleasure and admiration.

" Here is the friend that sticketh closer than a brother," said he.

" Alas ! poor Paul ! he will be faithful, Pascal ; but he can never again love me."

" Pardon me, I entreat you. I meant no allusion."

" You did not. But everything serves as an allusion there ; for Paul is never out of my mind. Now for our letters : that to Leclerc modified, as you perceive, by our knowledge of what has passed between him and Henri."

" Modified, indeed !" exclaimed Pascal.

Their proceedings were destined to be farther modified by the events of this night. Tidings as black as the darkest night that ever brooded over the island in the season of storms poured in to overshadow the prospects of the negroes and the hopes of their chief.

It was after midnight, when, in the midst of their quiet consultation, Toussaint and his secretary thought they heard voices at the gate. Toussaint was going to ascertain, when he was met in the hall by news that a messenger from the southwest had arrived. The messenger entered, halting and slow.

"It is—no," said Pascal, "surely it cannot be—"

"Is it possible that you are Jacques?" exclaimed Toussaint, his eyes shaded by his hand.

"I am Dessalines," said the wounded man, who had already sunk upon a seat.

"Why come yourself in this state?" cried Toussaint, hastening to support him.

"I could more easily come than write my news," replied Dessalines: "and it is news that I would commit to no man's ear but your own."

"Shall I go?" asked M. Pascal of Toussaint.

"No. Stay and hear. Tell us your tidings, Jacques."

"I am as well here as down in the southwest, or you would not have seen me."

"You mean that all is lost there?"

"All is lost there."

"While the enemy is beguiling us with letters and talk of truce!" observed Toussaint to Pascal. "Where was your battle, Jacques? How can all the west be lost?"

"The French have bought La Plume. They told him your cause was desperate, and promised him honours and office in France. Get me cured, and let me win a battle for you, and I have no doubt I can buy him back again. Meantime—"

"Meantime, what has Domage done? Is he with me or La Plume? And is Chaney safe?"

"Domage never received your instructions. La Plume carried them, and, no doubt, your aiddecamp also, straight to the French. Chaney has not been seen: he is traitor or prisoner."

"Then Cayes is not burned, nor Jeremie defended?"

"Neither the one nor the other. Both are lost, and so is Port au Prince. My troops and I did our best at the Croix des Bosquets: but what could we do in such a case? I am here, wounded within an inch of my life, and they are in the fastnesses. You were a doctor once, L'Ouverture. Set me up again, and I will gather my men from the mountains, and prick these whites all across the peninsula into the sea."

"I will be doctor, or nurse, or anything to save you, Jacques."

"What if I have more bad news? Will you not hate me?"

"Lose no time, my friend. This is no hour for trifling."

"There is no room for trifling, my friend. I fear—I am not certain—but I fear the east is lost."

"Is Clerveaux bought too?"



"Not bought. He is more of your sort than La Plume's. He is incorruptible by money; but he likes the French, and he loves peace. He would be a very brother to you if he only loved liberty better than either. As it is, he is thought to have delivered over the whole east, from the Isabella to Cap Samana, without a blow."

"And my brother?"

"He has disappeared from the city. He did not yield; but he could do nothing by himself or with only his guard. He disappeared in the night, and is thought to have put off by water. You will soon hear from him, I doubt not. Now I have told my news, and I am faint. Where is Thérèse?"

"She is here. Look more like yourself, and she shall be called. You have told all your news?"

"All—and I am glad it is out."

"Keep up your heart, Dessalines! I have you and Henri; and God is with the faithful. Now to your bed, my friend."

Instead of the attendants who were summoned, Thérèse entered. She spoke no word, but, aided by her servant, had her husband carried to his chamber. When the door was closed, sad and serious as were the tidings which had now to be acted upon, the secretary could not help asking L'Ouverture if he had ever seen Madame Dessalines look as she did just now.

"Yes," he replied, "on certain occasions, some years since. But here she is again."

Thérèse came to say that her husband had yet something to relate into Toussaint's own ear before he could sleep; but, on her own part, she entreated that she might first be permitted to dress his wounds.

"Send for me when you think fit, and I will come, madame. But, Thérèse, one word. I am aware that M. Papalier is here. Do not forget that you are a Christian, and pledged to forgive injuries."

"You think you read my thoughts, L'Ouverture, but you do not. Listen, and I am gone. His voice once had power over me through love, and then through hatred. I never miss the lightest word he speaks. I heard him tell his old friends from Cap that I was his slave, and that the time was coming when masters would claim their own again. Now you know my thoughts."

And she was gone.

When Toussaint returned from his visit to Dessalines' chamber, he found M. Pascal sitting with his face hid in his hands.

"Meditation is good," said Toussaint, laying his hand on his friend's shoulder. "Lamentation is unworthy."

"It is so; and we have much to do," replied the secretary, rousing himself.

"Fear not," resumed Toussaint, "but that your bride will bloom in the air of the mountains. We may have to intrench ourselves in the Mornes, or, at least, to place there our ladies and the civil officers of the government; but we ought to thank God for providing those natural homes, so full of health and beauty, for the free in spirit. I have still three brigades, and the great body of the cultivators, in reserve; but we shall act with stronger hearts if our heart's treasure is safe in the Mornes."

"Are we to lose Dessalines?" asked M. Pascal.

"I believe not. He is severely wounded, and, at this moment, exasperated. He vows the death of M. Papalier; and I vow his safety while he is my guest."

"Papalier and Madame Dessalines cannot exist in one house."

"And therefore must this deputation be dismissed early in the morning, if there were no other reasons. Notice must be carried to them with their coffee that I am awaiting them with my replies. Those delivered, negotiation is at an end, and we must act. My foes have struck the blow which unties my hands."

"What has M. Papalier to do with the deputation?"

"Nothing, but that he uses its protection to attempt to resume his estates. They are in commission, and he may have them; though not, as he thinks, with men and women as part of his chattels. No more of him."

"Of whom next, then? Except Christophe, who is there worthy to be named by you?" asked M. Pascal, with emotion.

"Every one who has deserted us, except perhaps La Plume. He is sordid, and I dismiss him. As for Clerveaux and his thousands, they have been weak, but not perhaps wicked. They may be recovered. I take the blame of their weakness upon myself. Would that I alone could bear the consequences!"

"You take the blame of their weakness? Is not their former slavery the cause of it? Is there anything in their act but the servility in which they were reared?"

"There is much of that. But I have deepened the taint, in striving to avoid the opposite corruption of revenge. I have the taint myself. The stain of slavery exists in the First of the Blacks himself. Let all others, then, be forgiven. They



may thus be recovered. I gave them the lesson of loving and trusting the whites. They have done so, to the point of being treacherous to me. I must now give them another lesson, and time to learn it; and they may possibly be redeemed."

"You will hold out in the Morne; conduct your resistance on a pinnacle, where the eyes of the blacks may be raised to you—fixed upon you."

"Just so; and where they may flock to me when time shall have taught them my principle and my policy, and revealed the temper and purpose of our invaders. Now, then, to *prépare!*"

Before dawn, the despatches for the French, on the coast and at home, were prepared, and messengers were dismissed in every direction, with orders by which the troops which remained faithful would be concentrated, the cultivators raised and collected, stores provided in the fastnesses, and the new acquisitions of the enemy rendered useless to them. Never had the heads of these two able men, working in perfect concert, achieved such a mass of work in a single night.

A little after sunrise the French party appeared in the salon, where already almost every member of the household was collected; all being under the impression that a crisis had arrived, and that memorable words were about to be spoken.

Toussaint acknowledged the apparent discourtesy of appointing the hour for the departure of his guests, but declared that he had no apology to offer; that the time for courteous observance was past, when his guests were discovered to be sent merely to amuse and disarm him for the hour, while blows were struck at a distance against the liberties of his race. In delivering his despatches, he said, he was delivering his farewell. Within an hour, the deputation and himself must be travelling in different directions.

M. Coasson, on receiving the packets, said that he had no other desire than to be on his way. There could be no satisfaction, and little safety, in remaining in a house where, under a hypocritical pretence of magnanimity and good-will, there lurked a spirit of hideous malice, of diabolical revenge, towards a race to whom nature, and the universal consent of men, had given a superiority which they could never lose.

In unaffected surprise, Toussaint looked in the face of the envoy, observing that, for himself, he disclaimed all such passion and such dissimulation as his household was charged with.

"Of course you do," replied Coasson: "but I require not your testimony. The men of a family may, where there is occasion, conceal its ruling passion; but, where there is occasion, it will be revealed by the women."

Toussaint's eyes, like every one's else, turned to the ladies of his family. It was not Madame L'Ouverture that was intended, for her countenance asked of her husband what this could mean. It could not be Aimée, who now stood drowned in tears where she could best conceal her grief. Génifrède explained. She told calmly, and without the slightest confusion, that M. Coasson had sought a conversation with her, for the purpose of winning over her feelings, and her influence with her father, to the side of the French. He had endeavoured to make her acknowledge that the whole family, with the exception of its head, were in favour of peace, admirers of Bonaparte, and aware that they were likely to be victims to the ambition of their father. Her reply, in which she declared that she gloried, was, that the deepest passion of her soul was hatred of the whites; and that she prayed for their annihilation.

"And did you also declare, my daughter," said Toussaint, "that in this you differ from us all? Did you avow that your parents look upon this passion in you as a disease, for which you have their daily and nightly prayers?"

"I did declare, my father, that I alone of the Ouwertures know how to feel for the wrongs of my race. But M. Coasson did not believe me, and vowed that we should all suffer for the opinions held by me alone."

"It is true, I did not believe, nor do I now believe," said Coasson, "that the devil would single out one of a family, to corrupt her heart with such atrocious hatred as that whose avowal chilled the marrow of my bones. It was her countenance of wretchedness that attracted me. I saw that she was less capable of dissimulation than the rest of you, and so I have found."

"A wise man, truly, has the captain-general chosen for an envoy!" observed Toussaint: "a wise and an honourable man! He sees wo in the face of a woman, and makes it his instrument for discovering the secret souls of her family. Blindly bent upon this object, and having laid open, as he thinks, one heart, he reads the rest by it. But he may, with all this wisdom and all this honour, be no less ignorant than before he saw us. So far from reading all our souls, he has not even read the suffering one that he has tempted. You have opened the sluices of the waters of bitterness in my child's soul, M. Coasson, but you have not found the source."

"Time will show that," observed the envoy.

"It will," replied Toussaint; "and also the worth of your threat of revenge for the words of my suffering child. I have no more to say to you. My sons!"



Placide sprang to his side, and Isaac followed.

"I no longer call you my boys, for the choice of this hour makes you men. The captain-general insists that you go from me. He has no right to do so. Neither have I a right to bid you stay. Hear, and decide for yourselves. The cause of the blacks is not so promising as it appeared last night. News has arrived from various quarters of defeat and defection. Our struggle for our liberties will be fierce and long. It will never be relinquished; and my own conviction is, that the cause of the blacks will finally prevail—that St. Domingo will never more belong to France. The ruler of France has been a guardian to you—an indulgent guardian. I do not ask you to fight against him."

The faces of both the young men showed strong and joyful emotion; but it was not the same emotion in them both.

"Decide according to your reason and your hearts, my children, whether to go or stay, remembering the importance of your choice." Putting a hand on the shoulder of each, he said impressively, "Go to the captain-general, or remain with me. Whichever you do, I shall always equally love and cherish you."

Margot looked upon her sons as if awaiting from them life or death. Aimée's face was still hidden in her handkerchief. She had nothing to learn of her brothers' inclinations.

Isaac spoke before Placide could open his lips.

"We knew, father," he said, "that your love and your rare liberality—that liberality which gave us our French education—would not fail now. And this it is that persuades me that this quarrel cannot proceed to extremities—that it will not be necessary for your sons to take any part, as you propose. When Placide and I think of you—your love of peace, your loyalty, and your admiration of Bonaparte; and then, when we think of Bonaparte—his astonishment at what you have done in the colony, and the terms in which he always spoke of you to us.—when we consider how you two are fitted to appreciate each other, we cannot believe but that the captain-general and you will soon be acting in harmony, for the good of both races. But for this assurance, we could hardly have courage to return."

"Speak for yourself alone, Isaac," said his brother.

"Well, then: I say for myself, that, but for this certainty, it would almost break my heart to leave you so soon again, though to go at present no farther off than Tortuga. But I am

quite confident that there will soon be perfect freedom of intercourse among all who are on the island."

"You return with me?" asked M. Coasson.

"Certainly, as my father gives me my choice. I feel myself bound, in honour and gratitude, to return, instead of appearing to escape, at the very first opportunity, from those with whom I can never quarrel. Returning to Leclerc, under his conditional orders, can never be considered a declaration against my father; while remaining here, against Leclerc's orders, is an undeniable declaration against Bonaparte and France—a declaration which I never will make."

"I stay with my father," said Placide.

"Your reasons?" asked M. Coasson; "that I may report them to the captain-general."

"I have no reasons," replied Placide; "or, if I have, I cannot recollect them now. I shall stay with my father."

"Welcome home, my boy!" said Toussaint; "and Isaac, my son, may God bless you, wherever you go!"

And he opened his arms to them both.

"I am not afraid," said Madame L'Ouverture, timidly, as if scarcely venturing to say so much, "I am not afraid but that, happen what may, we can always make a comfortable home for Placide."

"Never mind comfort, mother, and least of all for me! We have something better than comfort to try for now."

"Give me your blessing too, father," said Aimée, faintly, as Isaac led her forward, and Vincent closely followed. "You said you would bless those that went and those that stayed; and I am going with Isaac."

The parents were speechless; so that Isaac could explain that the captain-general offered a welcome to as many of the Ouvertures as were disposed to join him; and that Madame Leclerc had said that his sisters would find a home and protection with her.

"And I cannot separate from Isaac yet," pleaded Aimée. "And with Madame Leclerc—"

"General Vincent," said Toussaint, addressing his aid before noticing his daughter, "have the goodness to prepare for an immediate journey. I will give you your commission when you are ready to ride."

After one moment's hesitation, Vincent bowed and withdrew. He was not prepared to desert his general while actually busy in his affairs. He reflected that the great object (in order to the peace and reconciliation he hoped for)



was to serve, and keep on a good understanding with, both parties. He would discharge this commission, and then follow Aimée and her brother, as he had promised. Thus he settled with himself while he ordered his horses and prepared for departure.

Toussaint was sufficiently aware that he should prosper better without his shallow-minded and unstable aid ; but he meant to retain him about his person, on business in his service, till Aimée should have opportunity, in his absence, to explore her own mind and determine her course while far from the voice of the tempter.

“Go with your brother, Aimée,” he said, “rather than remain unwillingly with us. Whenever you wish it, return. You will find our arms ever open to you.”

And he blessed her, as did her weeping mother ; the last, however, not without a word of reproach.

“Oh, Aimée, why did not you tell me ?”

“Mother, I did not know myself—I was uncertain—I was—Oh, mother ! it will not be for long. It is but a little way ; and Isaac and I shall soon write. I will tell you everything about Madame Leclerc. Kiss me once more, mother, and take care of Génifrède.”

As Toussaint abruptly turned away, with a parting bow to the envoy, and entered the piazza on his way to the urgent business of the day, and as the shortest escape from the many eyes that were upon him, he encountered M. Pascal, who stood awaiting him there.

“My friend !” said M. Pascal, with emotion, as he looked in the face of Toussaint.

“Ay, Pascal, it is bitter. Bonaparte rose up as my rival, and cheerfully did I accept him for such, in the council and in the field. But now he is my rival in my family. He looks defiance at me through my children’s eyes. It is too much. God give me patience !”

M. Pascal did not speak : for what could he say ?

## CHAPTER VIII.

## SPECULATION IN THE PLATEAUX.

PONGAUDIN was no longer safe as headquarters for the commander-in-chief, his family, and guests. The defeats which had been sustained were bad enough, but the defection was worse. Amid the contagion of defection, there was no saying who, out of the circle of immediate friends, might next join the French for the sake of peace; and for the sake of peace, perhaps, deliver up the persons of the *Ouvertures*, with their wounded friend Dessalines, and the brave young officers who formed the guard of the household. Christophe's letters had already proved to Toussaint and his secretary that no reliance was to be placed on the honour of the French in their dealings with negroes. Cajolery in speech, covering plots against their persons, appeared to be considered the conduct appropriate to business with blacks, who had no concern, it seemed, with the usages of war, as established among whites. *La Plume* had fallen by bribery; *Clerveaux* by cajolery; and both means had been attempted with Christophe. The troops were assailed on the side of their best affections. They were told that *Leclerc* came to do honour to *L'Ouverture*—to thank him for his government of the island during the troubles of France—and to convey to him the approbation of the First Consul, in papers enclosed in a golden box. It is probable that, if they had not heard from Toussaint's own lips of the establishment of slavery in the other French colonies, the authorization of the slave-trade, and the threat to do what was convenient with *St. Domingo*, all the negroes would have made the French welcome, as *Clerveaux* had done. As it was, large numbers unquestionably remained faithful to their liberties and their chief; enough, as Toussaint never doubted, to secure their liberties at last; but how many, and after how long and arduous a struggle, it remained for time to show.

Many houses had been offered as a retreat for the household of the commander-in-chief. The one chosen this day was his friend Raymond's cacao-plantation, *Le Zéphyr*, in the *Mornes du Chaos*—among the mountains which retired above the right bank of the *Artibonite*. It was a spacious mansion, shel-



tered from storms, but enjoying a pleasant mountain air—the most wholesome that could be found, if the retreat should continue through the hot season. It was surrounded with never-failing springs of pure water. There were kids on all the hills, and cattle in every valley round. Grain and fruits were in the fields and gardens ; and it was thought that one well-guarded post, at a pass below the Plateaux de la Ravine, would render the place inaccessible to the enemy. To the satisfaction of Raymond and his daughter, and the delight of Euphrosyne, this, their beloved summer mansion, was fixed on for the abode of the whole party, provided Toussaint should find, on examination, that it would answer his purposes as well as was now supposed.

Such was the plan settled presently after the deputation had left the gates—settled among the few confidential friends whose tastes, as well as interests, Toussaint chose to consult. Madame Dessalines was among these, and one of the most eager to be gone. She engaged to remove her husband safely to a place where his recovery must proceed better than among the agitations of Pongaudin. By one of these agitations her desire to go had been much quickened. Before the departure of the deputation she had chanced to meet M. Papalier in one of the corridors, equipped for his journey. She could not avoid passing him ; and he had greeted her with a significant “Au revoir, Thérèse.” Fervently she prayed that she might never meet him again ; and anxious was she to be gone to a place where he could not come.

Before noon, L'Ouverture, with Placide riding by his side, and followed by some officers, who were themselves followed by a few soldiers, was among the heights which commanded the plain of the Artibonite on one side, and on the other the valleys which lay between their party and the Gros Morne. They had visited Le Zéphyr, and were now about to examine the pass where their post was to be established.

“This heat, Placide,” said his father, as the sun beat down upon their heads, “is it not too much for you ? Perhaps you had better—But I beg your pardon,” he added, smiling ; “I had forgotten that you are no longer my growing boy, Placide, whom I must take care of. I beg your pardon, Placide ; but it is so new to me to have a manly son beside me—”

And he looked at him with eyes of pride.

Placide told how often at Paris he had longed to bask in such a sunshine as this, tempered by the fragrant breezes from the mountain side. He was transported now to hear the blows

of the axe in the woods, and the shock of the falling trunks, as the hewers of the logwood and the mahogany trees were at their hidden work. He was charmed with the songs of the cultivators which rose from the hot plain below, where they were preparing the furrows for the indigo-sowing. He greeted every housewife who, with her children about her, was on her knees by the mountain-stream, washing linen, and splashing her little ones in sport. All these native sights and sounds, so unlike Paris, exhilarated Placide in the highest degree. He was willing to brave either heats or hurricanes on the mountains for the sake of thus feeling himself once more in his tropical home.

"One would think it a time of peace," said he, "with the wood-cutters and cultivators all about us. Where will be the first cropping from those indigo-fields? And, if that is saved, where will be the second?"

"Of that last question, ask me again when we are alone," replied his father. "As for the rest, it is by no will of mine that our people are to be called off from their wood-cutting and their tillage. To the last moment, you see, I encourage the pursuits of peace. But if you could see closely these men in the forest and the fields, you would find that, as formerly, they have the cutlass at their belt and the rifle slung across their shoulders. They are my most trusty soldiery."

"Because they love you best, and owe most to you. What has Vincent discovered below there—far off? Have you your glass, father?"

"The deputation, perhaps," said Toussaint.

"Yes: there they are! They have crossed the Trois Rivières, and they are creeping up towards Plaisance. What a mere handful the party looks at this distance! What mere insects to be about to pull the thunder down upon so many heads! What an atom of space they cover! Yet Vincent's heart is on that little spot, I believe. Is it not so, father?"

"Yes: unless some of it is, as I fear, with the fleet beyond the ridge."

"He will be missing some day soon, then."

"For his own sake and Aimée's, I trust not. This step of hers has disconcerted me: but no harm can be done by detaining Vincent in honour near me till the turn of events may decide his inclinations in favour of Aimée's father and of his own race. Detained he must be, for the present, in dishonour if not in honour; for he knows too much of my affairs to be allowed to see Leclerc. If Aimée returns to us, or if we gain



a battle, Vincent will be ours without compulsion. Meantime, I keep him always employed beside me."

"This is the place for our post, surely," said Placide. "See how the rocks are rising on either hand above this level! No one could pass here whom we chose to obstruct."

"Yes, this is the spot—these are the Plateaux," replied his father, awaiting the officers and soldiers; the latter being prepared with tools to mark out and begin their work.

While the consultations and measurements were going on, Placide's eye was caught by the motion of a young fawn in the high grass of a lawny slope on one side of the valley. He snatched the loaded rifle which one of the soldiers had exchanged for a spade, and fired. The passion for sport was instantly roused by the act. Kids were seen here and there on the rocks. Marks were not wanting; and first Vincent, and then one and another, followed Placide's example; and there were several shots at the same instant, whose echoes reverberated to the delighted ear of Placide, who was sorry when the last had died away among the mountain-peaks.

"Your first and last sport for to-day," observed Toussaint. "You have given the game a sufficient alarm for the present."

"We must find our game, as we have shot it," exclaimed Vincent. "My kid is not far off."

"After it, then! You will find me under the large cotton-tree yonder. The heat is too great here, Placide, between these walls of rock."

Every man of the party was off in pursuit of his game, except Placide, who remained to ask his father, now they were alone, what was to happen at the season of the second indigo-cutting. They threw themselves down beneath the cotton-tree, which, with its own broad shade deepened by the masses of creepers which twined and clustered about it, and weighed it down on every side, afforded as complete a shelter from the shower of sunrays as any artificial roof could have done.

"The second indigo-cutting is in August, you know," said Toussaint. "August will decide our freedom, if it is not decided before. August is the season when Nature comes in as our ally—comes in with her army of horrors, which we should not have the heart to invoke, but which will arrive with or without our will, and which it will be the fault of the French themselves if they brave."

"Foul airs and pestilence, you mean?" said Placide.

"I mean foul airs and pestilence. All our plans, my son (it is a comfort to make a counsellor of my own son!)—all the

plans of my generals and myself are directed to provide for our defence till August, certain that then the French will be occupied in grappling with a deadlier foe than even men fighting for their liberties."

"Till August!" repeated Placide. "Nearly six months! I scarcely think the French could hold their footing so long, if—but that—"

"If what? Except for what?"

"If it were not for the tremendous re-enforcements which I fear will be sent."

"I thought so," said his father.

"All France is eager to come," continued Placide. "The thousands who are here (about twelve thousand, I fancy; but they did what they could to prevent our knowing the number exactly)—the thousands who are here are looked upon with envy by those who are left behind. The jealousy was incredible—the clamour to gain appointments to the St. Domingo expedition."

"To be appointed to pestilence in the hospitals and a grave in the sands!" exclaimed Toussaint. "It is strange! Frenchmen enough have died here in seasons of trouble to convince all France that only in time of peace, leisure, stillness, and choice of residence, have Europeans a fair chance for life here for a single year. It is strange that they do not foresee their own death-angels clustering on our shores."

"The delusion is so strong," said Placide, "that I verily believe that if these twelve thousand were all dead to-day, twenty thousand more would be ready to come to-morrow. If every officer was buried here, the choicest commanders there would press forward over their graves. If even the Leclercs should perish, I believe that other relatives of the First Consul, and perhaps some other of his sisters, would kneel to him, as these have done, to implore him to appoint them to the new expedition to St. Domingo."

"The madness of numbers is never without an open cause," said Toussaint. "What is the cause here?"

"Clear and plain enough. The representations of the emigrants, coming in aid of the secret wishes of Bonaparte, have, under his encouragement, turned the heads of his family, his court, and, after them, of his people."

"The emigrants sigh for their country (and it is a country to sigh after), and they look back on their estates and their power, I suppose; while the interval of ten years dims in their memories all inconveniences from the climate and from the degradation of their order."



"They appear to forget that any form of evil but Ogé and you, father, ever entered their Paradise. They say that, but for you, they might have been all this while in Paradise. They have boasted of its wealth and its pleasures till there is not a lady in the court of France who does not long to come and dwell in palaces of perfumed woods, marbles, and gold and silver. They dream of spending the days in breezy shades, and of sipping the nectar of tropical fruits from hour to hour. They think a good deal, too, of the plate, and wines, and equipages, and trains of attendants, of which they have heard so much; and, at the same time, of martial glory and laurel crowns."

"So these are the ideas with which they have come to languish on Tortuga, and be buried in its sands! These emigrants have much to answer for."

"So Isaac and I perpetually told them; but they would not listen to anything said by an Ouverture. Nor could we wonder at this, when persons of every colour were given to the same boastings; so that Isaac and I found ourselves tempted into a like strain upon occasion."

"It appears as if the old days had returned," said Toussaint; "the days of Columbus and his crews. We are as the unhappy Indians to the rapacity of Europe. No wonder if mulattoes and blacks speak of the colony as if it were the old Hayti."

"They do, from Lauville, the coffee-planter, to our Mars Plaisir. Mars Plaisir has brought orders for I do not know how many parrots; and for pearls, and perfumes, and spices, and variegated woods."

"Is it possible!" said Toussaint, smiling. "Does he really believe his own stories? If so, that accounts for his staying with you instead of going with Isaac, which I wondered at. I thought he could not have condescended to stay with us, after having lived in France."

"He condescends to be wherever he finds most scope for boasting. On Tortuga or among the ashes of Cap he can boast no more. With us he can extol France, as there he extolled St. Domingo. If August brings the destruction we look for, the poor fellow ought to die of remorse; but he has not head enough to suffer for the past. You can hold out till August, father?"

"If Maurepas joins us here with his force, I have no doubt of holding out till August. In these Morne, as many as will not yield might resist for life; but my own forces, aided by those of Maurepas, may effectually keep off the grasp of the

French from all places but those in which they are actually quartered. A few actions may be needful—morally needful—to show them that the blacks can fight. If this lesson will not suffice, August, alas ! will exterminate the foe. What do I see stirring among the ferns there ? Is it more game ?”

Placide started up.

“Too near us for game,” he whispered ; and then added aloud, “Shall we carry home another deer ? Shall I fire ?”

At the words, some good French was heard out of the tall, tree-like ferns—voices entreating that no one would fire ; and two Frenchmen presently appeared—an army and a navy officer.

“How came you here, gentlemen ? Are you residents in the colony ?”

“If we had been, we should not have lost ourselves, as you perceive we have done. We are sent by the captain-general to parley, as a last hope of avoiding the collision which the captain-general deprecates. Here are our credentials, by which you will discover our names—Lieutenant Martin,” pointing to his companion, “and Captain Sabès,” bowing for himself.

“It is too late for negotiation, gentlemen,” said L'Ouverture, “as the news from the south will already have informed the captain-general. I regret the accident of your having lost your way, as it will deprive you for a time of your liberty. You must be aware that, voluntarily or involuntarily, you have fulfilled the office of spies ; and for the present, therefore, I cannot part with you. Placide, summon our attendants, and, with them, escort these gentlemen to Le Zéphyr. I shall soon join you there, and hear anything that your charge may have to say.”

The officers protested, but in vain.

“It is too late, gentlemen. You may thank your own commanders for compelling me to run no more risks—for having made trust in a French officer's honour a crime to my own people. You may have heard and seen so much that I am compelled to hold you prisoners. As I have no proof, however, that you are spies, your lives are safe.”

In answer to Placide's shout—the well-known mountain-cry which he was delighted to revive—their followers appeared on all sides, some bringing in their game, some empty-handed. The French officers saw that escape was impossible. Neither had they any thought, but for a passing moment, of fighting for their liberty. The Ouvertures were completely armed ;



and there never was an occasion when a man would lightly engage, hand to hand, with Toussaint or his son.

Half the collected party, including Vincent, accompanied Toussaint to Pongaudin. The other half escorted Placide and his prisoners up the morne to Le Zéphyr. These carried all the game for a present provision.

Placide observed an interchange of glances between his prisoners as they passed the spades, pickaxes, and fresh-dug earth in the Plateaux. He had little idea how that glance was connected with the romancing he had just been describing, nor how much of insult and weary suffering it boded to his father.

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## CHAPTER IX.

### RETREAT.

PONGAUDIN was indeed no longer safe. Immediately on the return of Coasson to the fleet, under the date of the 17th of February, the captain-general issued a proclamation of outlawry against L'Ouverture and Christophe, pronouncing it the imperative duty of every one who had the power to seize and deliver up the traitors. As Toussaint said to his family, Pongaudin was a residence for a citizen—outlaws must go to the mountains.

To the mountain they went—not weeping and trembling, but in a temper of high courage and hope. The rocks rang with the military music which accompanied them. Their very horses seemed to feel the spirit of their cause: much more were the humblest of the soldiery animated with the hope of success in the struggle, which was now to be carried on in a mode which they much preferred to keeping watch in the plains. They found the pass well fortified; they found the morne above it still and undisturbed; untrod, as it seemed now likely to remain, by the foot of an invader. They found the mansion at Le Zéphyr, spacious as it was, much enlarged by temporary erections, and prepared for the abode of more than the number that had come. Madame Pascal looked at her husband with a sigh when the alterations met her eye; and Raymond himself did not much relish seeing sentinels posted at all his gates. Euphrosyne, however, was still quite happy.

Here was her beloved *Le Zéphyr*, with its blooming cacao-groves. Here were space, freedom, and friends, and neither convent rules nor nuns.

A perpetual line of communication was established between the pass and this mansion. Vincent, with a troop, was appointed to guard the estate and the persons on it, including the two French prisoners. Placide was to join his father below, to receive the forces which flocked to the rendezvous. Before he went, he pointed out to Vincent and his own family a station, on a steep at some distance in the rear of the house, whence they might discern, with a good glass, the road which wound through the plain of the *Artibonite*, within two miles of the *Plateaux*, and up towards *Plaisance* to the north. Many and wonderful were the objects seen from this lofty station; but not one of them—not even the green knolls and hollows of the *morne*, stretched out from *Le Zéphyr* to the pass—not the brimming river of the plain—not the distant azure sea, with its tufted isles, was so interesting, under present circumstances, as this yellow winding road—the way of approach of either friend or foe.

But for the apprehensions belonging to a state of warfare—apprehensions which imbitter life in all its hours to women, and possibly, more than is generally acknowledged, to men—but for the speculations as to who was destined to die, who to fall into the most cruel hands that ever abused their power over a helpless foe (for the French of former wars were not forgotten), and what was to be the lot of those who escaped death and capture—but for these speculations, which were stirring in every woman's heart in all that household, the way of life at *Le Zéphyr* was pleasant enough.

Even poor *Génifrède* appeared to revive here. She showed more interest in nursing *Dessalines* than in any previous occupation since the death of her lover. *Thérèse* was delighted to afford her the opportunity of feeling herself useful, and permitted herself many a walk in the groves, many an hour of relaxation in the salon, which she would have despised but for their affording an interest to *Génifrède*. The three were more than ever drawn together by their new experience of the conduct of the French. Never was sick man more impatient to be strong than *Dessalines*. *Génifrède* regarded him as the pillar of the cause, on account of his uncompromising passion for vengeance; and his wife herself counted the days till he could be again abroad at the head of his forces.

When not in attendance upon him, *Génifrède* spent the hours



of daylight at the station on the height. She cared neither for heat nor chill while there, and forgot food and rest; and there was sometimes that in her countenance when she returned, and in the tone of her prophesying about the destruction of the enemy, which caused the whisper to go round that she met her lover there, just under the clouds. M. Pascal, the rational, sagacious M. Pascal, was of opinion that she believed this herself.

On this station, and other heights which surrounded the mansion, there were other objects of interest than the visitations of the clouds, and the whisperings of the breezes from the depths of the woods. For many days a constant excitement was caused by the accession of troops. Not only Tous-saint's own bands followed him to the post, but three thousand more, on whom he could rely, were spared from his other strong posts in the mountains. Soon after these three thousand, Christophe appeared with such force as could be spared from the garrisons in the north. The officers under Dessalines also, aware that the main struggle, whenever the French would come to an engagement, must be in the Plateaux de la Ravine, drew thither, with the remnants of the force which had suffered defeat in the southwest. Hither, too, came Bellair, with his family, and the little garrison which had fortified and held L'Etoile till it became necessary to burn and leave it.

Messenger arrived after messenger to announce these accessions of force, and the whole household poured out upon the heights to see and hear. If it was at noon, the clear music of the wind instruments floated faintly in the still air: if the morning or evening breezes were abroad, the harmony came in gushes; and the shouts of greeting and reception were plainly distinguishable, and were responded to involuntarily by all at Le Zéphyr but the two prisoners. Under the impulse of the moment, no voice was louder or more joyous than Vincent's. It now only remained for Maurepas to bring his numerous troops up to the point of junction. He must presently arrive; and then, as Placide and other sanguine young soldiers thought, and as Sabès and his companion began seriously to fear, the negro force under L'Ouverture might defy all Europe.

News, stirring news, came from all corners of the colony with every fresh arrival. Deesha especially could tell all that had been done, not only at L'Etoile and in all the plain of Cul-de-Sac, but within the districts of the unfaithful generals Clerveaux and La Plume. Her boy Juste, though too young to take a practical part in the war, carried the passion and energy

of a man into the cause, and was versed in all the details of the events which had taken place since the landing of the French. It was a sore mortification to Juste that he was not permitted to remain by his father's side at the Plateaux; but he consoled himself with teaching his little brother Tobie the military exercise, and with sport. Juste was as fond of sport as on the day when he floated under calabashes to catch wild ducks; and this was well; for at Le Zéphyr, under present circumstances, the sportsman was one of the most useful members of the establishment. The air of the Mornes was celebrated for its power of creating an appetite; and there were many mouths to feed: so that Juste was assured, on all hands, that he had as important a function to fulfil as if he had been a soldier. As it was believed impossible for human foot to stray beyond the morne by any other passage than that of the Plateaux, the boys were permitted to be out early and late, in the woods and upon the hill-sides; and often did Génifrède and the sentries hear the far-off shouts of the little sportsmen, or see the puff of smoke from Juste's rifle in the valley or under the verge of the groves. Many a nest of young orioles did Tobie abstract from the last fork of a branch, when the peculiar note of the parent-bird led him on into the midst of the thicket where these delicate creatures hide themselves. The ringtail dove, one of the most exquisite of table luxuries, he was very successful in liming; and he would bring home a dozen in a morning. He could catch turkeys with a noose, and young pigs to barbecue. He filled baskets with plovers' eggs from the high lands, and of the wild-fowl he brought in there was no end. In the midst of these feats, he engaged for far greater things in a little while—when the soldier-crabs should make their annual march down the mountains on their way to the sea. In those days Tobie promised the tables at Le Zéphyr should groan under the profusion of savoury soups, which should banish for the season the salt beef and salt fish which, meantime, formed part of the daily diet of the household.

While his little brother was thus busy with smaller game, Juste was indulging a higher ambition. When nothing better was to be had, he could condescend to plovers and pigeons; but he liked better to bring down a dainty young heifer among the herds of wild cattle, or several head of deer in a day. It was his triumph to return heavily laden, and to go forth again with three or four soldiers, or half a dozen servants (whichever could best be spared), to gather up from the hill-sides the fall-



en game, which he had covered with branches of trees to keep off hawk and vulture. It was his triumph to point out to his aids spot after spot where the bird of prey hovered, seeking in vain for a space on which to pounce. Amid these triumphs, Juste was almost satisfied not to be at the Plateaux.

Perhaps the heaviest heart among all that household, scarcely excepting Génifrède's, was Madame L'Ouverture's; and yet her chief companionship, strangely enough, was with the one who carried the lightest—Euphrosyne. It was not exactly settled whether Madame L'Ouverture or Madame Pascal was hostess, and they therefore divided the onerous duties of the office; and Euphrosyne was their handmaid, charmed to be with those she loved best—charmed to be busy in new ways—charmed to hear, from time to time, that she was useful. She useful to the Ouvertures! It was an honour—it was an exquisite pleasure. She was, perhaps, the first white lady in the island, out of the convent, who had gathered fruits, prepared vegetables, and made sweet dishes with her own hands. Morning after morning the three ladies spent together in domestic occupations, finding that the servants, numerous as they were, could not get through the whole work of hospitality to such a household. Morning after morning they spent in the shaded storeroom, amid the fragrance of fruits and spices. Here the unhappy mother, the anxious wife, opened her heart to the young people; and they consoled and ministered to her as daughters.

"If you are not my daughters," said she on one of these mornings, "I have none."

"But you will have: they will return to you," said Afra. "Think of them as you did of your sons when they were at Paris—as absent for a while to gain experience, and sure to return. You will find one of them, perhaps both, as happy on your bosom hereafter as we see your Placide by his father's side."

"How can you say so, Afra? Which of my girls will ever come to me again, as they did at Breda?"

"Génifrède is better," said Euphrosyne; "better since we came here—better every day; and I should wonder if she were not. No one can long be sullen here."

"Do not be hard, Euphrosyne, my love. 'Sullen' is a hard word for my poor, unhappy child."

"Nay, madame, no one can be more sorry for her than I am, as you will find if you ask Father Gabriel. He will tell you how angry I was with L'Ouverture—how cruel I thought

him on that dreadful day. But now, in these stirring times, when our whole world, our little world in the middle of the sea, is to be destroyed, or made free and glorious for ever, I do think it is being sullen to mope on the mountain as she does, and speak to nobody, care for nobody but the Dessalines. However, I would not say a word about it if I were not sure that she is getting better. And if she were growing worse instead of better, there is nothing that I would not do to help or console her, though I must still think her sullen—not only towards her father here, but—”

And Euphrosyne crossed herself.

“It is hard,” sighed Madame L'Ouverture; “it is hard to do all one ought, even in the serious hours of one's prayers. I do try, with my husband's help when he is here, and from the thought of him when he is absent, to pray, as he desires, for our enemies. But it generally ends (God forgive me!) in my praying that Bonaparte may be held back from the work of estranging our children from us.”

“It can only be for a time,” said Afra, again. She could think of no other consolation.

“Those who know best say that everything is for good,” continued Margot. “If so, I wonder whether any one can foretel what can be the good of a stranger—a man that we have never seen, and who has everything about him to make him great—thrusting himself between us and our children, to take their hearts from us. I asked L'Ouverture to foretel to me how this would be explained; and he put his hand upon my mouth, and asked me to kneel down, and pray with him that we might have patience to wait God's own time.”

“And could you do so?” asked Euphrosyne, with brimming eyes.

“I did: but I added a prayer that Bonaparte might be moved to leave us the glory and dominion which we value—the duty and the hearts of our children—and that he might be contented with gaining the homage of the French nation, and grasping the kingdoms of Europe.”

“I think God will hear that prayer,” said Afra, cheerfully.

“And I am sure Bonaparte will thank you for it,” said Euphrosyne, “in that day when hearts will be known, and things seen as they are.”

“One might expect,” sighed Madame L'Ouverture, “as one's children grow up, that they should go mad for love; but I never thought of such a thing as their going mad for loyalty.”

“Do you think it is for loyalty?” asked Euphrosyne. “I



should call Placide the most loyal of your children ; and, next to him, Denis."

"They think they are loyal and patriotic, my dear. I am sure I hope they will go on to think so ; for it is the best excuse for them."

"I wish I had a magic glass," said Euphrosyne.

"My dear, do not wish any such thing. It is very dangerous and wicked to have anything to do with that kind of people. I could tell you such a story of poor Moyse (and of many other unhappy persons too) as would show you the mischief of meddling with charms, Euphrosyne."

"Do not be afraid, dear madame ; I was not thinking of any witchcraft, but only wishing your children the bright mirror of a clear and settled mind. I think such a mirror would show them that what they take for loyalty and patriotism in their own feelings and conduct, is no more loyalty and patriotism than the dancing lights in our rice-grounds are stars."

"What is it, my dear, do you think ?"

"I think it is weakness remaining from their former condition. When people are reared in humiliation, there will be weakness left behind. Loyal minds must call Bonaparte's conduct to L'Ouverture vulgar. Those who admire it, it seems to me, either have been, or are ready to be, slaves."

"One may pity rather than blame the first," said Afra, "but I do not pretend to have any patience with the last. I pity our poor faithless generals here, and dear Aimée, with her mind so perplexed and her struggling heart ; but I have no toleration for Leclerc and Rochambeau, and the whole train of Bonaparte's worshippers in France."

"They are not like your husband, indeed, Afra."

"And they might all have been as right as he. They might all have known, as well as he, what L'Ouverture is, and what he has done. Why do they not know that he might long ago have been a king ? Why do they not tell one another that his throne might at this day have been visited by ambassadors from all the nations but for his loyalty to France ? Why do they not see, as my husband does, that it is for want of personal ambition that L'Ouverture is now an outlaw in the Mornes, instead of being hand-in-hand, as a brother-king, with George of England ? They might have known whom to honour and whom to restrain, as my husband does, if they had had his clearness of soul and his love of freedom."

"And because they have not," said Euphrosyne, "they are lost in amazement at his devotion to a negro outlaw. Do not

shrink, dear madame, from those words. If they were meant in anything but honour, they would not be spoken before you. Afra and I feel that to be the First of the Backs is now to be the greatest man in the world; and that to be an outlaw in the Mornes, in the cause of a redeemed race, is a higher glory than to be the conqueror of Europe. Do we not, Afra?"

"Assuredly we do."

"They will soon learn whom they have to deal with in this outlaw," said madame. "I can tell you, my dears, that Rochambeau is drawing near us, and there is likely soon to be a battle. Heighho!"

"Is that bad news or good?" asked Euphrosyne.

"My husband means it for good news, my dear—at least, if Maurepas arrives from the south as soon as Rochambeau from the north."

"I wish Maurepas would come!" sighed Afra.

Madame L'Ouverture went on:

"It has been a great mortification to my husband that there has been no fair battle yet. His people—those who are faithful—have had no opportunity of showing how they feel and what they can do. The French have been busy spying, and bribing, and cajoling, and pretending to negotiate; and the one thing they will not do is fighting. But I tell you, my dears, the battle-day is coming on now. Heighho!"

There was a pause; after which Euphrosyne said,

"I suppose we shall hear the battle."

There was another pause, during which madame's tears were dropping into her lap. Afra wondered how General Dessalines would bear to hear the firing from his chamber, so near, and he unable to help.

"That puts me in mind—" said madame, rising hurriedly; "how could I forget? It was the very reason why my husband told me that Rochambeau was so near. We must prepare for the wounded, my dears. They will be sent up here—as many as the house will hold, and the tents which my husband is sending up. We must be making lint, my dears, and preparing bandages. My husband has provided simples, and Madame Dessalines will tell us—Oh dear! what was I about, to forget all this!"

"Do not hurry yourself, dear madame," said Afra. "We will take care everything is done. With Madame Dessalines to direct us, we shall be quite prepared. Do not hurry yourself so. I dare say Rochambeau is not at hand at this moment."



At the very next moment, however, Euphrosyne's countenance showed that she was by no means certain of this. Madame L'Ouverture stood still to listen, in her agitated walk about the room. There were distant shouts heard, and a bustle and buzz of voices within and about the house, which made Euphrosyne empty her lap of the shaddocks she was peeling, and run out for news.

"Joy! Joy!" she cried, returning. "Maurepas is coming. We can see his march from the station. His army has crossed the river. Make haste, Afra! Dear madame, will you go with me to the station?"

"No, my love," said madame, sitting down, trembling.

"We can go as slowly as you like. There is plenty of time. You need not hurry; and it will be a glorious sight."

"No, my dear. Do you young people go. But, Euphrosyne, are you quite sure it is not Rochambeau?"

"Oh dear, yes; quite certain. They come from the south, and have crossed the Artibonite; they come from the very point they ought to come from. It is good news, you may rely upon it—the best possible news."

"I am thankful," said madame, in a low, sad voice. "Go, my dears. Go and see what you can."

All who could leave the house or the post of duty—that is, all but the two prisoners, the sentries, and madame—were at the station or on their way to it. The first notice had been given, it appeared, by some huntsmen who had brought in game.

"My boys!" said Madame Bellair; "what a pity they should miss this sight! only that, I suppose, we could not keep Juste within bounds. He would be off to the camp before we could stop him. It may be a fortunate chance that he is on the northern hills instead of the southern to-day; but I am sorry for my little Tobie. Whereabout are they, I wonder? Has any one seen them within these two hours?"

The hunters had parted with the boys in the valley at sunrise, when they said they should seek fish and fowl to-day in the logwood grove and the pond above it, as there were hunters enough out upon the hills.

"If they are really no farther off than that," said their mother, "they may hear us, and come for their share of the sight. You walk well, General Dessalines."

Dessalines declared himself well. The rumour of war was the tonic he needed. Even at this distance, it had done more for him than all Thérèse's medicines in a month. Thérèse

saw that it was indeed so, and that he would be at the Plateaux now before the enemy.

"Look at General Vincent!" whispered Madame Pascal to her husband, on whose arm she was leaning, as all stood on the height, anxiously gazing at the road, which wound like a yellow thread across the plain and round the base of the hills. The troops were now hidden by a hanging wood; so that Afra rested her strained eyes for a moment, and happened to notice Vincent's countenance. "Look, do look at General Vincent!"

Her husband shook his head, and said that was what he was then thinking of. Dessalines and his wife were similarly occupied; and they and the Pascals communicated with each other by glances.

"What is the matter, Vincent?" asked Dessalines, outright. "Here are the long-expected come at last; and you look as gloomily upon them as if they were all France."

"I am not such a man of blood as you, Dessalines. I have never given up the hope of accommodation and peace. It is strange, when the great men on both sides profess such a desire for peace, that we must see this breach made, nobody can tell why."

"Why, my good fellow!" exclaimed Dessalines, staring into his face, "surely you are talking in your sleep! The heats put you to sleep last summer, and you are not awake yet. You know nothing that has been done since December, I do believe. Come! let me tell you, as little Tobie is not here to do it."

"Don't, love," said Thérèse, pressing her husband's arm. "No disputes to-day, Jacques! The times are too serious."

"At another time, general," said Vincent, "I will instruct you a little in my opinions, formed when my eyes were wide open in France, which yours have never been."

"There they are! There they come from behind the wood, if we could but see them for the dust!" exclaimed some.

"Oh this dust! we can see nothing!" cried others. "Who can give a guess how many they are?"

"It is impossible," said Bellair. "Without previous knowledge, one could not tell them from droves of bullocks and goats going to market at St. Marc."

"Except for their caps," said Euphrosyne. "I see a dozen or two of feathers through the cloud. Do not you, Afra?"

"Yes; but where is their music? We should hear something of it here, surely."



"Yes, it is a dumb march," said Dessalines, "at present. They will strike up when they have turned the shoulder of that hill, no doubt. There! now listen!"

All listened, so that the brook, half a mile behind, made its babbling heard; but there was not a breath of music.

"Is it possible that Rochambeau should be in the way?" asked Thérèse.

"He cannot be in the way," said her husband; "for, where I stand, I command every foot of the road up to our posts; but he may be nearer than we thought. I conclude that he is."

"Look! See!" cried several. "They are taking another road! Where are they going? General Dessalines, what does it mean?"

"I would thank any one to tell me that it is not as I fear," replied Dessalines. "I fear Maurepas is effecting a junction, not with us, but with some one else."

"With Rochambeau!" "Traitor!" "The traitor Maurepas!" "His head!" "Our all for his head!" cried the enraged gazers, as they saw Maurepas indeed diverging from the road to the post, and a large body of French troops turning a reach of the same road from behind a hill. The two clouds of dust met. And now there was no more silence, but sound enough from below and afar. There was evidently clamour and rage among the troops in the Plateaux; and bursts of music from the army of their foes, triumphant and insulking, swelled the breeze.

"Our all for the head of Maurepas!" cried the group again.

"Nay," said Vincent; "leave Maurepas his head. Who knows but that peace may come out of it? If all had done as he has now done, there could be no war."

"In the same way," exclaimed Pascal, "as if all of your colour thought as you do. There would then be no war, because there would be no men to fight; but only slaves to walk quietly under the yoke."

"Be as angry as you will," said Vincent, in a low voice, to Pascal. "No one's anger can alter the truth. It is impious and vain, here as elsewhere, to oppose Bonaparte. L'Ouverture will have to yield; you know that as well as I do, M. Pascal; and those are the best friends of the blacks who help to render war impossible, and who bring the affair to a close while the First Consul may yet be placable."

"Has that opinion of yours been offered to your commander, Vincent?"

"It would have been if he had asked for it. He probably

knows that I had rather have seen him high in honour and function under Leclerc, than an outlaw intrenched in the Mornes."

"Then why are you here?"

"I am here to protect those who cannot protect themselves in these rough times. I am here to guard these ladies against all foes, come they whence they may—from France, or out of our own savannahs—from earth, air, or sea. But hark! Silence, ladies! Silence all, for a moment!"

They listened, ready to take alarm from him, they knew not why. Nothing was heard but the distant baying of hounds—the hunters coming home, as it was supposed.

"Those are not St. Domingo hounds," said Vincent, in a low voice, to Dessalines.

"No, indeed! Home, all of you! Run for your lives! No questions, but run! Thérèse, leave me! I command you. If this is your doing, Vincent—"

"Upon my soul it is not. I know nothing about it. Home, ladies, as fast as possible!"

"My children!" exclaimed Madame Bellair. "I can find them: if you will only tell me the danger—what is the danger?"

"You hear those hounds? They are Cuba bloodhounds," said Dessalines. "The fear is that they are leading an enemy over the hills."

Not a word more was necessary. Every one fled who could except Thérèse, who would not go faster than her husband's strength permitted him to proceed. The voice of the hounds and the tramp of horses' feet were apparently so near before they could reach the first sentry, that both were glad to see Pascal hurrying towards them with two soldiers, who carried Dessalines to the house, while Pascal and Thérèse ran for their lives—she striving to thank her companion for remembering to bring this aid.

"No thanks!" said Pascal. "General Dessalines is our great man now. We cannot do without him. Here is to be a siege—a French troop has come over by some unsuspected pass—I do not understand it."

"Have you sent to the Plateaux?"

"Of course, instantly; but our messengers will probably be intercepted, though we have spared three men, to try three different paths. If L'Ouverture learns our condition, it will be by the firing."

Some of the sportsmen had brought in from the hills the news of the presence of an enemy in the morne—not, appa-



rently, on their way to the plantation, but engaged in some search among the hills. Others spoke tidings which would not have been told for hours but for the determination of Madame Bellair to set out in search of her children, whatever foe might be in the path. It became necessary to relate that it was too late to save her children. They had been seen lying in a track of the wood, torn in pieces by the bloodhounds, whose cry was heard now close at hand. Though there was no one who would at first undertake to tell the mother this, there were none who, in the end, could conceal it from her. They need not have feared that their work of defence would be impeded by her wailings and tears. There was not a cry, there was not a tear. Those who dared to look in her face saw that the fires of vengeance were consuming all that was womanish in Deesha's nature. She was the soldier to whom, under Dessalines, the successful defence of Le Zéphyr was mainly owing. Dessalines gave the orders and superintended the arrangements, which she, with a frantic courage, executed. From that hour to the day when she and her husband expired in tortures, the forces of the First Consul had no more vindictive and mischievous enemy than the wife of Charles Bellair. Never propitiated and long unsubdued, Charles Bellair and his wife lived henceforth in the fastnesses of the interior, and never for a day desisted from harassing the foe, and laying low every Frenchman on whom a sleepless and apparently ubiquitous vengeance could fix its grasp.

Deesha was not the only woman who seemed to bear a foe-man's soul. Thérèse looked as few had seen her look before; and, busy as was her husband with his arrangements for the defence of the house, he could not but smile in the face which expressed so much. To her, and any companions she could find among the women, was confided the charge of Sabès and Martin, who, locked into a room whence they must hear the firing of their comrades outside, could not but be supposed likely to make a desperate attempt to escape. Thérèse answered for their detention if she had arms for herself and two companions. Whoever these heroines might be, the prisoners were found safe after the French had decamped.

There were doubts which, at any other time, would have needed deliberation. It was a doubt, for a moment, whether to imprison Vincent, whose good faith was now extremely questionable: but there was no one to guard him; and his surprise and concern were evidently so real, and his activity was so great in preparing for defence, that there seemed no-

thing for it but trusting him to protect the women who were under his charge. Dessalines, however, kept his eye upon him, and his piece in readiness to shoot him down on the first evidence of treachery.

Another doubt was as to the foe they had to contend against. How they got into the morne, and why such an approach was made to an object so important as securing a party of hostages like these ; whether, if Vincent had nothing to do with it, the spies had ; and whether, therefore, more attacks might not be looked for, were questions which passed through many minds, but to which no consideration could now be given. Here were the foe, and they must be kept off.

The struggle was short and sharp. Small as was the force without, it far outnumbered that of the fighting men in what had been supposed the secure retreat of *Le Zéphyr* ; and there is no saying but that the ladies might have found themselves at length on Tortuga, and in the presence of Bonaparte's sister, if the firing had not reached the watchful ear of *L'Ouverture* at the Plateaux, on the way to which all the three messengers had been captured. Toussaint arrived with a troop in time to deliver his household. After his first onset the enemy retreated ; at first carrying away some prisoners, but dropping them on their road, one after another, as they were more and more hardly pressed by *L'Ouverture*, till the few survivors were glad to escape as they could, by the way they came.

Toussaint returned, his soldiers bringing in the mangled bodies of the two boys. When he inquired what loss had been sustained, he found that three, besides the children, were killed ; and that Vincent was the only prisoner, besides the three messengers turned back in the morne.

"Never was there a more willing prisoner, in my opinion," observed Pascal.

"He carries away a mark from us, thank Heaven !" said Dessalines. "Madame Bellair shot him."

It was so. Deesha saw Vincent join the French and go off with them on the arrival of *L'Ouverture* ; and partly through revenge, but not without a thought of the disclosures it was in his power to make, she strove to silence him for ever. She only reached a limb, however, and sent him away, as Dessalines said, bearing a mark from *Le Zéphyr*.

One of the French troop, made prisoner, was as communicative as could have been desired ; as much so as Vincent would probably be on the other side. He declared that the attack on *Le Zéphyr* was a mere accident ; that his company had en-



tered the morne, led by the bloodhounds in pursuit of some negroes from whom they wanted certain information for Rochambeau respecting the localities ; that they had thus become acquainted with the almost impracticable pass by which they had entered ; that, when the hounds had destroyed the children, and proved that there were inhabitants in the morne, the situation of Le Zéphyr had been discovered, and afterward the rank of its inhabitants ; that the temptation of carrying off these hostages to Rochambeau had been too strong to be resisted ; and hence the attack.

"We shall have to remove," the ladies said to each other, "now that our retreat is known."

"Shall we have to remove?" asked Euphrosyne, whose love of the place could not be quenched even by the blood upon its threshold. "I am not afraid to stay if any one else will."

"How can you be so rash, Euphrosyne?" asked Afra.

"I would not be rash," Euphrosyne replied ; "but we know now how these people came into the morne, and L'Ouverture will guard the pass. And remember, Afra, we have beaten them ; and they will take care how they attack us another time. Remember, we have beaten them."

"We have beaten them," said Dessalines, laughing. "And what did you do to beat off the French, my little lady?"

"I watched the prisoners through the keyhole ; and if they had made the least attempt to set the house on fire—"

"You would have put it out with your tears—hey, Mademoiselle Euphrosyne?"

"Ask madame, your lady, what she would have done in such a case : she stood beside me. But does L'Ouverture say we must remove?"

"L'Ouverture thinks," said Toussaint, who heard her question, "that this is still the safest place for the brave women who keep up his heart by their cheerful faces. He is ashamed that they have been negligently guarded. It shall not happen again."

He was just departing for the Plateaux. As he went out he said to his wife, while he cast a look of tender compassion upon Madame Bellair,

"I shall tell Charles that you will cherish Deesha. It is well that we can let her remain here, beside the graves of her children. Bury them with honour, Margot."

## CHAPTER X.

AUGUST FAR OFF.

IN time of peace, and if her children had perished by any other mode, it might have been a consolation to Deesha to dwell for a time beside their graves. As it was, the deep bark of the murderous dogs filled her ear perpetually, and their fangs seemed to tear her heart. Her misery in the quiet mansion of the Mornes was unendurable; and the very day after the funeral she departed, with her husband, to a place where no woman's eye could mark her maternal anguish—where no semblance of a home kept alive the sense of desolation. She retired, with her husband and his troop, to a fastness higher up in the Morne du Chaos, whence they kept watch over the regular intrenchments below, cut off supplies of provisions from the French, harassed all their marches, and waged a special war against the bloodhounds—the negro's most dreaded foe. More, however, were perpetually brought over from Cuba, and regularly trained, by means too barbarous for detail, to make negroes their prey. From the hour when Deesha first heard the cry of a bloodhound, more than the barbarism of her native Congo took possession of her. Never more was she seen sewing under the shade of the tamarind-tree. Never more did she spread the table for husband or guests within a house. Never more was her voice heard singing, gayly or plaintively, the songs that she had gathered from the palm-groves of Africa, or the vineyards of France, or from the flowery fields of a mother's hopes. Henceforth she carried the rifle, and ate her meal in stern silence, in the cave of the rock. When she laughed, it was as her shot went straight to her victim's heart. When she spoke, it was of the manœuvres of her mountain war; and the only time that she was ever seen to shed tears was when a rumour of a truce reached the pinnacle on which she dwelt. Though assured that any truce could be only, as every negro knew, a truce till August, the mere semblance of accommodation with the foe forced tears of vexation from eyes which were for ever after dry.

If she felt a gleam of satisfaction before leaving *Le Zéphyr*, it was at the singular accident by which *Juste*, always so bent



upon being a soldier, shared the honours of a military funeral. Juste and Tobie were buried with the soldiers who had fallen in the defence of the house; and to the father who followed the coffins, and the mother who hid herself in the thicket, there was something like pleasure in the roll of the drum, and the measure of the dead march, and the warlike tone of the shrill dirge which was sung round the open graves, and the discharge of firearms over them—a satisfaction like that of fulfilling the last wish of their boy. This done, and the graves fenced and planted, the childless pair departed, wishing, perhaps, in their own hearts, that they could weep their misfortune like those whom they left behind.

For some time forward from that day there was no more cause for weeping at Le Zéphyr. The season had come for the blacks to show what they could do. In the hope, as he said, of hastening on the peace, Vincent told all that he knew of the plans and resources of the outlawed chiefs; and, in consequence, the French at length proceeded to vigorous action, believing that if they could force the posts at the Plateaux, they could so impoverish and disable the negro leaders as to compel them to become mere banditti, who might be kept in check by guarding the mountain-passes. The French force was therefore brought up again and again to the attack, and always in vain. The ill-success of the invaders was no doubt partly owing to the distress which overtook their soldiery whenever they had been a few days absent from their camp and their ships. Whichever way they turned, and however sudden the changes of their march, they found the country laid waste—the houses unroofed, the cattle driven away, the fields burned or inundated, and nothing but a desert under their feet, and flames on the horizon, while the sun of the tropic grew daily hotter overhead. These were disadvantages; but the French had greatly the superiority in numbers, in experience, and in supplies of ammunition. Yet for many weeks they failed in all their attempts. They left their dead before the entrance of the Plateaux, or heaped up in the neighbouring fields, or strewed along the mountain-paths, now to the number of seven hundred, now twelve, and now fifteen hundred; while the negroes numbered their losses by tens or scores. The first combined attack, when Maurepas, with his army, joined Rochambeau, and two other divisions met them from different points, was decisively disastrous; and even Vincent began to doubt whether the day of peace, the day of chastisement of L'Ouverture's romance, was so near as he had supposed.

The last time that the French dared the blacks to come forth from their intrenchments and fight on the plain, afforded the most triumphant result to the negroes. So tremendous was the havoc among the French, while the blacks charged without intermission, rolling on their force from their intrenchments, each advancing line throwing itself upon the ground immediately after the charge, while those behind passed over their bodies, enabling them to rise and retreat, in order to rush forward again in their turn, that the troops of the Rhine and the Alps were seized with a panic, and spread a rumour that there was sorcery among the blacks, by which they were made invulnerable. It was scarcely possible, too, to believe in the inferiority of their numbers, so interminable seemed the succession of foes that presented a fresh front. Rochambeau saw that, if not ordered to retreat, his troops would fly; and whether it was a retreat or a flight at last, nobody could afterward determine. They left fifteen hundred dead on the field, and made no pause till they reached Plaisance.

From this time the French generals resolved against more fighting till re-enforcements arrived from France. New hopes inspired the blacks; all of them, at least, who did not, like L'Ouverture and Christophe, anticipate another inundation of the foe from the sea. Placide, who was foremost in every fight, was confident that the struggle was nearly over, and rode up to Le Zéphyr occasionally with tidings which spread hope and joy among the household, and not only made his mother proud, but lightened her heart.

He told, at length, that the French, not relishing the offensive war begun by Christophe, had blockaded his father in the Plateaux. He treated this blockade as a mere farce; as a mode of warfare which would damage the French irreparably as the heats came on, while it could not injure the blacks, acquainted as they were with the passes of the country.

Placide would have been right if only one single circumstance had been otherwise than it was. L'Ouverture had nothing to fear from a blockade in regard to provisions. He had adherents above, among the heights, who could supply his forces with food for themselves and fodder for their horses inexhaustibly. Every ravine in their rear yielded water. They had arms enough; and in their climate, and with the summer coming on, the clothing of the troops was a matter of small concern. But their ammunition was running short. Everything was endeavoured, and timely, to remedy this; but there was no effectual remedy. Many a perilous march over the



heights, and descent upon the shore, did one and another troop attempt—many a seizure of French supplies did they actually effect—many a trip did Paul, and others who had boats, make to one and another place, where it was hoped that powder and ball might be obtained; but no sufficient supply could be got. The foe were not slow in discovering this, and in deriving courage from their discovery. From the moment that they found themselves assailed with flights of arrows from the heights, and that their men were wounded, not always with ball or even shot, but with buttons, nails, and other bits of old metal—with anything rather than lead, they kept a closer watch along the coast and the roads, that no little boat, no cart or packhorse might escape capture. Towards the end of April the difficulty became so pressing, that L'Ouverture found himself compelled to give up his plan of defensive war, with all its advantages, and risk much to obtain the indispensable means of carrying on the struggle.

It was with this view that he mustered his force, gave out nearly the last remains of his ammunition, burst victoriously through the blockading troops, routed them, and advanced to attack the French lines posted at Plaisance. Behind him he left few but his wounded, commanded by Dessalines, who was yet hardly sufficiently recovered to undertake a more arduous service. Before him were the troops under Maurepas, whom he had always believed he could recall with a word if he could but meet them face to face. Others probably believed so too; for these troops had, on every occasion, been kept back, and so surrounded as that no one from their old haunts and their old companions could reach them. Now, however, the French force was so reduced by the many defeats they had undergone, that it was probable they would be obliged to put faith in the renegade division if attacked; and L'Ouverture was not without hopes of striking a decisive blow by recalling the negroes in the French lines to their allegiance to himself.

Everything answered to his anticipations. When he advanced to the attack, he found the troops of Maurepas posted in the front, to weaken the resolution of their former comrades or receive their first fire. His heart bounded at the sight; and all his resentment against them as renegades melted into compassion for the weakness of those who had been reared in terror and servility. He rushed forward, placing himself, without a thought of fear, between the two armies, and extended his arms towards the black lines of the enemy, shouting to them,

"My soldiers, will you kill your general? Will you kill your fathers, your comrades, your brothers?"

In an instant every black was on his knees. It was a critical moment for the French. They rushed on, drowning the single voice on which their destruction seemed to hang, threw the kneeling soldiers on their faces, strode over their prostrate bodies, and nearly effected their object of closing round L'Ouverture and capturing him. His danger was imminent. The struggle was desperate, but his soldiers saved him. The battle was fierce and long, but again and again turning in his favour till all seemed secure. He was forcing the enemy from their lines, and giving out the inspiring negro cry of victory, when a new force marched up against him, stopped the retreat of the French, and finally repulsed the blacks—exhausted as they were, and unable to cope with a fresh foe. In the most critical moment, four thousand troops, fresh from the ships, had arrived to convert the defeat of the French into a victory; and they brought into the battle more than their own strength in the news that re-enforcements from France were pouring in upon every point of the coast.

The news reached L'Ouverture, and completed the discouragement of his little army. It decided him at once in what direction to retreat. It was useless to return to the Plateaux, as the force there was more than proportioned to the supply of ammunition. This fresh descent of the French upon the coast would have the effect of dispersing the small bodies of black troops in the north. A rendezvous was necessary, in order to make the most both of the men and stores. He proceeded to post his troops at Le Dondon and Marmalade, sending orders to Christophe to meet him there. There they might possibly be usefully employed in cutting off access to the French army at Plaisance, and, at the same time, supplying their own wants, while deliberating on what plan to carry on the struggle, under the new circumstances, till August; for, whatever treachery and defection might have to be encountered elsewhere, there was never a moment's doubt that Nature would prove a faithful ally when her appointed season came.



## CHAPTER XI.

## CONFLICTING.

"WHAT to do !" said L'Ouverture to Christophe, as they entered his apartment at Le Dondon. "What to do ! Everything this year and for the future may depend on what we decide on for our next step. And we must decide before we leave this room. Say your thoughts, Henri."

"I am for a truce."

"I am for a retreat in the mountains. Now for our reasons ! Why do you desire a truce ?"

"Because I see that Leclerc so earnestly wishes it, that I am confident we may make good terms for the interval of waiting till we recover altogether our power, our territory, and our people. Leclerc will revoke our outlawry. That done, you will be the virtual ruler of our people till August ; after which, no foes will be left upon our soil. What have you to say against this ?"

"That it is yielding unnecessarily and fatally to the invaders. Where are our censures of Clerveaux and Maurepas, if we too yield to Leclerc and make terms with him ?"

"Every one of our people will understand the difference in the cases. Every one of them sees the difference between falling at the feet of Leclerc, like Clerveaux, or joining him on the very field on which you were about to oppose him, like Maurepas ; and making a truce, for a short interval, when you are almost destitute of ammunition, and the enemy so exhausted with the heats as to decline coming into the field ; while, at the same time, fresh troops are pouring in upon the coast in such numbers as to prevent your regaining your independence by remaining in arms. If every man of the negroes has not wit enough to understand this for himself, who is better able than you to inform them of whatsoever you desire them to know ? Be assured, Toussaint, powerful as your influence is this day among our people, it will be more so when you are no longer an outlaw. It is worth a large sacrifice of our feelings to have our outlawry revoked."

"Have you more reasons to give for accepting a truce—or, as the French understand it, a peace ?"

"Let me first hear your reasons for a retreat in the mountains."

"A retreat in the mountains is the more honest proceeding of the two, Henri. If we make terms with the French, it will be knowing that that which goes by the name of peace is no more than a truce till August."

"And will not they know that as well as we? Is it necessary to tell the whites at this day that they are liable to the fever in the heats, and that any army, however glorious in its strength, becomes a skeleton at that season? This is a matter that is perfectly understood by all the parties."

"We must look forward, Henri, to the days to come, when August itself is past. The influence of myself or my successor will be injured by my having even apparently yielded to the invaders. My power over our people's minds will be immeasurably greater if I shall have consistently refused to tolerate the foe from the moment of their first hostile act to the end of the struggle. Am I not right?"

"That character of consistency will be purchased at a price too dear—at the cost of your characteristic of mercy, Toussaint—of reverence for human life. You will be ranked with Dessalines if you keep up for four months the disturbance and devastation of war, when every one knows that your end will be as certainly gained after these four months have been spent in peace. What a grief it would be to see you changed from the adored L'Ouverture to Toussaint the Bandit! Pardon my freedom."

"I required it of you, my friend, so do not speak of pardon. We are agreed that the moral influence of my conduct is the main consideration, as the destruction of the French army is certain, sooner or later—our independence secure, if we so will it. If we remain in the mountains, cutting off in detail the grasp which France shall attempt to lay on any part of our territory or our system; training our people, meantime, for another campaign, if France should attempt another; replenishing gradually our stores with perpetual small captures from the enemy, allowing them no asylum, discountenancing their presence in every possible way—we shall be taking the shortest, and, therefore, the most merciful method of convincing the French and the blacks at once that their empire here is at an end, and slavery henceforth impossible for the negroes of St. Domingo. But if I make a peace or truce, how dim and perplexed will be the impression of my conduct! I cannot hold office, civil or military, under the French. Henri, you would not have me do so?"



"Certainly not. Till August, retire to your estate, that every office in the colony may thereafter be in your hand."

"If I co-operate with the French even in the faintest appearance, my moral influence will be all on their side, and a second year of warfare will find us farther from peace or independence than the first. If I act more or less for the blacks, Leclerc will send me to France as a traitor. If I do nothing, neither party will believe in my doing nothing: each will suspect me of secret dealings with the other. It is also true that I cannot, if I would, be inoperative. Every glance of my eye, every word of my lips in my own piazza at Pongaudin, would be made to bear its interpretation, and go to disturb the single and distinct image which I now stand before every eye and in every mind."

"I do not agree with you," said Henri. "While the image of August is distinct in the minds of the St. Domingo people, it will keep your influence single and intelligible to them. As for what the French think, that is their own affair. They have the means of knowledge: let them use them. There is one fact which no one can misunderstand the while: that, after the defections under which you have suffered, and under your known want of military stores, an incursive war from the mountains appears ferocious—both revengeful and cruel—when every one knows that time will render it unnecessary."

"These defections do not discourage me as they do you, Henri. Full one third of my forces are faithful—are proved so by trial. These, with the goodness of our cause, are enough for my hopes—almost for my desires. There is no ferocity, but rather mercy, in hastening on the day of our independence and peace, by using a force so respectable, so honoured as this tried remnant of my army."

"You reckon fallaciously, Toussaint. You include my troops in the force you speak of."

"Henri!" exclaimed L'Ouverture, stopping in his walk up the apartment, "it cannot be that you will desert me. No, no! forgive me that the words passed my lips!"

"Never will I desert you or our cause, Toussaint: never will I intermit my enmity to our invaders: never will I live for any other object than the liberties of our people. But the time may be come for us to pursue our common object by different paths. I cannot go and play the bandit in the mountains."

"Why did you not call me a bandit when I was at the Plateaux?"

"Because you were then waging an honourable war. War,

not peace, was then beckoning you on to freedom. A state of voluntary outlawry, a practice of needless ravage, will make a different man of you. Say no more of it, Toussaint; I cannot be lieutenant to—Do not make me utter the word.”

“You have always hitherto obeyed me, Henri.”

“I have; and when we are in a state of war, I will obey you again. Do not class me with La Plume and Clerveaux—or, rather, do, if you will, and, when August is past, I will prove to you the difference.”

“Do not you see, Henri, that you not only cease to aid me at a great crisis, but that you put a force upon me?”

“I cannot help it: I must do so rather than go and be a butcher in the Mornes with Dessalines.”

“Say with me too: call me a butcher too! After the long years that you have known my heart, call me a butcher too!”

“Let us talk sense, Toussaint: this is no time for trifling. After August I shall join you again—to fight, if it be necessary: but I hope it will not.”

“Not if Heaven strengthens me to do my work without you, Christophe. After the fever, it is much for the sick to walk: we do not expect the dead to rise.”

“When I join you after August,” resumed Christophe, “whether for the labours of war or peace, you, and perhaps even Jacques, will wish that your hands were as clean from blood as mine. Your thought, Toussaint! tell me your thought. If—”

“I was thinking that you *will* join us, Henri. You *will* labour till our great work is done. You may err, and you may injure our cause by your error; but you will never be seduced from the rectitude of your own intentions. That is what I was thinking. I would fain keep my judgment of you undisturbed by a grieving heart.”

“You are more than generous, Toussaint—you are just. I was neither. Pardon me. But I am unhappy—I am wretched that you are about to forfeit your greatness, when—Oh, Toussaint! nothing should ever grieve me again if we could but agree to-day; if I could but see you retire, with your wonted magnanimity, to Pongaudin, there, with your wonted piety, to await the leadings from above. Where is your wonted faith, that you do not see them now through the clouds that are about us?”

“I cannot but see them now,” said Toussaint, sighing; “and to see is to follow. If you are wholly resolved to make a truce for yourself and your division—”



"I am wholly resolved so to do."

"Then you compel me to do the same. Without you I have not force sufficient to maintain an effectual resistance."

"Thank God! then we shall see you again L'Ouverture, and no longer Toussaint the Outlaw. You will—"

"Hear me, Henri! You put this constraint upon me. What are you prepared to do if the French prove treacherous after our peace is made?"

"To drive them into the sea, to be sure. You do not suppose I shall regard them as friends the more for making a truce with them! We will keep our eyes upon them. We will preserve an understanding with the whole island as to the vigilance which the blacks must exercise, day and night, over their invaders. The first treacherous thought in Leclerc's mind is a breach of the truce—and dearly shall he rue it."

"This is all well planned, Henri. If the cunning of Leclerc proves deeper than yours—"

"Say ours, Toussaint."

"No. I have no part in this arrangement. I act under your compulsion and under my own protest, as I require of you, Henri, to remember. If we are not deep enough, vigilant enough, active enough for Leclerc and his council—if he injures us before August, and Bonaparte ordains a second campaign after it, are you ready to endure the responsibility of whatever may befall?"

"I am."

"Have you looked well forward into the future, and detected every mischief that may arise from our present temporizing, and resolved that it was a less evil than losing the rest of this season, putting a compulsion upon your best friend, and fettering the deliverer of your people?"

"I have so looked forward—repudiating the charge of undutiful compulsion. I act for myself and those under my command."

"Virtually compelling me to act with you, by reducing me from being the general of an army to be the leader of a troop; and by exposing our cause to the peril—the greatest of all—of a declared division between you and me. I yield, Christophe; but what I am going to do, I do under protest. Order in the French prisoners."

"Yet one moment," said Henri. "Let me reason with you a little farther. Be satisfied of the goodness of the act before you do it."

"I do not need satisfaction on that. I do not quarrel with

the terms we are to make. I do not protest against any of the provisions of the treaty. I protest against the necessity of treating. Summon the prisoners."

"Can you," said Christophe, still delaying, "can you improve upon the terms proposed? Can the conditions be altered so as to give more satisfaction to your superior foresight? I would not use flattering terms at this moment, Toussaint; you know I would not. But your sagacity is greater than mine, or any one's. I distrust myself about the terms of the treaty, I assure you."

"About anything more than the mere terms of the treaty?" asked Toussaint, again stopping in his walk.

"About the conditions—and about the conditions only."

"Your self-distrust is misplaced, and comes too late. Order the prisoners to be brought in."

As Sabès and Martin entered, L'Ouverture and Christophe renewed, by a glance, their agreement to speak and act with the utmost apparent sameness of views and intentions. It was but a poor substitute for the real coincidence which had always hitherto existed, but it was all that was now possible.

"I am going to send you back to your captain-general, gentlemen," said Toussaint.

"Not without apology, I trust," said Sabès, "for having subjected to such treatment as we have undergone, messengers sent to parley, bearing actually the necessary credentials from the captain-general. For nine weeks have my companion and I been dragged from place to place, wherever it suited your purposes to go, in perpetual fear for our lives."

"I am sorry you have trembled for your lives, gentlemen," replied Toussaint. "It was an unnecessary suffering, as I gave you my word, on your capture, that your persons were safe. Considering that you were found crouching among the ferns, within hearing of my private conversation with my son respecting the affairs of the war, I think your complaints of your detention unreasonable; and I have no apology to make on that ground either to yourselves or your commander. I cannot hear another word of complaint, gentlemen. You know well that by any general in Europe you would, under similar circumstances, have been hanged as spies. Now to public business. I am about to send you to General Leclerc, with proposals from General Christophe and myself to bring this painful war to an end, according to the desire of the heads of both armies. We all know such to be the wish of the captain-general."



"No doubt. It was never his desire, nor that of any true Frenchman," said Sabès, "to be at war on the soil of this colony. You alone, General Toussaint, are responsible for the loss of lives and all the other miseries which it has occasioned."

"How so? Let him say on, Lieutenant Martin. No one suffers by speaking his thoughts to me, be they what they may. On what consideration is it possible to impute this war to me?"

"It would never have broken out if you had not despised the authority and thrown off the control of the mother-country. This view cannot be new to you, General Toussaint," continued Sabès, on seeing the look of amazement with which L'Ouverture turned to Christophe.

"Indeed it is," replied Toussaint. "The charge is as unexpected as it is untrue. You, sir," he said, appealing to Lieutenant Martin, "are a naval officer. Tell me how you would act in such a case as this. Suppose you commanded a vessel of the state, authorized and approved in your office: suppose another officer came—without notice, without your having heard a word of complaint—and leaped upon your deck with a crew double the number of your own, striking down and fettering your men. If you resisted their violence in such a case, successfully or unsuccessfully, would you admit that you were the cause of the struggle—that you despised the government under which you held your command—that you threw off the control of your superiors?"

There was a pause.

"Such is my case," said Toussaint, "and thus you must represent it if you be men of honour. The purport of my letter to the captain-general (which will be ready by the time you are prepared for your journey) is to declare the willingness of General Christophe and myself to negotiate, as the continuation of the war, under the circumstances which have arisen, appears to be without object. The terms which we require, and which it is supposed General Leclerc will agree to, are an amnesty for all who have ever fought or otherwise acted under our command; and the preservation of the rank of all black officers, civil and military. My friend Christophe and I will retire to our estates, to pray for the peace and welfare of the colony; the peace and welfare which have, notwithstanding our prayers, been so unhappily broken up. Gentlemen, there can be little doubt that the captain-general will agree to these terms of pacification."

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"We cannot answer for his replies," said Martin. "Our representations shall be faithful."

"I doubt it not," said Toussaint, "after experiencing your companion's courage and fidelity in rebuke; for which, though he is mistaken in fact, I honour him. Nor can I doubt the readiness of the captain-general to treat with us on the terms I shall propose; for he must know that I shall always, among my native fastnesses, be strong to burn, ravage, and destroy. He must know that, though my negroes may be conquered, they will never more be subdued; and that, intrenched in the Mornes, they can always effectually prevent an unfriendly settlement on the island. He must know that I am open to generous treatment; but otherwise ready and able to sell dearly a life which has done our country some service."

The French officers assented; but waited, as if to hear something more, besides Christophe's declaration, for his own part, of agreement in what L'Ouverture had said.

Sabès at length spoke, not without another cautionary sign from his companion.

"Your generous frankness, General Toussaint," said he, "induces me to remind you of one more duty, which, in case of the desired pacification, you will owe to the captain-general. You will hold yourself indebted to France for all such treasure as, in an hour of alarm, you may have chosen to conceal."

"What does this mean?" said Toussaint. "General Christophe, do you know of any public treasure being concealed in any part of the island?"

"None," said Christophe, "public or private."

"Nor do I. You hear, gentlemen."

"You forget, General Toussaint, what we heard on the occasion of our capture."

"You forget your own words to us," said Lieutenant Martin; "that we had seen and heard too much for you to let us go."

"I remember my words perfectly; and that they referred to my choice of a post in the Mornes, and a retreat for my family—affairs long since made public enough. What else do you suppose you saw and heard? If I spoke of depositing my treasures in the Mornes, I was doubtless speaking of my household. Did you understand me to mean gold and silver? What was it that you suppose you saw and heard?"

"We saw new-made graves, and the tools that dug them, after having heard shots."

"You are welcome to dig upon the Plateaux, and to take



whatever treasure you may find. You will find only the bones of the brave who fell in attacking and defending the post."

"And of those who, being there, can tell no tales. You forget that we heard their death-shots before we saw their graves. The time is come for you to tell the secret that you buried with them."

Christophe rarely laughed, but he laughed now.

"They believe," said he, "apparently they believe that you hid treasure in the morne, and then shot and buried the servants employed."

"We do," said the officers, gravely.

"Were you really about to carry this story to the captain-general?" asked Toussaint, smiling. "Tell him that the wealth of the colony, sufficient for the desires of its inhabitants, is dispersed through all its dwellings, to be enjoyed—not hidden by avarice, and sealed with blood."

"We are too well informed," said Sabès, "concerning the wealth and splendour of the colony, to believe that any part of its treasure has met our eyes that can be concealed. Duty to France now requires that she should be put in possession of the whole wealth of the island."

"Let France cultivate an honourable peace," said Toussaint, "and her authorities will assuredly see the wealth of the colony spread over all its fields and amassed in every harbour. We can then present an overflowing public treasury. That is all I have to offer—and it ought to be enough."

Sabès did not press the point farther, because he saw it would be useless. But he and his companion were more and more persuaded of the truth of their notion of what they had seen and heard, the more they recalled the tales told at the court of France of the plate, the gems, the bullion and coin, and the personal ornaments which abounded even in the prosperous days of the old emigrants. Every one knew, too, that the colony had been more prosperous than ever since. It is not known by whom the amount of the hidden treasure was at length fixed at thirty-two millions of francs. Sabès and Martin simply told their story and their ideas to Leclerc, adding the information that Toussaint L'Ouverture was an adept in dissimulation; that they had as nearly as possible been deprived of this piece of insight by the apparent frankness and candour of his manners; and that, but for the boldness of Sabès in pressing the affair of the buried treasure, they should actually have quitted the negro chief, after an occasional intercourse of nine weeks, without any knowledge of that power of dissim-

ulation which had been formerly attributed to him by those who, it now appeared, knew him well, and which must be the guiding fact in all the captain-general's dealings with him. His cunning must be met by all the cunning that Leclerc's united council could muster, or destruction would lurk under the pretended pacification. Accordingly, the whole of Leclerc's policy henceforth proceeded on the supposed fact of Toussaint L'Ouverture's being the prince of dissemblers.

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## CHAPTER XII.

### RECEDING.

LECLERC was eager to receive proposals of peace—to owe a respite to dissimulation itself, rather than continue the war under his present difficulties. It was weary work, keeping up a show before the eyes of the blacks, when, of the twelve thousand soldiers whom he had brought with him, five thousand had fallen in battle, and five thousand more were in the hospitals. Twenty thousand had arrived within a few weeks from France, and of these scarcely eleven thousand remained fit for service. Happy indeed was Leclerc to receive replies to his overtures of peace, and anxious was he to testify every respect to the generals whom he had lately insulted and defied. He revoked their outlawry, commending them to the esteem and good offices of those whom he had desired to deliver them as traitors. It is true, he transmitted to France magnificent accounts of the surrender of the blacks, of their abject supplications for their lives, and of the skill and prowess by which he had subdued the rebels and restored the colony to France. But these boastings were not known in St. Domingo, though the true state of the case was whispered in Paris, as regarded the mortality among the white troops, and the formidable influence still retained by the negro leaders.

Leclerc invited Toussaint to visit him at Cap; as well aware, doubtless, as Toussaint himself, that this open indication of amity was necessary to protect the army from the ill-will of the blacks, who would not believe, on any other authority than L'Ouverture's own, that he had made peace with the invaders.



It was a mournful though showy demonstration, and all parties were glad when it was over. As L'Ouverture rode from Le Dondon to Cap Français, followed by a guard of three hundred and fifty horse, he was greeted by the inhabitants with the profoundest respect. Only in by-places, or from the depths of some wood, did a few voices sing, in negro language, the new song which was spreading over the island in praise of August—exhorting to patience and peace till August. As he entered the town of Cap, the thunder of artillery reverberated from the heights around. Every fort along the coast, every vessel in the roads, fired its salute; and the inhabitants of every colour issued from their houses to pay honour to their adored L'Ouverture.

Leclerc stood ready to receive him, and to administer to him the oath of allegiance in the hall of Government-house, the doors of which stood wide, and were carefully kept so by Toussaint's own guard, who would not for a moment let their commander be hidden from their sight. They formed in the Walk and in the court of Government-house, remaining in fighting order, with drawn sabres, during the whole interview between the late and the present commander-in-chief.

With an unaltered countenance, Toussaint once more took the oath of allegiance to France—the oath which it had never been his desire to break. He smiled when he heard this simple act proclaimed by another roar of artillery, such as might have greeted a victory. Leclerc frowned; for it was not followed, as he had hoped, by acclamations. The echoes died away into deep silence.

It was an awkward moment. Leclerc hoped that Toussaint would lead the conversation. But Toussaint was deep in thought. Gazing on the anxious and sickly face of the captain-general, he was grieving at heart that he, and so many thousands more who might have lived long and useful lives at home, should be laid low in the course of a bad enterprise against the liberties of the natives. The mournful gaze of his mild eyes confused the captain-general, so that he said the first thing that occurred in order to break the silence. He observed that he understood that there was some business yet standing over for settlement between the parties who had so happily assembled at last. He had no doubt that General Toussaint would see clearly that in his allegiance to France was involved the duty of accounting to the government for the wealth of the island, whether open to estimate, or concealed in the Mornes or elsewhere.

"I have heard something of this before," said Toussaint, "and am as ignorant as yourself of any buried treasure. In this island Nature is so perpetually bountiful, that we have not the temptation, which we are told exists elsewhere, to amass wealth against a time of dearth. I have no treasure."

"If so, how could you have proposed to remain out of the bounds of the law, as you did till lately? Nature is not bountiful on the mountain-peaks, which must then have been your abode. At least, Nature does not there bring forth arms and ammunition. Without treasure with which to purchase supplies, how would you have obtained arms and ammunition?"

"I should have taken yours."

Leclerc saw that even his own followers were more disposed to applaud than resent these words, and he therefore changed the topic.

"It is fortunate, then, for all parties," said he, "that future struggles are avoided. We are friends. Let it go abroad through the whole island that we are friends."

Toussaint made no reply. Leclerc continued:

"You, general, and your troops, will be employed and treated like the rest of my army. With regard to yourself, you desire repose." Looking round, he repeated the words emphatically, "You desire repose—and you deserve it. After a man has sustained for several years the government of St. Domingo, I apprehend he needs repose. I leave you at liberty to retire to which of your estates you please. I rely so much on the attachment you bear the colony of St. Domingo, as to believe you will employ what moments of leisure you may have during your retreat in communicating to me your ideas respecting the means proper to be taken to cause agriculture and commerce again to flourish. Respecting your forces and those of General Christophe, I hold full information. As soon as a list and statement of the troops under General Dessalines are transmitted to me, I will communicate my instructions as to the positions they are to take."

"I will send a messenger from my guard to General Dessalines this day," said Toussaint. "I shall be passing near his post on my way to my house at Pongaudin, and he shall have your message."

"This day?" said Leclerc, in a tone of some constraint. "Will you not spend this day with us?"

"I cannot," replied Toussaint. "I must be gone to my home."

As soon as it was believed that he was fairly out of hearing,



the acts of the morning were proclaimed throughout Cap Français as the PARDON of Generals Toussaint and Christophe. This proclamation was afterward published, by Leclerc's orders, in the Gazette du Cap, where it was read by Toussaint in his study at Pongaudin.

"See!" said he, pointing out the paragraph to Pascal with a smile. "This is the way of men with each other. See the complacency with which one man pardons another for the most necessary or the best deed of his life!"

During a halt on the road to Pongaudin, Isaac and Aimée appeared. Aimée was tearful, but her face was happy. So were her words.

"Oh father!" she said, "who could have hoped, after what has happened, that all would so soon be well?"

"I am rejoiced to see you happy, my children."

"And you, father—you are happy? Honoured as you are—the colony at peace—all parties friends—no more divisions—no more struggles in families! Father, answer me. Is it not all well?"

"No, my child."

"Are you unhappy, father?"

"Yes, my child."

"I am quite disappointed—quite grieved," said Aimée, drawing back from his arms to look in his face.

"Vincent gave us a glorious account on 'Tortuga,'" said Isaac, "of the welcome you had at Cap. We thought—"

"I did not see Vincent at Cap."

"He was not there; but he knew all—"

"But, father," said Aimée, "you will see General Vincent. You will see him at Pongaudin. Now that you have done as he did—now that you are friends with the French, as he is, you will see him, father?"

"I have never done as Vincent did, Aimée; and my friendship with the French is what it ever was. If Vincent comes as your husband, I will see him as such. As a friend, I cannot. Is he your husband, my love?"

"No."

"He is to be your husband?"

"If you would see him. If he was your friend. He urges me, father, and Madame Leclerc and Isaac urge me; but I cannot marry him yet. Father, you do not know how much my heart is with you and my mother."

"Are you happy, Aimée?"

"Madame Leclerc is very kind, and Vincent's love is everything that ought to make me happy; but—"

"Will you go home with me, my child?"

"How glad I should be if only you loved Vincent!"

"I cannot, Aimée. Would that I could."

"Then, when I have married him, you will see him as my husband? I cannot marry till my heart is more at ease--till I see everybody as friendly as Vincent said they were. But when we are married we will come to Pongaudin. May we?"

"Come, my dear, when you will. Your parents' home and hearts will always be open to you. Meantime, write often to us, Aimée."

"Oh yes, I will. I will write very often, and you will answer. I have heard perpetually of my mother and of poor Génifrède. But where is Placide? I thought we should have met him. Was not he at Cap?"

"At Cap! No, indeed! He was too heartbroken to be at Cap to-day."

"I wish I could understand it all!" said Aimée, sadly. "I am sure there are many things that I do not know or comprehend. I thought all had been right now, and yet you and Placide are unhappy. I cannot understand it all."

"Time will explain, my child. There will come a day when all doubts will be cleared up and all woes at an end--when the wicked will cease from troubling, love, and the weary be at rest."

"Must you be going, father, already? Oh, I wish--"

And she looked at Isaac as if purposing to go to Pongaudin. Isaac had, however, promised Madame Leclerc to return by an appointed hour. There could be no difficulty, he said, in going to Pongaudin any day; but to-day he had promised that they would both return to Madame Leclerc. Aimée, therefore, bade her father farewell for the present--only for a very little while. He must tell her mother that they should certainly meet very soon.

In the piazza at Pongaudin Toussaint found Christophe.

"I wish," said Christophe, "you would send to Dessalines not only the captain-general's message, but your own request that he will yield."

"I cannot, Henri."

"But he may spoil all by holding out."

"I have done what I can in yielding myself. I can do no more."

"You approve our act? Surely you do not repent of what you have done?"

"I cannot repent of what I could not avoid. But enough of



business for to-day, my friend. Where is Madame Christophe? Where are your children? Bring them here, and let us enjoy leisure and friendship once more, while we can."

"We will. But, Toussaint, if you could only say that you are satisfied that we have done what is best, it would relieve me much."

"I cannot, Henri. But be assured I fully acquiesce. One has not always the comfort of being able to acquiesce."

"Can you say, then, that you forgive me in as far as you think me wrong?"

"Can you doubt it?" replied Toussaint, turning upon him a countenance full of frank affection. "Are you not a friend of many years?"

"God forgive me if I have misled you, Toussaint!"

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## CHAPTER XIII.

### SUSPENSE.

NATURE wrought with the blacks this season for the fulfilment of their hopes and the defence of their precarious liberties. Never, within the remembrance of the young people at Pongaudin, had the heat set in so early, and the month of May been so sickly in the towns. To the eyes of such as Génifrède, who were ever on the watch for signs, it might almost seem that they saw Pestilence floating, on her poison-dropping wings, beneath the clouds which sailed from all quarters of the sky to the mountain-peaks; clouds muttering in thunder, and startling the intruders with terrific lightnings from night to night. The reports of fever having broken out here and there among the invaders became more and more frequent. At first, those who were watching the times the most intently concluded that, early as the season was, "the wish" must be "father to the thought," and believed little of what they heard. But, before Toussaint had been ten days at Pongaudin, it was certain that disease was raging to such an extent among the French troops at Cap, that the captain-general had retired to Tortuga to join his lady, and others of the expedition who were the most carefully guarded. The garrison at St. Marc was thinning, Thérèse sent word; and the country people conveyed to Pongau-

din the news that funerals were becoming daily more frequent at Limbé, Le Dauphin, and other posts along the northern shore.

Not for this, however, was there any relaxation of the vigilance with which L'Ouverture was watched by the foe. His mode of life was simple, and open to the observation of any who chose to look on. He improved his gardens—he read much—he interested himself in Denis's studies—he rode out daily, and conversed everywhere with the people by the wayside. He wrote many letters, sometimes with his own hand, and sometimes employing that of his friend M. Pascal, who, with his wife, resided with the Ouvertures. Toussaint also received many letters, and a perpetual succession of visitors—of applicants about matters of business, as it seemed. The only mystery was how all his despatches were sent to their destination. This was a mystery which grew out of the French practice of intercepting his correspondence. Accidents had happened to so many of his letters during the first week, that he presently learned the necessity of some plan for securing the privacy of his correspondence; and some plan he did devise which quite succeeded, as appeared from the French general having recourse to a new mode of surveillance—that of setting spies on the person and movements of the black chief.

Toussaint's family were alarmed at finding his steps tracked and his repose watched. They heard incessantly of his path being crossed in his rides; and they knew that many of the trifling messages which were brought, at all hours of the day and night, to be delivered into L'Ouverture's own ear, were mere devices to learn whether he was at home. They saw that their grounds were never private; and felt that eyes watched them from the outer darkness when their saloon was lighted for their evening employments and amusements. Toussaint smiled at the alarms of his family, admitting the fact of this incessant *espionage*, but asking what harm it did, and pointing out that it was only an inconvenience of a few weeks' duration. He would not hear of any strengthening of his guard. To increase his guard would be to encourage and authorize the suspicions which he was now daily weakening. He had nothing to conceal; and the sooner the invaders satisfied themselves of this, the better for all parties.

In answer to Madame L'Ouverture's frequent speculations as to what Leclerc could fix his suspicions on, Toussaint said he was probably supposed to be in communication with Des-salines. He thought so from his never approaching the Mornes



in his rides without finding French soldiers overlooking his proceedings from every point of the hills. He was not in communication with Dessalines. He did not know, and he wished not to know, even where he was—whether with the Bellairs, or training his soldiers elsewhere for farther warfare. Dessalines had never submitted; and, while this was the case, it was obviously prudent for those who had made terms to know nothing of any plans of his to which they might wish success. Thérèse would not compromise the *Ouvertures* by living with them in the present state of affairs. She remained quietly on her husband's estate near St. Marc, only corresponding frequently with her friends at Pongaudin, in letters which all the world might see.

The chief subject of this correspondence was the fever-hospitals preparing at St. Marc, as at all the other towns on the coast, for the reception of the sick whites. Whatever might be Thérèse's feelings towards the whites, her compassion towards sick persons of every colour was stronger. Her gentle nature asserted itself whenever weakness and suffering appealed to it; and this season she began to inspire that affection in her neighbours, to establish that character for devoted charity, which afterward made her the idol of the people. If her husband had been with her, he would probably have forbidden her to save the lives of any of that race whom he desired to exterminate. But though she could, perhaps, have taken away life with her own hand on the battle-field with the cry of liberty in her ear, she could form no compact with such an ally as pestilence. In the season of truce and retreat, in the absence of the sights and sounds of the conflict, she became all the woman—the gentle spirit—to whom the colony from this time looked up, as sent to temper her husband's ferocity, and wisely to direct his strengthening passions. She who was so soon after "the good empress" was now the Sister of Charity, actually forgetting former wrongs in present compassion for the helpless, and ministering to the sick without thought whether, on recovery, they would be friends or foes. It was matter of speculation to many besides the *Ouvertures*, whether the invaders omitted the opportunity of making a hostage of her because their sick needed her services, or because they were grateful for her offices, or because they knew Dessalines well enough to be aware that, so far from such an act bringing him to submission, it would exasperate his ferocity, and draw down new sufferings and danger upon the discouraged whites.

One evening, the household of the *Ouvertures* were where

it was now their wont to be, at sunset—under the trees, on a grassy slope of the gardens fronting the west. There they usually sat at this hour, to see the sun sink into the ocean; the darkness following almost as quickly as if that great fire were indeed quenched in the waters. On this occasion the sun was still half an hour above the horizon, when Madame Dessalines appeared in her riding-dress, and, as she said, in haste. She spoke apart with Madame L'Ouverture and Tous-saint, and presently called Génifrède to the conference.

Thérèse had of late wanted help at St. Marc—help in directing the nursing of the sick. Now she must have it. M. Papalier was ill—very ill. The people of the house where he lived insisted upon sending him into the hospital this very night if good attendance was not provided for him; and now—

Thérèse did not yet seem quite clear why this event had determined the moment of her application for Génifrède's assistance. She was agitated. She could only say that Génifrède had nursed Dessalines well, and she must have her help again now.

"You will go, Génifrède," said her father, "that Madame Dessalines may be set at liberty to nurse M. Papalier herself."

"No, no," said Thérèse, trembling. Génifrède also said "No."

"You would not have me nurse *him*?" said Thérèse. "Any one else! Ask me to save Rochambeau. Send me to Tortuga to raise Leclerc from the brink of the grave, but do not expect me to be *his* nurse again."

"I do hope it from you. I expect it of you, when you have considered the tenfold mercy of nursing *him* with your own hands. Think of the opportunity you will give him of retrieving wrongs if he lives, and of easing his soul if he dies. How many of us would desire, above all things, to have those whom we have injured beside our dying pillow, to make friends of them at last! Let M. Papalier die grateful to you if he must die, and give him a new heart towards you if he survives."

"It was not this that I intended," said Thérèse. "Génifrède will do everything under my care. You shall have my help, Génifrède."

"No," said Génifrède. "Do not play the tempter with me. Find some one else. You will have much to answer for if you make me go."

"What temptation, Génifrède!" asked her mother.



"Do not press her," said Toussaint, who read his child's mind. "You shall not be urged, Génifrède."

"You do not know—I myself do not know," said Génifrède, hurriedly, to Madame Dessalines, "what might happen—what I might be tempted to do. You know—you have read what some nurses did in the plague at Milan—in the plague in London—in the night—with wet cloths—"

"Do not speak of it. Stay here, Génifrède. I can do without you."

"If," continued Génifrède, "they could do that for money—if the tempter moved their hands to that deed with the sight of mere rings and watches, what might not a wretched creature do, at such a time, with revenge muttering for ever in her heart! My ear is weary of it here; and there—I cannot go."

"No, you cannot," said Thérèse.

"Christ strengthen you, my child," said Toussaint, "as Thérèse is strengthening! She can already serve those whom she and you once hated alike; and she is about to save her foe of foes."

"No, you will not save M. Papalier," said Génifrède.

"L'Ouverture is a prophet, as all men are in proportion as they are Christians," said Thérèse. "If he says I shall save my enemy, I believe I shall."

"You will at least try. If you are going, go; the sun is setting," said Toussaint. "What escort have you?"

"Old Dessalines and another. I want no more."

"Old Dessalines!" said Toussaint, smiling; "then he must have wine. I must see him."

"He is here," said Thérèse, calling him.

The old man was indeed lingering near, preferring the chance of a word from L'Ouverture even to supper and wine within. He was ready enough to tell his story: that he lived as butler at General Dessalines'; and that, though master and servant had changed places, he liked the new times better than the old. He was treated with more respect now by everybody than when he was a negro tradesman, even though he then had a slave of his own. The place of butler suited him, too. General Dessalines and his lady drank only water; and they left him to manage the wine-cellar just as he liked, except at the present time, when a dreadful quantity of wine was wanted for the convalescents. It frightened him to think how soon the cellar might be emptied if they went on at this rate. Old Dessalines was glad he had come to Pongaudin to-day. He had not only seen L'Ouverture, but had heard from L'Ouverture's

own lips that General Dessalines' cellars should never be quite empty while there was wine at Pongaudin.

When Toussaint resumed his seat under the tree, where the Pascals, Euphrosyne, Placide, and Denis remained (the rest having gone into the house with Thérèse), he found Denis discussing with M. Pascal the principle and policy of nursing the sick who were hereafter to be mown down on the battle-field. Denis had been reminded that this was a time of peace, and that he was not authorized to anticipate more battle-fields: and his reply had shown that he had no faith in this peace, but looked forward, like others of his colour, to August and its consequences. He was not contradicted here; and he went on to ask whether the Crusaders (his favourite warriors) nursed the wounded and sick heathens whom they found on the road and in the cities they took.

"They were no Christians if they did not," said Euphrosyne.

"It was a savage age," observed Placide.

"Still they were the representatives of the Christianity of their day," said Afra; "and Christianity requires us to do good to those who use us ill."

"The Crusaders," said Toussaint, "lived in the early days of that Christianity which is to endure as long as the race of man. Like others, they did their part in acting out one of its principles. That one was not love of enemies—which yet remains for us."

"I agree with you," said Pascal. "There are many ways of warring for the Cross. Theirs was one, ours is another."

"You always speak as if you were a black, M. Pascal," said Denis.

"I would fain be a negro in heart and temper, Denis, if what your father thinks of the vocation of negroes be true."

"But about these ways of warring for the Cross?" inquired Afra.

"I mean, and L'Ouverture, I think, means," said Pascal, "that nothing can immediately alter the nature of men; that the glorious gospel itself is made to change the face of the world gradually; all the more surely, because slowly and naturally. This seed of life was cast upon the flood of human passions, and the harvest must not be looked for till after many days. Meantime it sprouts out, now here, now there, proving that it is alive and growing; but the harvest is not yet."

"We find one trace of the gospel here and another there," said Toussaint; "but a Christian nation, or race, or class of people, who has seen?"



"Not in the earliest days?" asked Euphrosyne. "Were not the first confessors and martyrs a Christian class?"

"They were so according to their intention, to their own idea," said Toussaint. "They were votaries of the one Christian principle most needed in their time. The noble men, the courageous women, who stood, calm and resolved, in the midst of the amphitheatre, with the heathen altar behind them, the hungry tiger before them, and a careless or scoffing multitude ranged all around—these were strong witnesses to the great principle of Faith—noble proofs of the power of living and dying for things unseen. This was their function. It was for others to show forth the humility and modesty in which, as a class, they failed."

"The anchorites," said Pascal, "each in his cave, solitary, abstemious, showed forth in its strength the principle of Devotion, leaving Charity unthought of."

"And then the nun—" said Toussaint.

"What possible grace of religion did the nun exhibit?" asked Euphrosyne.

"The original nun, Euphrosyne, was inspired with the reverence of Purity. In an age of license, those who were devoted to spiritual things were the salt of the earth. But in their worship of purity they outraged human love."

"The friar," said Pascal, "was a perpetual emblem of Unworldliness. He forced upon the admiration of a self-seeking world the peace of poverty, the repose of soul which is troubled with no thought for the morrow. But for other teachers, however, industry would have been despised—the great law of toil would have remained unrecognised."

"The Crusaders worked hard enough," said Denis. "Thousands and thousands of them died of their toils, besides the slain."

"They were the apostles of Zeal," said M. Pascal. "For the honour of the gospel they suffered and died. They overlooked all that it teaches of toleration and universal love—of peace on earth and good-will to men."

"None of these Christians," said Afra, "appear to have had much concern for men. They seem to have lived for God and the faith, without love or care for those for whose sake God gave the faith."

"Just so," said her husband. "That part of our religion had not yet come into action. The first step taken towards this action was one which united with it the former devotion to God. The organization of the great Church of Christ united,

in the intentions of those who formed it, care for the glory of God and the salvation of men. It was a great step."

"But still," said Euphrosyne, "there was not the Charity, the living for the good of men, soul and body, which was what Christ taught and practised."

"That, Euphrosyne, was a later fruit; but it is ripening now. We have more Sisters of Charity than contemplative nuns at this time. There are hospitals in every Christian land for the sick and the aged. It is remembered now, too, that Christ had compassion on the blind, and the deaf, and the insane; and charity to these is now the Christianity of a multitude."

"And what is their defect?" asked Denis. "What essential do they overlook, as the anchorite and the Crusader overlooked this same Charity?"

"It may be Liberality—regard to the Christian liberty of others; it may be—"

"Let us not look too closely into their failures," said Toussaint. "Let us not judge our brethren. These are too near our own time for us to be just judges. We see their charity—the brightest light yet in the constellation of Christian principles; let us be thankful that our eyes have seen it. It is brightening, too; so that day telleth to day of its increase, and night is witness of it unto night. It is now not only the sick and infirm in body that are cared for; but I am told there has been a man in England who has taken such pity on those who are sick and deformed in soul, as to have explored the most loathsome of European prisons in their behalf. There has been a Briton who pitied the guilty above all other sufferers, and devoted to them his time, his fortune, his all. He will have followers till Christendom itself follows him; and he will thus have carried forward the gospel one step. The charity which grieves more for the deformity of the soul than the evils of the body is so far higher a charity, that it may almost be called a new principle."

"What remains?" asked Euphrosyne.

"Do you see anything farther to be done, father?" inquired Denis.

With a mournful smile, Toussaint replied that mankind had advanced but a little way yet. The world was very far from being Christianized.

"In practice," said Euphrosyne. "But, supposing us all to fulfil what has been exemplified from the earliest days till now, do you suppose that many principles remain to be acted upon?"



"No doubt. If I saw none, I should believe, from all experience, that revelations (or, rather, verifications of what Christ revealed) will succeed each other as men exist. But, from the beginning till now, individuals here and there have lived by the principles which classes and nations have overlooked. By a solitary ray shining here and there, we may foretell something of the new lights about to rise upon the world. There will be more privileged classes, Euphrosyne; and, Denis, these privileges are lying within our grasp."

"A new charity, father?"

"A new charity, my boy. To solace the sick and infirm is good. To tend the diseased soul is better. But there is a higher charity still."

"To do good to those who hate us," said M. Pascal: "in doing good, to conquer not only our love of ease and our fear of pain, but our prejudices, our just resentments, our remembrance of injuries, our disgust at oppression, our contempt of pride: to forget or conquer all these through the love of men as men, is indeed a higher charity than any which classes have yet illustrated."

"The negroes are the race that will illustrate it," said Toussaint, with calm confidence. "The gospel is for the whole world. It sprang up among the Jews; the white Gentiles hold it now; and the negroes are destined to fulfil their share. They are to illustrate its highest charity. For tokens, mark their meek and kindly natures, the softness and the constancy of their affections, and (whenever tried) their placability. Thus prepared, liberty is about to be opened to them in a region of civilization. When God has given them the strength of the free, it will exalt their meekness and their love into that highest charity of which we have spoken. I myself am old; and though I shall do what I can on this side the grave, I cannot see the great day except in faith. But my children may witness at least its dawn."

"In those days wars will cease," said Euphrosyne, recalling the thoughts she had revolved on the day of the death of Moyse: "there will be no bloodshed, no violence--no punishment of injuries to others, while your people forgive their own."

"So will it be, I trust," said Toussaint.

"Why not, then, begin now? Why not act upon your whole principle at once?"

"Because the nature of the negro has been maimed. He has been made selfish, cowardly, and indolent. He must be

educated back into a fair condition ; and this necessary education circumstances have imposed. We are compelled to the self-denial, toil, and danger of warfare, in order to obtain the liberty which is to carry us forward. I once hoped otherwise, Euphrosyne ; but I now see the bracing process of defensive warfare to be inevitable, and, on the whole, good for my people. Their liberties, thus hardly won, will be prized so as to shut out the future danger of war. If, however, one stroke is inflicted for other purposes than defence—if one life is taken for vengeance, we shall be set back long and far in our career. It shall not be under my rule. Alas ! for those who succeed me, if they permit it ! It will not only make the first black empire a by-word throughout the world, but it will render the Christian civilization of my people difficult and slow."

Toussaint spoke like a ruler ; and he was virtually still a sovereign, as he had been for years past. Nor were the tokens of sovereignty altogether wanting. At this moment, as was continually happening, despatches arrived, on affairs of great importance, on which he must think and act.

"See what these French commanders are doing," said he, handing his letters to M. Pascal, "at the very moment that they disclaim all intention of enslaving the negroes ! What are they doing yonder but recommencing slavery ? It must not be. Are you disposed for business ?"

"This moment," said M. Pascal, springing up before he had finished the letters. "Will you provide a messenger ? Slavery is restored ; and there is not a moment to be lost."

As in old days, lights were ordered into the library ; and the royal-souled negro dictated his commands to his friendly secretary, who smiled at such an hour at the thought of the exultation of the French court over the "surrender" and "submission" of the blacks.



## CHAPTER XIV.

## DEPARTURE WITHOUT RETINUE.

“STAND where you are, Thérèse—there, at the foot of the bed! Stir not an inch without my leave! I have let you have your own way too much of late. I call for hours, and you never come. I will not let you out of my sight again!”

So said M. Papalier in the delirium of his fever, as Madame Dessalines was nursing him in his chamber at St. Marc. It was a sad and dreary office, but she had motive to go through with it. The more he wandered back in his talk to the old days, the more strongly she felt herself called upon to use the present generously. The more imperious the tone of command with which he addressed her, the more easily could she pass over the error. There was a degree of pleasure in giving momentary ease to him, while he could not recognise the hand that bestowed it. She dreaded, however, for the sake of both, an hour of sanity. If he slept for a short interval, she feared to hear him speak coherently on his waking; and the more, because little or no chance of his recovery remained. The thought of his carrying forward into the hour of death the insolent temper of his life was terrible. She almost hoped that, if he was to die, it would be without having been aware that he and his nurse were no longer master and slave.

She was his sole nurse. There was no alternative between this and her not being with him at all. It was impossible to allow any servant, any stranger, to hear his talk of old times—to witness the mode in which he addressed her. Except the physician, no one but herself entered his chamber during his waking hours.

She now sat, as he desired, full in his view, at the foot of the bed, encouraging repose by her stillness, and gladly turning from the ghastly countenance of the dying man to the scene without—visible in all its splendour, as the room had a north aspect, and the window stood wide to admit the breathing wind from the sea. The deep blue sea, under the heaven of a lighter blue, looked glorious from the shaded apartment. The rustle of the trees in the courtyard, and the fall of water there, spoke of coolness, and seemed to make themselves heard by

the patient, even in the midst of the fever-flames by which he was consumed; for he spoke of trees and fountains, and fancied himself at Arabie. He asked Thérèse to sing, and told her what to sing. She did not wish to refuse; she would have indulged him; but there was a choking in her throat which forbade it. Papalier was not long peremptory. From commanding his voice sank to complaining; from complaining to the muttering of troubled slumber; and, at length, into the silence of sleep.

Thérèse sat still, as before, looking out upon the sea till its brightness, combined with the whispers of foliage and waters, made her eyes heavy, and disposed her to sleep too. Leaning back against the bedpost, she was dreaming that she was awake, when she heard her name so called that she awoke with a start. Papalier was himself again, and was demanding where he was, and what had been the matter. He felt the blister on his head; he complained of the soreness and stiffness of his mouth and tongue; he tried to raise himself, and could not; and, on the full discovery of his state, he wept like a child.

Gently, but not tenderly, did Thérèse endeavour to comfort him. He had irrecoverably forfeited her tenderness. Gentle, however, she was as she told him that his state now, however painful, was better than an hour ago, when he was unconscious of it. Gentle was her hand when she wrapped fresh, cool leaves round his burning head. Gentle was her voice when she persuaded him to drink. Gentle was the expression of her eye when she fixed its gaze upon his face, and by its influence caused him to check, like a child, the sobs that shook his frame.

"Thérèse," said he, "I am dying. I feel that I am dying. Oh! what must I do?"

"We must wait upon God's pleasure. Let us wait in quiet. Is there anything that can give you quiet of mind or body?"

Tears stole again from the heavy, closing eyes.

"We are all familiar with the end of our lives, almost from their beginning," said Thérèse. "There is nothing strange or surprising in it. The great thing is to throw off any burden—any anxiety—and then to be still. An easy mind is the great thing, whether recovery is at hand or—"

"Do not talk of recovery. I shall not recover."

"Can I do anything—listen to anything—so as to give you ease? Shall I call Father Gabriel? You may find comfort in speaking to him."

"I want to speak to you first. I have not half done the



business I came for : I have not half secured my estates for my daughters."

"I believe you have. I know that L'Ouverture fully intends—"

"What does it matter what L'Ouverture intends? I mean no contempt to him by saying so. He intends very well, I dare say ; but in the scramble and confusion that are at hand, what chance will my poor orphan girls have for their rights?"

"Fear nothing for them. If there is to be a struggle, there is no doubt whatever as to how it will end. The French army will be expelled—"

"You do not say so ! You cannot think so !"

"I am certain of it. But the white proprietors will be as safe in person and property, as welcome to L'Ouverture, as during the years of his full authority. You were not here to see it ; but the white proprietors were very happy, perfectly satisfied, during those years (at least, all of them who were reasonable men). I can undertake for L'Ouverture that your daughters' income from their estates shall be sent to them at Paris, if you desire them to stay there ; or the estates shall be sold for their benefit ; or, if you will trust them to my care—"

"No, no ! Impossible !"

"I am the wife of a general, and second to no woman on the island," said Thérèse, calmly. "I have power to protect your daughters ; and, in an hour like this, you cannot doubt my sincerity when I say that I have the will."

"It cannot be, Thérèse. I do not doubt you—neither your word nor your will. But it is impossible, utterly."

"Is there strength, even in the hour of death, to trample on the dark race ? Oh ! better far to trample on the prejudices of race ! Will you not do this ?"

"You talk absurdly, Thérèse. Do not trouble me with nonsense now. You will undertake, you say, that Toussaint shall secure to my daughters the estates I have left them by will. That is, in case of the blacks getting the upper hand. If they are put down, my will secures everything. Happily, my will is in safe hands. Speak, Thérèse ! You engage for what I have just said ?"

"As far as warranted by my knowledge of L'Ouverture and his intentions, I do. If, through his death or adversity, this resource should fail, your daughters shall not suffer while my husband and I have property."

"Your husband ! property ! It is strange," muttered Papa-

lier. "I believe you, however. I trust you, Thérèse ; and I thank you, love."

Thérèse started at that old word—that old name. Recovering herself, she inquired,

"Have you more to ask of me ? Is there any other service I can render you ?"

"No, no. You have done too much for me—too much, considering the new order of affairs."

"I have something to ask of you. I require an answer to one question."

"You require !"

"I do. By the right of an outraged mother, I require to know who destroyed my child ?"

"Say nothing of that, Thérèse. You should know better than to bring such subjects before a dying man."

"Such subjects lie before the dead. Better to meet them prepared—atoned for, in as far as atonement is yet possible. For your own sake and by my own right, I require to be told who destroyed my child."

"I did not, Thérèse."

"You did not ! Is it possible ? Yet in this hour you could not deceive me. I have accused you of the deed from that hour to this. Is it possible that I have wronged you ?"

"I do not say that I disapproved of it—that I did not allow it, but I did not do it."

"Then you know who did it ?"

"Of course I do."

"Who was it ?"

"I swore long ago that I would not tell, and I never will. But you may lay the blame on me, my dear ; for, as I told you, I permitted the deed. It was necessary. Our lives depended on it."

"May you not find your eternal death depend on it !" said Thérèse, agonized by suspicions as to whose hand it was by which her child had died. In a moment she formed a resolve which she never broke—never again to seek to know that which Papalier now refused to tell. A glance at the countenance before her filled her with remorse the next instant at what now seemed the cruel words she had just spoken.

"Let me bring Father Gabriel to you," said she. "He will give you whatever comfort God permits."

"Do not suppose I shall tell Father Gabriel what you want to discover," replied Papalier. "He has no business with more



than my share of the affair, which is what you know already. I am too weak to talk—to Father Gabriel, or any one else.”

“But you need comfort. You will rest better afterward.”

“Well, well : in the evening, perhaps. I must be quiet now. Comfort, indeed !” he muttered. “Yes, I want comfort enough, in the horrid condition I am in. But there is no comfort till one lies dead. I wish I was dead.”

He fell into a restless doze. Moved by his misery, and melted by the thought that she had wronged him, in all these years, by harbouring the image of his hand on her infant’s throat—distracted, too, by the new doubts that had arisen—Thérèse prayed and wept, wept and prayed, on behalf of Papalier and all sinners. Again and again she implored that these wretched hatreds, these miserable strifes, might be all hushed in the grave—might be wholly dissolved in death.

She was just stealing to the door, intending to send for Father Gabriel, that he might be in readiness for the dying man’s confession, when Papalier started, cast his eyes round the room hurriedly, and exclaimed,

“It is in vain to talk of attaching them. If one’s eye is off them for one moment—Oh ! *you* are there, Thérèse ! I thought, after all I had done for you—after all I had spent upon you—I thought you would not go off with the rest. Don’t go—Thérèse—Thérèse !”

“I am here,” said she, perceiving that he no longer saw.

“I knew you would stay,” he said, very faintly. “I cannot spare you, my dear.”

The last words he said were,

“I cannot spare you—remember—Thérèse !”

To the pang of the thought that he had died unconfessed succeeded the question, more painful still,

“Could religious offices avail anything to a soul wholly un-sanctified ? Is there a promise that any power can put such a spirit into immediate congeniality with the temper of Heaven ? Among the many mansions, is there one which would not be a prison to such ? to the proud one who must there feel himself ‘poor and miserable, and blind and naked ?’ ”

## CHAPTER XV.

JUNE.

OF the letters written by Toussaint and Pascal on the evening when news arrived of the imposition of compulsory labour on the negroes, some reached their destination ; but one did not. That one was to L'Ouverture's aid, Fontaine, at Cap Français. It contained the following :

"It is said that General Leclerc is in a bad state of health at Tortuga. Of this you will inform me. If you see the captain-general, be sure to tell him that the cultivators are no longer disposed to obey me, for the planters wish to set them to work at Hericourt, which they certainly ought not to do.

"I have to ask you whether any one near the person of the captain-general can be gained to procure the release of D——, who would be very useful to me from his influence at La Nouvelle and elsewhere.

"Acquaint Gingembre that he is not to quit the Borgne, where the cultivators must not be set to work."

This letter never reached Fontaine, but was, instead, made the subject of a consultation in the captain-general's quarters. Amid the boastings which he sent home, and by which France was amused, Leclerc felt that his thirty-five thousand soldiers had made no progress whatever in the real conquest of St. Domingo. He was aware that France had less power there than before she had alienated L'Ouverture. He felt that Toussaint was still the sovereign that he had been for ten years past. He knew that a glance of the eye, a lifting of the hand from Toussaint, wrought more than sheaves of ordinances from himself, and all the commendations and flatteries of the First Consul. Leclerc and the officers in his confidence could never take a morning ride or give an evening party—they could never hear a negro singing, or amuse themselves with children playing on the shore or in the woods, without being reminded that they were intruders, and that the native and abundant loyalty of the inhabitants was all for their L'Ouverture, now that France had put him in opposition to herself. Leclerc and his confidential advisers committed the error of



attributing all this to Toussaint's personal qualities ; and they drew the false inference (most acceptable to the First Consul), that if Toussaint were out of the way, all would be well for the purposes of France. Having never seriously regarded the blacks as free men and fellow-citizens, these Frenchmen omitted to perceive that a great part of their devotion to Toussaint was loyalty to their race. Proceeding on this mistake, Leclerc and his council, sanctioned by the First Consul, ruined their work, lost their object, and brought irretrievable disgrace upon their names—some of which are immortalized only by the infamy of the act which ensued.

From day to day they endeavoured to entrap Toussaint ; but he knew it, surrounded as he was by faithful and vigilant friends. Day by day he was warned of an ambush here, of spies there, or of an attempt meditated for such an hour. During a fortnight of incessant designs upon his person, he so baffled all attempts as to induce a sort of suspicion among the French soldiery that he was protected by magic.

It was an anxious season for his family. Their only comfort was that it would soon be over ; that this, like all other evils connected with the invasion, was to last only "till August," the familiar words which were the talisman of hope throughout the island. The household at Pongaudin counted the days till August ; but it was yet only the beginning of June, and the season passed heavily away. On one occasion, a faithful servant of Toussaint's was brought in dead—shot from a thicket which his master was expected to pass. On another, the road home was believed to be beset ; and all the messengers sent by the family to warn him of his danger were detained on some frivolous pretext ; and the household were at length relieved by his appearing from the garden, having returned in a boat provided by some of his scouts. Now and then some one mentioned retiring to the mountains ; but Toussaint would not hear of it. He said it would be considered a breach of the treaty, and would forfeit all the advantages to be expected from a few weeks' patience. The French were, he knew, daily more enfeebled and distracted by sickness. Caution and patience, for two months more, would probably secure freedom without bloodshed. He had foreseen that the present perils would arise from the truce, and still believed that it had better not have been made. But, as he had agreed to it, the first breach should not be on his part.

If Toussaint owed his danger to Christophe, he owed him the protection by which he had thus far been preserved. Worn

as he was by perpetual labour and anxiety, Henri seemed never to close his eyes in sleep during this anxious season. He felt to the full his responsibility, from the hour of the first discovery of French treachery towards his friend. By day he was scouring the country in the direction of Toussaint's rides. By night he was patrolling round the estate. It seemed as if his eye pierced the deepest shades of the woods ; as if his ear caught up whispers from the council-chamber in Tortuga. For Henri's sake, Toussaint ran no risks but such as duty absolutely required ; for Henri's sake, he freely accepted these toils in his behalf. He knew it to be essential to Henri's future peace that his personal safety should be preserved through this season, and that Henri himself should be his chief guardian.

Henri himself did not ask him to give up his rides. It was necessary that his people should have almost daily proof that he was among them, safe and free. It was necessary that the French should discern no symptom of fear, of shrinking, of departure from the mode of life he had proposed on retiring to his estate. Almost daily, therefore, he rode ; and exhilarating did he find the rapid exercise, the danger, and, above all, the knowledge he gained of the condition of his people, in fortunes and in mind, and the confidence with which they hailed him, the constancy with which they appealed to his authority wherever he appeared.

This knowledge enabled him to keep up more than the show of co-operation with the French in matters which concerned the welfare of the people. He pointed out gross abuses, and Leclerc hastened to remedy them. Leclerc consulted him occasionally in local affairs, and had his best advice. This kind of correspondence, useful and innocent, could not have been carried on to equal purpose but for Toussaint's rides.

By such excursions he verified a cause of complaint, concerning which he had received applications at home. In dispersing his troops over the colony, Leclerc had taken care to quarter a very large proportion in the districts near Gonaïves, so as to enclose the residence of Toussaint with the best of the French forces. The canton of Henneri was overcharged with these troops, so that the inhabitants were oppressed, and the soldiers themselves suffered from scarcity of food, and from the fever which raged in their crowded quarters. Having ascertained this to be the fact, Toussaint wrote to represent the case to Leclerc, and received a speedy and favourable reply.



By Leclerc's command, General Brunet wrote that this was an affair which came within his department ; that he was necessarily ignorant of the localities of St. Domingo and of their respective resources ; and that he should be thankful for information and guidance from one who had a perfect knowledge of these circumstances. He proposed that General Toussaint should meet him in the centre of the canton of Henneri, and instruct him concerning the better distribution of the troops.

" See these whites !" said Toussaint, handing the letter to M. Pascal. " Till they find they are wrong, they have no misgivings—they know everything—and they are obliged at last to come and learn of old Toussaint."

" You will not meet General Brunet as he proposes ?" said M. Pascal. " You will not place yourself in the centre of the canton, among their troops ?"

" No, no, you will not ! You will not think of going !" cried Madame L'Ouverture.

" For once, Margot, you bear ill-will towards those who compliment your husband," said Toussaint, smiling. " But be easy, I shall not go to the canton of Henneri. If I walk into a pitfall, it shall not be after having seen it made. I must meet General Brunet, however. I shall invite him here, with an escort of twenty soldiers, promising to limit my own guard to that number."

" He will not come," said M. Pascal.

" I think he will ; not because they trust me, for they know not what trust is ; but because I could gain nothing by any injury to General Brunet and twenty soldiers that could compensate for a breach of the treaty."

" The gain from capture or violence would be all the other way, certainly," said Pascal, in a low voice.

" Henri will take care that General Brunet's is *bonâ fide* an escort of twenty. There is reason for the meeting taking place here. Maps will be wanted, and other assistance which we might not remember to provide elsewhere. General Brunet must be my guest, and Madame L'Ouverture will make him admire our hospitality."

General Brunet immediately accepted the invitation, promising to present himself at Pongaudin on the tenth of June.

## CHAPTER XVI.

## A FEAT.

GENERAL BRUNET brought with him no more than his allotted twenty soldiers and a secretary. Christophe ascertained to his own satisfaction, and let the household know, that not another French soldier breathed within a circuit of some miles when the evening closed in, so that the ladies threw off constraint and fear together as the two generals, with their secretaries, retired to the library after coffee.

Placide had been with Christophe all day, and was the means by which the household had been assured of the tranquillity of the neighbourhood. He was of the patrol which was to watch the roads during the night. It seemed improbable, however, that, of all nights, that should be chosen for an assault when the *Ouvertures* must be particularly roused to observation, and when a French general was in their hands. Of all nights, this was probably the safest; yet Placide, glad, perhaps, to keep out of the way of a guest from Paris, chose to mount guard with Christophe.

Denis was permitted to be in the library, as the business was not private, and, to one who knew the country as well as he did, very entertaining. For a time he found it so, while all the five were stooping over the maps, and his father was explaining the nature of the localities and the interests of the inhabitants, and while words dropped from General Brunet which gave an insight into that object of Denis's strong curiosity—the French encampment on Tortuga. When all of this kind had been said, and the conversation turned upon points of military science or management, which he did not care about, Denis drew off to the window, and thence into the balcony, where he looked out upon the night—vainly, for it was cloudy, and there was yet no moon. The air was cool and pleasant, however, and he remained leaning over the balcony, revolving what he had heard, and picturing to himself the little court of Madame Leclerc—so near, and yet out of his reach. While thus absorbed, it is probable that some distant voice of song instigated him to sing also. Like his race generally, Denis was almost always singing—always when alone and meditative.



It is probable that some notes of the air sung by those who looked to August for freedom—sung by the whole negro population—now caught his ear ; for he began, hardly to sing, but to murmur this popular air. The words were not heard within, and it would not have mattered if they had been, for they were in the negro language. But the air was by this time intelligible enough to the invaders. In the interest of conversation, nothing escaped the eye of Toussaint. He saw an exchange of glances between General Brunet and his secretary, and a half smile on the face of each which he did not like.

He thought it best to take no notice ; but, far from leaving off, Denis sang louder as he sank deeper into revery. M. Pascal became aware of some embarrassment and of its cause.

“Denis, you disturb us,” he called out from the table.

They heard no more of Denis, and their business proceeded. Vexed, partly with himself, and partly at having been rebuked in General Brunet’s hearing, he went round the house by the balcony, and thence to the upper gallery, which commanded the finest sea-view in the daytime, and the freshest sea-breezes at night. There, in a somewhat perverse mood, he sang for his own pleasure the air for which he had been checked for singing unconsciously. He remained there a long while—he did not know how long—till the moon rose, when he remembered that it must be midnight. As no one had called him, he supposed that the party in the library were still in consultation.

As his eye rested on the bay, while he was considering whether he must not go in, he perceived something dark lying on the waters between the island and the shore. As he strained his sight, and as the waned moon rose higher, he discovered that it was a ship. It was strange. No ship ever had business there, though he had heard that there was a deep channel and good anchorage in that little bay. It was very strange. But something stranger still soon met his ear : sounds, first odd, then painful—horrible. There was some bustle below—on the beach, within the little gate—he thought even on the lawn. It was a scuffle ; there was a stifled cry. He feared the guard were disarmed and gagged—attacked on the side of the sea, where no one dreamed of an assault, and where there was no Christophe to help. Denis knew, however, how to reach Christophe. He did the right thing. Lest his purpose should be prevented if he entered the house, he clambered up the roof to its ridge, and swung the heavy alarm-bell. Its irregular clang banished sleep in a moment from a circuit of many miles. It not only startled the ladies of the family from their

beds, but every fisherman rushed from his hut upon the shore. Christophe and Placide were galloping to Pongaudin almost before they had drawn a breath. Every beast stirred in its lair, and every bird rustled in its roost. Rapid, however, as was the spread of sound, it was too late to save L'Ouverture.

L'Ouverture himself had but a few moments of uncertainty to endure. In the midst of earnest conversation, suspicious sounds were heard. The two Frenchmen rushed to the door of the library, and M. Pascal to the balcony. M. Pascal re-entered in an instant, saying,

"The house is surrounded—the lawn is crowded. Make no resistance, and they may spare your life."

"Hark! The bell! There is hope," said Toussaint. "No resistance! but let us gain time."

The door was burst open, and with General Brunet entered a personage whom he introduced as Admiral Ferrari, followed by a file of grenadiers.

"What can be your errand at this hour?" asked Toussaint.

"I have orders from the captain-general to arrest you," replied Admiral Ferrari. "Your guards are disarmed and bound. Our troops are everywhere. You are dead if you resist. Deliver up your sword!"

"I shall not resist such a force as you have thought necessary to bring against me," replied Toussaint, handing his sword to the admiral. "Am I to be a prisoner here in my own house?"

"No, indeed! I have orders to convey you and your family to Cap Français. No delay! To the boats this moment! You will find your family on board the frigate, or on the way to it."

"Do what you will with me; but Madame L'Ouverture is in weak health. Suffer her and my children to remain at home."

"Lose no more time, general. March! or we must carry you."

Voices of lamentation and of passion were heard in the corridor, which quickened L'Ouverture's movements more than threats or insults could have done. He left the library, and found the ladies of the household in the corridor—Margot weeping and trembling, and Génifrède addressing M. Coasson in a tone of high anger.

"You here, M. Coasson!" said Toussaint; "and availing yourself once more of the weakness and woes of women, I perceive."



"I came as guide," replied M. Coasson. "The admiral and his troops needed some one to show them the way; and, as you are aware, I was qualified to do so. I have always felt, too, that I had a sort of an appointment to fulfil with this young lady. Her kind expressions towards the whites on my last visit might be a sort of invitation to come again—with such a train as you see," pointing to the stiff row of grenadiers who stood behind.

Génifrède groaned.

"Make yourself happy with your train," said Toussaint as he seized the wretch by the collar, hurled him back among the grenadiers, and kicked him over as he lay—introducing great disorder into the formal arrangements of that dignified guard.

This would have been the last moment of Toussaint if General Brunet had not drawn his sword and commanded every one to stand back. His orders, he said, were to deliver his prisoner alive.

"Come, my love," said Toussaint to Madame L'Ouverture, "we are to sleep on board a frigate this night. Come, Génifrède! We may sleep in peace. General Brunet will hardly be able to digest your hospitality, my Margot; but *you* may sleep. Who else?" he asked, as he looked round upon his trembling household.

"We are following," said M. Pascal, who had his wife and Euphrosyne on either arm.

"Pardon me," said General Brunet. "Our orders extend only to General Toussaint and his family. You must remain. Reverend father," he said to Father Laxabon, "you may remain also—to comfort any friends of General Toussaint whom you may be able to meet with to-morrow. They will be inconsolable, no doubt."

M. Coasson whispered to the admiral, who said, in consequence, bowing to Euphrosyne,

"I can answer for this young lady being a welcome guest to Madame Leclerc. If she will afford to a countryman the pleasure and honour of conveying her, it will give him joy to introduce her to a society worthy of her."

"I do not wish to see Madame Leclerc," said Euphrosyne, speaking with surprising calmness, though her cheek was white as ashes. "I wish to be wherever I may best testify my attachment to these my honoured friends in the day of their undeserved adversity."

She looked from M. Pascal to L'Ouverture.

"Stay with those who can be your guardians," said Toussaint.

"For our sakes," added Génifrède.

"Stay with us!" cried M. Pascal and Afra.

"Farewell, then," said Euphrosyne, extending her arms to Madame L'Ouverture.

"We are losing time," said General Brunet, as the clang of the alarm-bell was heard again. By his order, some soldiers went in search of the traitor who was ringing the bell, and others pushed the captive family before them towards the door. M. Coasson thrust himself between the parting friends, and began to count the family, in order to tell who was missing. It would not do, he observed, to leave any behind.

"Lose no more time," said the admiral. "Those who may be left behind are cared for, I promise you. We have a hundred of them safe already."

"A hundred of whom?" asked Toussaint, as he walked.

"Of your friends," replied Admiral Ferrari.

This was too true. A hundred of Toussaint's most attached adherents had been seized this night. No one of them was ever again heard of in the island.

At the door of the mansion Denis was brought forward, guarded. His eyes were flashing fire.

"The country is up!" he cried. "I got good service out of the old bell before they found me."

"Right, my boy! Thank you!" said his father, cheerfully.

"Give Génifrède to me, father. My mother is ready to sink."

Proudly he supported his sister to the boats, carrying her on so rapidly as to prevent the need of any soldier speaking to her.

There was an array of boats along the shore of the bay. Distant firing was heard during the whole time that the prisoners and the troops were embarking.

"They must be very much afraid of us," observed Denis, looking round as soon as he had taken his place beside his sister in the boat. "They have given us above a hundred guards apiece, I believe."

"They are afraid of us," said Toussaint.

"There is terrible fighting somewhere," murmured the weeping Margot. "I am afraid Placide is in the midst of it."

"He is in his duty if he be," said Toussaint.

Placide had discharged this kind of duty, however, and now appeared to fulfil the other—of sharing the captivity of his parents. He leaped into the boat, breathless, after it had pushed off from the shore.



"In time, thank God!" gasped he.

"He can hardly speak!" exclaimed his mother. "He is wet! He is wounded—cruelly wounded!"

"Not wounded at all, mother. Whole in heart and skin! I am soaked in the blood of our enemies. We have fought gloriously—in vain, however, for to-night. Latortue is shot—and Jasmin. There are few left but Christophe; but he is fighting like a lion."

"Why did you leave him, my son?" asked Toussaint.

"He desired me to come again and again, and I fought on. At last I was cut off from him. I could not give any more help there, and I saw that my business lay here. They say this frigate is the *Créole*. Whither bound, I wonder?"

"To Cap Français," replied the officer in the stern, "to join the *Héros*, now in the roads there."

"The *Héros*—a seventy-four, I think," said L'Ouverture.

"A seventy-four—you are correct," replied the officer. No one spoke again.

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## CHAPTER XVII.

### TRUCE NO MORE.

WHEN Toussaint set foot on the deck of the *Héros*, on the evening of the next day, the commander stood ready to receive him—and not only the commander. Soldiers also stood ready with chains, with which they lost no time in fettering the old man's ancles and wrists. While they were doing this, Toussaint quietly said to the commander,

"By my overthrow, the trunk of the tree of negro liberty is laid low—only the trunk. It will shoot out again from the roots—and they are many and deep."

The moment the soldiers stepped back and allowed access to him, Aimée was in his arms; and Isaac, in great agitation, presented himself.

"I will never leave you more, father!" said he. "These fetters! Nothing should have made me believe such treatment possible. I trusted Leclerc as firmly as I trusted you. I have been living with him while he meditated chains for you! I am humbled for ever! All I can do now is to devote myself to

you, as Placide did at the right time. Would I were Placide ! I am humbled for ever !”

“No, my son, not for ever. It is a common lot to be humbled for the credulous confidence of youth. It is a safer and a nobler error, Isaac, than its opposite. It is better than unbelief in the virtue of man.”

“You torture me with your goodness, father !”

“I deal with you as with myself, Isaac. In the young days of my freedom, I trusted falsely, as you have done. I believed in Bonaparte, as you have believed in Leclerc. We have both received a lesson ; but I do not feel humbled for ever, nor must you.”

“Would I were Placide !” was all that Isaac could say.

“You are so good to Isaac and me,” said Aimée, timidly, “that perhaps you would (could you ?) see Vincent.”

“No, my child. Vincent is not like Isaac. He cannot be made wise by experience, and his folly is scarcely to be distinguished from treachery. I cannot see General Vincent.”

No choice was allowed, however. Vincent rushed forward, knelt before Toussaint and clasped his knees, imploring, in a convulsion of grief, pardon for the past, and permission to devote every hour of his future life to the family whom he had ruined.

“My pardon you have,” said L'Ouverture. “I should rather say my compassion ; for you never deliberately designed treachery, I am persuaded.”

“I never did ! I never did !”

“Neither had you any good design. You have been selfish, vain, and presumptuous ; as far from comprehending my purposes as from having criminal ones of your own. In the new circumstances in which negroes are placed, many must fall, however firmly some may stand. You are among the infirm ; and therefore, however I may mourn, I do not resent what you have done.”

“Thank God ! You pardon me ! Thank God ! Henceforth, with Aimée to watch over me, with you to guide me—”

“No, Vincent ! You cannot be with me. Aimée is free as she has ever been ; but you cannot be with me. I go to martyrdom—to fulfil what appears to be the solemn vocation of the Ouvertures. I go to martyrdom ; and none but steady souls must travel that way with me.”

“You scorn me,” said Vincent, springing from his knees. “Your acts show that you scorn me. You take that poor fellow,” pointing to Mars Plaisir, “and you reject me.”



"My sons' servant," said Toussaint, smiling. "He goes to his beloved France, free to quit us for any other service when ours becomes too grave for his light spirit. I would not insult you by taking you on a like condition. You must leave us, Vincent," pointing to the Créole's boat, now about to put off from the Héros. "We will pray for you. Farewell!"

"Aimée," said her lover, scarcely daring to raise his eyes to her face.

"Farewell, Vincent!" Aimée strove to say.

In vain Vincent endeavoured to plead. Aimée shook her head, signed to him to go, and hid her face on her father's shoulder. It was too much. Humbled to the point of exasperation, Vincent threw himself over the ship's side into the boat, and never more saw the face of an Ouverture.

"I have nothing left but you," sobbed Aimée; "but you and my mother. If they kill you, my mother will die, and I shall be desolate."

"Your brothers, my child."

"No, no. I have tried all. I left you to try. I loved you always, but I thought I loved others more. But—"

"But," said her father, when she could not proceed, "you found the lot of woman. To woman the affections are all: to men, even to brothers, they are not. Courage, Aimée! Courage! for you are an Ouverture. Courage to meet your woman's martyrdom!"

"Let me rest upon your heart, father, and I can bear anything."

"Would I could, my child! But they will not allow it—these jailers. They will part us."

"I wish these chains could bind me too—these very links—that I might never leave you," cried Aimée, kissing the fetters which bound her father's arms.

"Your mother's heart, Aimée—that remains."

"I will keep it from breaking, father, trust me."

And the mother and daughter tasted something like happiness, even in an hour like this, in their reunion. It was a strange kind of comfort to Aimée to hear from her mother how long ago her father had foreseen, at Pongaudin, that the day might come when her heart would be torn between her lover and her family. The impending blow had been struck; the struggle had taken place; and it only remained now to endure it.

"Father!" said Génifrède, appealing to Toussaint, with grave countenance, "you say that none but brave and stea y

souls must go with you on your way to martyrdom. You know me to be cowardly as a slave, and unstable as yonder boat now tossing on the waves. Do you see that boat, father?"

"Surely—yes; it is Paul," said Toussaint, looking through his glass. "Paul is coming to say farewell."

"Let me return with him, father. Let me become his child. I am unworthy to be yours. And he and I are so forlorn!"

Her father's tender gaze encouraged her to say more. Drawing closer, she whispered,

"I have seen Moyse—I have seen him more than once in the morne, and I cannot leave this place. Let me stay."

"Stay, my child. Seek consolation in your own way. We will all pray for you; we will all console your mother for your absence. We shall not meet again on earth, Génifrède."

"I know it, father. But the time of rest—how long it is in coming!"

"My child, our rest is in the soul; it lies not either in place or time. Do not look for it in the grave, unless you have it first in the soul."

"Then would I had never been born!"

"How different will be your cry when you have been a daughter to Paul for a while! When you see him consoled, and reposing upon your care, you will say, 'I thank God that I have lived for this!' A great duty lies before you, my dear child; and in the heart of duty lies rest—a deeper than that of the grave. Shall I give you a duty to discharge for me?"

"Oh, yes! I will take it as your blessing."

"Convey to Christophe my last message. Bid him rejoice for me that my work is done. My work is now his. Bid him remember how we always agreed that freedom is safe. I bequeath the charge of it to him, with my blessing."

"He shall know this, if he lives, before the moon rises."

"If he does not live, let Dessalines hear what was my message to Christophe. He will know how much to take to himself."

It was well that this message was given without farther delay. Toussaint was summoned to speak with some officers of Leclerc's council in the cabin below. At the clank of his chains upon the deck, all eyes were upon him except those of his own family, which were turned away in grief.

"Before your departure," said one of the officers in the small cabin to which Toussaint was conducted, "we would urge you to do a service to the colony which yet remains in your power. You must not refuse this last service."



"I have never refused to serve the colony ; and I am as willing to-day as ever."

"No doubt. Reveal to us, then, the spot in the Mornes du Chaos in which your treasures lie buried, and state their amount."

"I have before said that I have buried no treasures. Do you disbelieve my word?"

"We are sorry to do so, but facts are against you. You cannot deceive us. We know that you caused certain of your dependants to bury treasure near the Plateaux de la Ravine ; and that you afterward shot these servants to secure your secret."

"Is it possible?"

"You see we have penetrated your counsels. The time for concealment is past. You take your family with you, and none of you will ever return. Your friends are, most of them, disposed of. A new order of things has commenced. You boast of your patriotism. Show it now by giving up the treasure of the colony to the uses of the colony."

"I have already devoted my all to the colony. I reply once more that I leave behind me no treasure but that which you cannot appreciate—the grateful hearts of my people."

The investigation was pressed, the inquiry made, under every form of appeal that could be devised, and in vain. Toussaint disdained to repeat his reply, and he spoke no more. The officers left him with threats on their lips. The door was locked and barred behind them, and Toussaint found himself a solitary prisoner.

During the night the vessel got under weigh. What at that hour were the secrets which lay hid in the mountain-passes, the forest-shades, and the sad homes of the island whose true ruler was now borne away from its shores ?

Pongaudin was already deserted. Monsieur and Madame Pascal had, by great activity, obtained a passage for France in the ship which was freighted with Leclerc's boastings of his crowning feat. They were already far on the sea before the Héros spread its sails. Leclerc's announcement of Toussaint's overthrow was as follows :

"I intercepted letters which he had written to one Fontaine, who was his agent at Cap Français. These afforded an unanswerable proof that he was engaged in a conspiracy, and that he was anxious to regain his former influence in the

colony. He waited only for the result of disease among the troops.

"Under these circumstances, it would be improper to give him time to mature his criminal designs. I ordered him to be apprehended—a difficult task; but it succeeded through the excellent arrangements made by General Brunet, who was intrusted with its execution, and the zeal and ardour of Admiral Ferrari.

"I am sending to France, with all his family, this deeply-perfidious man, who, by his consummate hypocrisy, has done us so much mischief. The government will determine how it should dispose of him.

"The apprehension of General Toussaint occasions some disturbances. Two leaders of the insurgents are already in custody, and I have ordered them to be shot. About a hundred of his confidential partisans have been secured, of whom some are on board the Muiron frigate, which is under orders for the Mediterranean, and the rest are distributed among the different ships of the squadron.

"I am daily occupied in settling the affairs of the colony with the least possible inconvenience; but the excessive heat, and the diseases which attack us, render it an extremely painful task. I am impatient for the approach of the month of September, when the season will renovate our activity.

"The departure of Toussaint has produced general joy at Cap Français.

"The commissary of justice, Mont Peson, is dead. The colonial prefect, Benezech, is breathing his last. The adjutant-commandant, Dampier, is dead: he was a young officer of great promise.

"I have the honour, &c.,  
(Signed)

"LECLERC."

On board the vessel which carried these tidings was Pascal, prepared to give a different version of the late transactions, and revolving with Afra the means by which he might best employ such influence as he had on behalf of his friend. Theirs was a nearly hopeless errand, they well knew; but the less hopeful, the more anxious were they to do what they could.

Was Euphrosyne with them? No. She never forgot the duty which she had set before her—to stay near Le Bosquet, in hopes of better times, when she might make reparation to the people of the estate for what they had suffered at her grandfather's hands. A more pressing duty also detained her



on the island. She could be a daughter to M. Raymond in Afra's stead, and thus make their duty easier to the Pascals. Among the lamentations and prayers which went up from the mourning island were those of the old man and the young girl who wept together at *Le Zéphyr*, scarcely attempting yet to forgive the enemies whose treachery had outraged the Deliverer—as he was henceforth called, more fondly than ever. They were not wholly wretched. They dwelt on the surprise and pleasure it would be to the *Ouvertures* to find the Pascals in France before them. Euphrosyne had also the satisfaction of doing something, however indirectly, for her unfortunate friends; and she really enjoyed the occupation, to her so familiar and still so dear, of ministering to the comfort of an old man who had no present dependance but on her.

Her cares and duties were soon increased. The habitations of the *Plain du Nord* became so disgusting and so dangerous as the pestilence strewed the land with dead, and the survivors of the French army became, in proportion to the visitation, desperate and savage, that Madame Ogé was at length, like all her neighbours, driven from her home. She wished to take refuge with one of her own colour; and M. Raymond, at Euphrosyne's suggestion, invited her to *Le Zéphyr* to await better days. With a good grace did Euphrosyne go out to meet her; with a good grace did she welcome and entertain her. The time was past when she could be terrified with evil prognostications. In the hour of the earthquake, no one heeds the croak of the raven.

Among the nuns at St. Marc there was trembling, which the pale abbess herself could not subdue by reason or exhortation. Their ears were already weary with the moans of the dying. They had now to hear the shrieks and curses of the kidnapped blacks—the friends of *L'Ouverture*—whose homes were made desolate. The terrified women could not but ask each other, "who next?" for they all loved *L'Ouverture*, and had declared their trust in him. No one injured the household of the abbess, however; and the sisters were all spared, in safety and honour, to hear the proclamation of the Independence of Hayti, and to enjoy the protection and friendship of its beloved empress.

And where was she, Thérèse, when St. Marc was resounding with the cries of her husband's betrayed companions and friends? She was on the way to the fastnesses, where her unyielding husband was preparing a tremendous retribution for those whom he had never trusted. She rejoiced, solemnly but

mournfully, that he had never yielded. She could not wonder that the first words of Dessalines to her, when he met her horse on the steep, were a command that she would never more intercede for a Frenchman--never more hold back his strong hand from the work which he had now to do. She never did, till that which in a chief was warfare, became in an emperor vengeance. Then she resumed her woman's office of intercession, and by it won for herself the title of "the good empress."

The eyes which first caught sight of the receding ship *Héros* at dawn were those of Paul L'Ouverture and Génifrède. They had sent messengers, more likely than themselves to reach Christophe and Dessalines, with the last message of Toussaint; and they were now at leisure to watch, from the heights above their hut (their home henceforth), the departure of all who bore their name. They were left alone, but not altogether forlorn. They called each other father and daughter; and here they could freely, and for ever, mourn Moyse.

Christophe received the message. It was not needed to rouse him to take upon himself, or to share with Dessalines, the office of him who was gone. The thoughts of his heart were told to none. They were unspeakable except by the language of deeds. His deeds proclaimed them; and, after his faithful warfare during his subsequent mild reign, his acts of liberality, wisdom, and mercy showed how true was his understanding of the mission of L'Ouverture.

There were many to share his work to-day. Dessalines was the chief; but leaders sprang up wherever soldiers appeared, asking to be led; and that was everywhere, from the moment of the report of the abduction of Toussaint. Clerveaux revolted from the French, and visited on them the bitterness of his remorse. Maurepas also repented; and was putting his repentance into action when he was seized, tortured, and murdered, with his family. Bellair and his wife conducted with new spirit, from this day, a victorious warfare which was never intermitted, being bequeathed by their barbarous deaths to their exasperated followers.

It was true, as Toussaint knew and felt in his solitary prison on the waters, that the groans which went up from the heights and hollows, the homes and the fastnesses of the island, were such as could not but unite in a fearful war-cry; but it was also true, as he had known and felt during the whole term of his power, that in this war victory could not be doubtful. He had been made the portal of freedom to his race. The pas-



sions of men might gather about it, and make a conflict more or less tremendous and protracted ; but the way which God had opened, and guarded by awakened human hearts, no multitude of rebellious human hands could close.

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## CHAPTER XVIII.

## MEETING WINTER.

It was a glorious day, that twelfth of June, when the Héros sailed away from the shores of St. Domingo. Before the Héros could sail quite away, it was compelled to hover, as it were, about the shadow of the land—to advance and retreat—to say farewell apparently, and then to greet it again. The wind was northeast, so that a direct course was impossible ; and the Ouverture family, assembled, with the exception of Toussaint himself, upon deck, gave vent again and again to their tears ; again and again strained their eyes, as the mountains with their shadowy sides, the still forests, the yellow sands, and the quiet settlements of the lateral valleys came into view or faded away.

L'Ouverture's cabin, to which he was strictly confined during the voyage, had a window in the stern ; and he, too, had therefore some change of prospect. He gazed eagerly at every shifting picture of the land, but most eagerly when he found himself off Cap Samana. With his pocket-glass he explored and discovered the very point of rough ground on the height where he stood with Christophe, less than six months before, to watch the approach and observe the rendezvous of the French fleet. He remembered, as his eye was fixed upon the point, his naming to Henri this very ship, in which he was now a prisoner, sailing away, never more to return.

"Be it so!" he thought, according to his wont. "My blacks are not conquered, and will never more be slaves."

The wind soon changed, and the voyage was a rapid one. Short as it was, it was tedious ; for, with the exception of Mars Plaisir, who was appointed to wait on him, the prisoner saw no one. Again and again he caught the voices of his children singing upon deck—no doubt in order to communicate

with him ; but in every instance, almost before he had begun to listen, the song ceased. Mars Plaisir explained that it was silenced by the captain's order. No captain's order had power to stop the prisoner's singing. Every night was Aimée consoled, amid her weeping, by the solemn air of her father's favourite Latin Hymn to our Lady of the Sea : every morning was Margot roused to hope by her husband's voice, singing his matin prayer. Whatever might be the captain's apprehensions of political danger from these exercises, he gave over the opposition which had succeeded so well with the women.

"My father crossed this sea," thought Toussaint : "and little could he have dreamed that the next of his race would cross it, also a prince and a prisoner. He, the son of a king, was seized and sold as a slave. His son, raised to be a ruler by the hand of Him who creates princes (whether by birth or royalty of soul), is kidnapped, and sacrificed to the passions of a rival. Such is our life ! But in its evil there is good. If my father had not crossed the sea as a slave, St. Domingo would have wanted me ; and in me, perhaps, its freedom and civilization. If I had not been kidnapped, my blacks might have lacked wrath to accomplish the victory to which I have led them. If my father is looking back on this world, I doubt not he rejoices in the degradation which brought elevation to his race ; and as for me, I lay the few years of my old age a ready sacrifice on the altar of Africa."

Sometimes he amused himself with the idea of surveying, at last, the Paris of which he had heard so much. Oftener, however, he dwelt with much complacency on the prospect of seeing Bonaparte—of meeting his rival, mind to mind. He knew that Bonaparte's curiosity about him was eager, and he never doubted that he should be called personally to account for his government in all its details. He did not consider that the great captain of the age might fear to meet his victim—might shrink from the eye of a brother-soldier whom he had treated worse than a felon.

Time and disappointment taught the prisoner this. None of his dreams were verified. In Brest harbour he was hurried from the ship ; allowed a parting embrace of his family upon deck—no more ; not a sentence of conversation, though all the ship's crew were by to hear. Mars Plaisir alone was allowed to accompany him. Two hurried whispers alone were conveyed to his ear. Placide assured him (yet how could it be ?) that M. Pascal was in France, and would exert himself. And Margot told him, amid her sobs, that she had done the one



only thing she could—she had prayed for Bonaparte, as she promised, that night of prophetic wo at Ponguadin.

Nothing did he see of Paris but some of the dimly-lighted streets, as he was conveyed at night to the prison of the Temple. During the weeks that he was a prisoner there, he looked in vain for a summons to the presence of the First Consul, or for the First Consul's appearance in his apartment. One of Bonaparte's aids, Caffarelli, came indeed, and brought messages; but these messages were only insulting inquiries about the treasures—the treasures buried in the Mornes—for ever these treasures! This recurring message, with its answer, was all the communication he had with Bonaparte; and the hum and murmur from the streets were all that he knew of Paris. When Bonaparte, nettled with the reply, "The treasures I have lost are far other than those you seek," was convinced that no better answer would be obtained, he gave the order which had been impending during those weeks of confinement in the Temple.

When Bonaparte found his first leisure, after the fêtes and bustle occasioned in August by his being made First Consul for life, he issued his commands regarding the disposal of his West Indian prisoner: and presently Toussaint was traversing France, with Mars Plaisir for his companion in captivity; with an officer, as a guard, inside the closed carriage; another guard on the box; and one, if not two, mounted in their rear.

The journey was conducted under circumstances of great mystery. The blinds of the carriage were never let down; provisions were served out while the party was in full career; and the few haltings that were made were contrived to take place either in the night or in unfrequented places. It was clear that the complexion of the strangers was not to be seen by the inhabitants. All that Toussaint could learn was that they were travelling southeast.

"Have you mountains in your island?" asked the officer, letting down the blind just so much, when the carriage turned a corner of the road, as to permit to himself a glimpse of the scenery. "We are entering the Jura. Have you mountains in your island?"

Toussaint left it to Mars Plaisir to answer this question, which he did with indignant volubility, describing the uses and the beauties of the heights of St. Domingo, from the loftiest peaks which intercept the hurricane, to the lowest, crested with forts, or spreading their blossoming groves to the verge of the valleys.

"We too have fortresses on our heights," said the officer. "Indeed, you will be in one of them before night. When we are on the other side of Pontarlier, we will look about us a little."

"Then, on the other side of Pontarlier, we shall meet no people," observed Mars Plaisir.

"People! Oh yes! we have people everywhere in France."

When Pontarlier was passed, and the windows of the carriage were thrown open, the travellers perceived plainly enough why this degree of liberty was allowed. The region was so wild that none were likely to come hither in search of the captives. There were inhabitants, but few likely to give information as to who had passed along the road. There were charcoal-burners up on the hill-side; there were women washing clothes in the stream which rushed along, far below in the valley; the miller was in his mill, niched in the hollow beside the waterfall; and there might still be inmates in the convent which stood just below the firs, on the knoll to the left of the road. But by the wayside there were none who, with curious eyes, might mark, and with eager tongue report, the complexion of the strangers who were rapidly whirled along towards Joux.

Toussaint shivered as the chill mountain air blew in. Perhaps what he saw chilled him no less than what he felt. He might have unconsciously expected to see something like the teeming slopes of his own mountains, the yellow ferns, the glittering rocks, shining like polished metal in the sun. Instead of these, the scanty grass was of a blue green; the stunted firs were black; and the patches of dazzling white intermingled with them formed a contrast of colour hideous to the eye of a native of the tropics.

"That is snow," exclaimed Mars Plaisir to his master, with the pride of superior experience.

"I know it," replied Toussaint, quietly.

The carriage now laboured up a steep ascent. The *brave homme* who drove alighted on one side, and the guard on the other, and walked up the hill to relieve the horses. The guard gathered such flowers as met his eye, and handed into the carriage a blue gentian, which had till now lingered on the borders of the snows, or a rhododendron, for which he had scaled a crag. His officer roughly ordered him not to leave the track.

"If we had passed this way two or three months earlier," he said, complacently, to his prisoners, "we should have found



cowslips here and there all along the road. We have a good many cowslips in early summer. Have you cowslips in your island?"

Toussaint smiled as he thought of the flower-strewn savannahs, where more blossoms opened and perished in an hour than in this dreary region all the summer through. He heard Mars Plaisir compelled to admit that he had never seen cowslips out of France.

At length, after several mountings and dismountings of the driver and guard, they seemed, on entering a defile, to apply themselves seriously to their business. The guard cast a glance along the road and up the sides of the steeps, and beckoned to the horsemen behind to come on; and the driver repeatedly cracked his whip. Silence settled down on the party within the carriage; for all understood that they drew near the fortress. In silence they wound through the defile, till all egress seemed barred by a lofty crag. The road, however, passed round its base, and disclosed to view a small basin among the mountains, in the midst of which rose the steep which bore the fortress of Joux. At the foot of this steep lay the village—a small assemblage of sordid dwellings. At this village four roads met, from as many defiles which opened into this centre. A mountain-stream gushed along, now by the roadside, now winding and growing quieter among the little plot of green fields which lay in the rear of the castle rock. This plot of vivid green cheered for a moment the eye of the captives, but a second glance showed that it was but a swamp. This swamp, crags, firs, and snow, with the dirty village, made up the prospect. As for the inhabitants, as the carriage stopped short of the village, none were to be seen but a girl with her distaff amid a flock of goats, and some soldiers on the castle walls above.

There appeared to be but one road up the rock—a bridle or foot road to the right, too narrow and too steep for any carriage. Where this joined the main road the carriage stopped, and the prisoners were desired to alight.

"We must trouble you to walk up this hill," said the officer, "unless you prefer to mount, and have your horse led."

Before he had finished speaking, Toussaint was many paces in advance of his guards. But few opportunities had he enjoyed, of late, of exercising his limbs. He believed that this would be the last; and he sprang up the rocky pathway with a sense of desperate pleasure. Panting and heated, the most active of the soldiers reached the summit some moments after

him. Toussaint had made use of those few moments. He had fixed in his memory the leading points of the landscape towards the east—the bearings of the roads which opened glimpses into two valleys on that side—the patches of enclosure—the nooks of pasture where cows were grazing and children were at play ; these features of the landscape he eagerly comprehended, partly for use in case of any opportunity of escape, partly for solace if he should not henceforth be permitted to look abroad.

A few, and but a few more moments he had, while the drawbridge was lowered, the portcullis was raised, and the guard sent in with some order from his officer. Toussaint well knew that that little plot of fields, with its winding stream, was the last verdure that he might ever see. The snowy summits which peered over the fir-tops were prophets of death to him ; for how should he, who had gone hither and thither under the sun of the tropics for sixty years, live chained among the snows ? Well did he know this : yet he did not wait to be asked to pass the bridge.

The drawbridge and the courtyard were both deserted. Not a soldier was to be seen. Mars Plaisir muttered his astonishment ; but his master understood that the presence of negro prisoners in this fortress was not to become known. He read in this incident a prophecy of total seclusion.

They were marched rapidly through the courtyard into a dark passage, where they were desired to stop. In a few moments Toussaint heard the tramp of feet about the gate, and understood that the soldiers had been ordered back to their posts.

“ The commandant ! ” the officer announced to his prisoners ; and the Commandant Rubaut entered the dim passage. Toussaint formed his judgment of him, to a certain extent, in a moment. Rubaut endeavoured to assume a tone of good-humoured familiarity ; but there appeared through this a misgiving as to whether he was thus either letting himself down on the one hand, or, on the other, encroaching on the dignity of the person he addressed. His prisoner was a negro ; but then he had been the recognised commander-in-chief of St. Domingo. One symptom of awkwardness was, that he addressed Toussaint with no sort of title.

“ We have had notice of your approach,” said he : “ which is fortunate, as it enables me at once to conduct you to your apartment. Will you proceed ? This way. A torch, Bel-lines ! We have been looking for you these two days : which



happens very well, as we have been enabled to prepare for you. Torches, Bellines! This way. We mount a few steps, you perceive. We are not taking you under ground, though I call for lights; but this passage to the left, you perceive, is rather dark. Yes, that is our well; and a great depth it is—deeper, I assure you, than this rock is high. What do they call the depth, Chalôt? Well, never mind the depth! You can follow me, I believe, without waiting for light. We cannot go wrong. Through this apartment to the left.”

Toussaint, however, chose to wait for Bellines and his torch. He chose to see what he could of the passages of his prison. If this vault in which he stood were not under ground, it was the dreariest apartment from which the daylight had ever been built out. In the moment's pause occasioned by his not moving on when desired, he heard the dripping of water as in a well.

Bellines appeared, and his torch showed the stone walls of the vault shining with the trickling of water. A cold steam appeared to thicken the air, oppress the lungs, and make the torch burn dim.

“To what apartment can this be the passage?” thought Toussaint. “The grave is warm compared with this.”

A glance of wretchedness from Mars Plaisir, seen in the torchlight, as Bellines passed on to the front, showed that the poor fellow's spirits, and perhaps some visions of a merry life among the soldiers, had melted already in the damps of this vault. Rubaut gave him a push, which showed that he was to follow the torchbearer.

Through this vault was a passage, dark, wet, and slippery. In the left-hand wall of this passage was a door, studded with iron nails, thickly covered with rust. The key was in this door. During the instant required for throwing it wide, a large flake of ice fell from the ceiling of the passage upon the head of Toussaint. He shook it off, and it extinguished the torch.

“You mean to murder us,” said he, “if you propose to place us here. Do you not know that ice and darkness are the negro's poison. Snow too,” he continued, advancing to the cleft of his dungeon wall, at the outward extremity of which was his small grated window. “Snow piled against this window now! We shall be buried under it in winter.”

“You will have good fires in winter.”

“In winter! Yes! This night, or I shall never see winter.”

"This night ! Oh, certainly. You can have a fire, though it is not usual with us at this season. Bellines—a fire here immediately."

He saw his prisoner surveying, by the dim light of the deep window, the miserable cell—about twenty-eight feet by thirteen, built of blocks of stone, its vaulted ceiling so low that it could be touched by the hand ; its floor, though planked, rotten and slippery with wet ; and no furniture to be seen but a table, two chairs, and two heaps of straw in opposite corners.

"I am happy," said the commandant, "to have been able to avoid putting you under ground. The orders I have had, from the First Consul himself, as to your being *mis au secret*, are very strict. Notwithstanding that, I have been able, you see, to place you in an apartment which overlooks the courtyard ; and which, too, affords you other objects," pointing through the gratings to the few feet of the pavement without, and the few yards of the perpendicular rock opposite, which might be seen through the loophole.

"How many hours of the day and night are we to pass in this place ?"

"How many hours ? We reckon twenty-four hours to the day and night, as is the custom in Europe," replied Rubaut ; whether in ignorance or irony, his prisoner could not, in the dim twilight, ascertain. He only learned too surely that no exit from this cell was to be allowed.

Firewood and light were brought. Rubaut, eager to be busy till he could go, and to be gone as soon as possible, found fault with some long-deceased occupant for having covered its arched ceiling with grotesque drawings in charcoal, and then with Bellines for not having dried the floor. Truly, the light gleamed over it as over a pond. Bellines pleaded in his defence that the floor had been dried twice since morning, but that there was no stopping the melting of the ice above. The water would come through the joints till the winter frosts set in.

"Ay, the winter frosts—they will set all to rights. They will cure the melting of the ice, no doubt." Turning to his prisoners, he congratulated himself on not being compelled to search their persons. The practice of searching was usual, but might, he rejoiced to say, be dispensed with on the present occasion. He might now, therefore, have the pleasure of wishing them a good evening.

Pointing to the two heaps of straw, he begged that his prisoners would lay down their beds in any part of the cell which pleased them best. Their food, and all that they wanted, would



be brought to the door regularly. As for the rest, they would wait upon each other. Having thus exhausted his politeness, he quitted the cell; and lock, bolt, and bar were fastened upon the captives.

By the faint light Toussaint then perceived that his companion was struggling with laughter. When Mars Plaisir perceived, by his master's smile, that he had leave to give way, he laughed till the cell rang again, saying,

“‘Wait upon each other!’ His excellency wait upon me! His excellency wait upon anybody!”

“There should be nothing new in that. I have endeavoured to wait upon others all my life. Rarely does Providence grant the favour to wait upon so many.”

Mars Plaisir did not comprehend this, and therefore continued,

“These whites think that we blacks are created to be serving—serving always—always serving.”

“And they are right. Their mistake is in not seeing that the same is the case with all other men.”

In his incessant habit of serving those about him, Toussaint now remembered that it would be more kind to poor Mars Plaisir to employ him than to speak of things which he could not comprehend. He signed to him, therefore, to shake down the straw on each side the fireplace. Mars Plaisir sacrificed some of his own bundle to wipe down the wet walls; but it was all in vain. During the silence, while his master was meditating at the window, the melancholy sound of falling water—drip, drip—plash, plash—was heard all around, within and without the cell. When he had wiped down the walls, from the door in the corner round to the door again, the place from which he had set out was as wet as ever, and his straw was spoiled. He angrily kicked the wet straw into the fire; the consequence of which was, that the cell was filled with smoke almost to suffocation.

“Ask for more,” said Toussaint.

Mars Plaisir shouted, knocked at the door, and used every endeavour to make himself heard, but in vain. No one came.

“Take some of mine,” said Toussaint. “No one can lie on this floor.”

Mars Plaisir shook his head. He proceeded mournfully to spread the other heap of straw; but a large flake of ice had fallen upon it from the corner of the walls, and it was as wet as that which he had burned.

This was too much for poor Mars Plaisir. He looked upon

his master, now spreading his thin hands over the fire, his furrowed face now and then lighted up by the blaze which sprang fitfully through the smoke ; he thought of the hall of audience at Port au Prince, of the gardens at Pongaudin, of the Place d'Armes at Cap Français on review days, of the military journeys and official fêtes of the commander-in-chief, and he looked upon him now. He burst into tears as uncontrollable as his laughter had been before. Feeling his master's hand upon his shoulder, he considered it necessary to give a reason for his grief, and sobbed out,

"They treat your excellency as if your excellency were nobody. They give your excellency no title. They will not even call you general."

Toussaint laughed at this cause of grief in such a place, but Mars Plaisir insisted upon it.

"How would they like it themselves ? What would the First Consul himself say if he were a prisoner, and his jailers refused him his titles ?"

"I do not suppose him to be a man of so narrow a heart and so low a soul as that such a trifle could annoy him. Cheer up, if that be all."

Mars Plaisir was far from thinking this all ; but his tears and sobs choked him in the midst of his complaints. Toussaint turned again to the fire, and presently began to sing one of the most familiar songs of St. Domingo. He had not sung a stanza before, as he had anticipated, his servant joined in, rising from his attitude of despair, and singing with as much animation as if he had been on the Haut-du-Cap. This was soon put a stop to by a sentinel, who knocked at the door to command silence.

"They cannot hear us if we want dry straw," said Mars Plaisir, passionately ; "and yet we cannot raise a note but they must stop us."

"We are caged birds ; and you know Denis's canary might sing only when it pleased his master. Have I not seen even you cover up the cage ? But sing—sing softly, and they may not hear you."

When supper was brought, fresh straw and more firewood were granted. At his master's bidding, and under the influence of these comforts, Mars Plaisir composed himself to sleep.

Toussaint sat long beside the fire. He could not have slept. The weeks that had passed since he left St. Domingo had not yet reconciled his ear to the silence of a European night. At sea, the dash of the waves against the ship's side had lulled



him to rest. Since he had landed he had slept little, partly from privation of exercise, partly from the action of over-busy thoughts ; but also, in part, from the absence of that hum of life which, to the natives of the tropics, is the incentive to sleep and its accompaniment. Here there was but the crackle of the burning wood and the plashing of water, renewed from minute to minute, till it became a fearful doubt—a passing doubt, but very fearful—whether his ear could become accustomed to the dreary sound, or whether his self-command was to be overthrown by so small an agency as this. From such a question he turned, by an effort, to consider other evils of his condition. It was a cruel aggravation of his sufferings to have his servant shut up with him. It imposed upon him some duties, it was true, and was, in so far, a good ; but it also imposed most painful restraints. He had a strong persuasion that Bonaparte had not given up the pursuit of his supposed treasures, or the hope of mastering all his designs, real or imaginary ; and he suspected that Mars Plaisir would be left long enough with him to receive the overflowings of his confidence (so hard to restrain in such circumstances as theirs !), and would then be tampered with by the agents of the First Consul. What was the nature and efficacy of their system of cross-examination, he knew ; and he knew how nothing but ignorance could preserve poor Mars Plaisir from treachery. Here, therefore—here, in this cell, without resource, without companionship, without solace of any kind—it would be necessary, perhaps, through long months, to set a watch upon his lips as strict as when he dined with the French commissaries at Government-house, or when he was weighing the Report of the Central Assembly regarding a Colonial Constitution. For the reserve which his function had imposed upon him at home, he had been repaid by a thousand enjoyments. Now, no more sympathy, no more ministering from his family ! No more could he open to Margot his glory in Placide, his hopes from Denis, his cares for his other children, to uphold them under a pressure of influences which were too strong for them ; no more could he look upon the friendly face of Henri, and unbosom himself to him in sun or shade ; no more could he look upon the results of his labours in the merchant fleets on the sea, and the harvests burdening the plains ! No more could happy voices, from a thousand homes, come to him in blessing and in joy ! No more music, no more sunshine, no more fragrance ; no more certainty, either, that others were now enjoying what he had parted with for ever ! Not only might he never hear what

had ensued upon the "truce till August," but he must carefully conceal his anxiety to hear--his belief that there were such tidings to be told. In the presence of Mars Plaisir he could scarcely even think of that which lay heaviest at his heart--of what Henri had done in consequence of his abduction--of his poor oppressed blacks--whether they had sunk under the blow for the time, and so delayed the arrival of that freedom which they must at length achieve; or whether they had risen, like a multitudinous family of bereaved children, to work out the designs of the father who had been snatched from them. Of all this there could be no speech (scarcely a speculation in his secret soul) in the presence of one who must, if he heard, almost necessarily become a traitor. And then his family! From them he had vanished, and he must live as if they had vanished from his very memory. They were, doubtless, all eye, all ear: for ever watching to know what had become of him. For their personal safety, now that he was helpless, he trusted there was little cause for fear; but what peace of mind could they enjoy while in ignorance of his fate? He fancied them imploring of their guardians tidings of him in vain; questioning the four winds for whispers of his retreat; pacing every cemetery for a grave that might be his; gazing up at the loopholes of every prison, with a fear that he might be there; keeping awake at midnight, for the chance of a visit from his injured spirit; or seeking sleep in the dim hope that he might be revealed to them in a dream. And all this must be but a dim dream to him, except in such an hour as this--a chance hour when no eye was upon him! The reconciling process was slow, but it was no less sure than usual.

"Be it so!" was, as usual, his conclusion. "Be it so! for as long as Heaven pleases, though that cannot be long. The one consolation of being buried alive, soul or body--or both, as in this case--is that release is sure and near. This poor fellow's spirit will die within him, and his body will then be let out--the consummation most necessary for him. And my body, already failing, will soon die, and my work be done. To die, and to die thus, is part of my work; and I will do it as willingly as in the field. Hundreds, thousands of my race have died for slavery, cooped up, pining, suffocated in slave-ships in the wastes of the sea. Hundreds and thousands have thus died, without knowing the end for which they perished. What is it, then, for one to die of cold in the wastes of the mountains for freedom, and knowing that freedom is the end of his life and his death? What is it? If I groan, if I shrink, may my race curse me, and my God cast me out!"



A warmer glow than the dying embers could give passed through his frame ; and he presently slept, basking till morning in dreams of his sunny home.

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## CHAPTER XIX.

## HALF FREE.

AUTUMN faded, and the long winter of the Jura came on, without bringing changes of any importance to the prisoners, unless it were that, in addition to the wood fire which scarcely kept up the warmth of life in their bodies, they were allowed a stove. This indulgence was not in answer to any request of theirs. Toussaint early discovered that Rubaut would grant nothing that was asked for, but liked to bestow a favour spontaneously now and then. This was a clear piece of instruction, by which, however, Mars Plaisir was slow to profit. Notwithstanding his master's explanations and commands, and his own promises, fervently given when they were alone, he could never see the commandant without pouring out all his complaints, and asking for everything relating to external comfort that his master had been accustomed to at Pongaudin. A stove not being among the articles of furniture there, was not asked for ; and thus this one comfort was not intercepted by being named. Books were another. Mars Plaisir had been taught to read and write in one of the public schools in the island ; but his tastes did not lie in the direction of literature, and he rarely remembered that he possessed the accomplishment of being able to read, except when circumstances called upon him to boast of his country and his race. Books were therefore brought, two at a time, with the commandant's compliments ; two at a time, for the rule of treating the prisoners as equals was exactly observed. This civility brought great comfort to Toussaint—the greatest except solitude. He always chose to suppose that Mars Plaisir was reading when he held a book ; and he put a book into his hands daily when he opened his own. Many an hour did he thus obtain for the indulgence of his meditations ; and while his servant was wondering how he could see to read by the dim light which came in at the window—more dim each day, as the snow-heap there rose higher—or by the fitful flame

of the fire, his thoughts were far away, beating about amid the struggle then probably going on in St. Domingo ; or exploring, with wonder and sorrow, the narrow and darkened passages of that mind which he had long taken to be the companion of his own ; or springing forward into the future, and reposing in serene faith on the condition of his people when at length they should possess their own souls and have learned to use their human privileges. Many a time did Mars Plaisir, looking off from a volume of the Philosophical Dictionary, which yielded no amusement to him, watch the bright smile on his master's face, and suppose it owing to the jokes in the Racine he held, when that smile arose from pictures formed within of the future senates, schools, courts, and virtuous homes in which his dusky brethren would hereafter be exercising and securing their rights. Not ungratefully did he use his books the while. He read and enjoyed ; but his greatest obligations to them were for the suggestions they afforded, the guidance they offered to his thoughts to regions amid which his prison and its sufferings were forgotten.

At times, the servant so far broke through his habitual deference for his master as to fling down his book upon the table, and then beg pardon, saying that they should both go mad if they did not make some noise. When he saw the snow falling perpetually, noiseless as the dew, he longed for the sheeted rains of his own winter, splashing as if to drown the land. Here there was only the eternal drip, drip, which his ear was weary of months ago.

"Cannot you fancy it rain-drops falling from a palm-leaf? Shut your eyes and try," said his master.

It would not do. Mars Plaisir complained that the commandant had promised that this drip should cease when the frosts of winter came.

"So it might but for our stove. But then our ears would have been frozen up too. We should have been under ground by this time—which they say we are not now, though it is hard sometimes to believe them. However, we shall hear something by-and-by that will drown the drip. Among these mountains there must be thunder. In the summer, Mars Plaisir, we may hear thunder."

"In the summer!" exclaimed Mars Plaisir, covering his face with his hands.

"That is, not you, but I. I hope they will let you out long before the summer."



"Does your excellency hope so?" cried Mars Plaisir, springing to his feet.

"Certainly, my poor fellow. The happiest news I expect ever to hear is that you are to be released; and this news I do expect to hear. They will not let you go home, to tell where I am, but they will take you out of this place."

"Oh, your excellency! if you think so, would your excellency be pleased to speak for me—to ask the commandant to let me out? If you will tell him that my rheumatism will not let me sleep—I do not want to go home—I do not want to leave your excellency except for your excellency's good. I would say all I could for you, and kneel to the First Consul; and, if they would not set you free, I would—" Here his voice faltered, but he spoke the words, "I would come back into your excellency's service in the summer, when I had got cured of my rheumatism. If you would speak a word to the commandant!"

"I would, if I were not sure of injuring you by doing so. Do you not see that nothing is to be granted us that we ask for? Speak not another word of liberty, and you may have it. Ask for it, and you are here for life—or for my life. Remember!"

Mars Plaisir stood deep in thought.

"You have never asked for your liberty?" said his master. "No. I knew that, for my sake, you had not. Has no one ever mentioned liberty to you? I understand," he continued, seeing an expression of confusion in the poor fellow's face. "Do not tell me anything, only hear me. If freedom should be offered to you, take it. It is my wish—it is my command. Is there more wood? None but this?"

"None but this damp wood that chokes us with smoke. They send us the worst wood—the green, damp wood that the poorest of the whites in the castle will not use," cried Mars Plaisir, striving to work off his emotions in a fit of passion. He kicked the unpromising log into the fireplace as he exclaimed,

"They think the worst of everything good enough for us, because we are blacks. Oh! oh!" Here his wrath was aggravated by a twinge of rheumatism. "They think anything good enough for blacks."

"Let them think so," said his master, kindly. "God does not. God did not think so when he gave us the soil of Africa and the sun of St. Domingo. When he planted the gardens of the world with palms, it was for the blacks. When he

spread the wide shade of the banyan, he made a tent for the blacks. When he filled the air with the scent of the cinnamon and the cacao, was it not for the blacks to enjoy the fragrance? Has he not given them music? Has he not given them love and a home? What has he not given them? Let the whites think of us as they will! They shall be welcome to a share of what God gave the blacks, though they return us nothing better than wet wood to warm us among their snows."

"It is true," said Mars Plaisir, his complacency completely restored; "God thinks nothing too good for the blacks. I will tell the First Consul so if—"

"The First Consul would rather hear something else from you: and you know, Mars Plaisir, the whites laugh at us for our boastings. However, tell the First Consul what you will."

Again was Mars Plaisir silenced and his countenance confused. Perpetually, from this hour, did he drop words which showed an expectation of seeing the First Consul—words which were never noticed by his master. Every time that the increasing weakness and pain under which Toussaint suffered forced themselves on his servant's observation; whenever the skeleton hands were rubbed in his own, to relieve cramps and restore warmth; or the friendly office was returned, in spite of the shame and confusion of the servant at finding himself thus served; with every drift of snow which blocked up the window, and every relaxation of frost, which only increased the worse evil of the damp, Mars Plaisir avowed or muttered the persuasive things he would say to the First Consul.

Toussaint felt too much sympathy to indulge in much contempt for his companion. He too found it hard to be tortured with cramps and wrung by spasms—to enjoy no respite from vexations of body and spirit. He too found the passage to the grave weary and dreary. And as for an interview with Bonaparte, for how long had this been his first desire! How distinctly had it of late been the reserve of his hope! Reminding himself, too, of the effects on the wretched of an indefinite hope, such as the unsettled mind and manners of his servant convinced him, more and more, had been held out, he could not, in the very midst of scenes of increasing folly and passion, despise poor Mars Plaisir. He mistrusted him, however; and with a more irksome mistrust continually, while he became aware that Mars Plaisir was in the habit of lamenting St. Domingo chiefly for the sake of naming Christophe and Des-salines, the companies in the Mornes, the fever among the whites, and whatever might be most likely to draw his master



into conversation on the hopes and resources of the blacks. He became more and more convinced that the weakness of his companion was practised upon, and possibly his attachment to his master, by promises of good to both, on condition of information furnished. He was nearly certain that he had once heard the door of the cell closed gently as he was beginning to awake in the middle of the night ; and he was quite sure that he one day saw Mars Plaisir burn a note as he replenished the fire, while he thought his master was busy reading. Not even these mysterious proceedings could make Toussaint feel anything worse than sorrowing pity for Mars Plaisir.

The commandant had ceased to visit his prisoners. During the rest of the winter he never came. He sent books occasionally, but less frequently. The supply of firewood was gradually diminished, and so was the quantity of food. The ailments of the prisoners were aggravated from day to day ; and if the commandant had favoured them with his presence, he would have believed that he saw two dusky shadows amid the gloom of their cell rather than men.

One morning Toussaint awoke, slowly and with difficulty, from a sleep which appeared to have been strangely sound for one who could not move a limb without pain, and who rarely, therefore, slept for many minutes together. It must have been strangely long, too ; for the light was as strong as it had ever been at noon in this dim cell. Before he rose, Toussaint felt that there was sunshine in the air ; and the thought that spring was come sent a gleam of pleasure through his spirit. It was true enough. As he stood before the window, something like a shadow might be seen on the floor. No sky—not a shred the breadth of his hand—was to be seen. For six months past he had beheld neither cloud, nor star, nor the flight of a bird. But, casting a glance up to the perpendicular rock opposite, he saw that it faintly reflected sunshine. He saw, moreover, something white moving—some living creature upon this rock. It was a young kid, standing upon a point or ledge imperceptible below ; by its action, browsing upon some vegetation which could not be seen so far off.

" Mars Plaisir ! Mars Plaisir !" cried Toussaint. " Spring is come ! The world is alive again, even here. Mars Plaisir !"

There was no answer.

" He has slept deeply and long, like myself," said he, going, however, into the darker corner of the cell where Mars Plaisir's bed was laid. The straw was there, but no one was on

it. The stove was warm, but there was no fire in the fireplace. The small chest allowed for the prisoners' clothes was gone; everything was gone but the two volumes which they had been reading the night before. Toussaint shook these books to see if any note had been hidden in them. He explored them at the window to discover any word of farewell that might be written on blank-leaf or margin. There was none there; nor any scrap of paper hidden in the straw or dropped upon the floor. Mars Plaisir was gone, and had left no token.

"They drugged me—hence my long sleep," thought Toussaint. "They knew the poor fellow's weakness, and feared his saying too much when it came to parting. I hope they will treat him well, for (thanks to my care for him!) he never betrayed them to me. I treated him well in taking care that he should not betray me to them, while they yet so far believed that he might as to release him. It is all well; and I am alone! It is almost like being in the free air. I am almost as free as yonder kid on the rock. My wife, my children! I may name you all now—name you in my thoughts and in my song. Placide! are you rousing the nations to ask the tyrant where I am? Henri! have you buried the dead whites yet in St. Domingo? and have your rains done weeping the treason of those dead against freedom? Let it be so, Henri! Your rains have washed out the blood of this treason; and your dews have brought forth the verdure of your plains, to cover the graves of the guilty and the fallen. Take this lesson home, Henri! Forget—not me, for you must remember me in carrying on my work—but forget how you lost me. Believe that I fell in the Mornes, and that you buried me there; believe this rather than shed one drop of blood for me. Learn of God, not of Bonaparte, how to bless our race. Poison their souls no more with blood! The sword and the fever have done their work, and tamed your tyrants. As for the rest, act with God for our people! Give them harvests to their hands, and open the universe of knowledge before their eyes. Give them rest and stillness in the summer heats, and shelter them in virtuous and busy homes from the sheeted rains. It is enough that blood was the price of freedom—a heavy price which has been paid. Let there be no such barter for vengeance! My children, hear me! Wherever you are, in the court of our tyrant, or on the wide sea, or on the mountain-top, where the very storms cannot make themselves heard so high, yet let your father's voice reach you from his



living grave ! No vengeance ! Freedom, freedom to the last drop of blood in the veins of our race ! Let our island be left to the wild herds and the reptiles rather than be the habitation of slaves : but, if you have established freedom there, it is holy ground, and no vengeance must profane it. If you love me and my race, you must forgive my murderers. Yes, murderers," he pursued in thought, after dwelling a while on the images of home and familiar faces ; "murderers they already are, doubtless, in intent. I should have been sent hence long ago but for the hope of reaching my counsels through Mars Plaisir. From the eyes of the world I have already disappeared, and nothing hinders the riddance of me now. Feeble as I am, the waiting for death may yet be tedious. If tedious for him who has this day done with me, how tedious for me, who have done with him and with all the world ! done with them, except as to the affections with which one may look back upon them from the clear heights on the other side of the dark valley. That I should pine and shiver long in the shadows of that valley would be tedious to him who drove me there before my time, and to me ! He has never submitted to what is tedious, and he will not now."

The door of the cell was here softly opened ; a head showed itself, and immediately disappeared. Toussaint silently watched the kid, as it moved from point to point on the face of the rock ; and it was with some sorrow that he at last saw it spring away. Just then, Bellines entered with the usual miserable breakfast. Toussaint requested fire, to which Bellines assented. He then asked to have the window opened, that the air of the spring morning might enter. Bellines shrugged his shoulders, and observed that the air of these March mornings was sharp. The prisoner persisted, however ; and with the fresh air there came in upon him a fresh set of thoughts. Calling Bellines back, he desired, in a tone of authority, to see the commandant.

It was strange to him ; he wondered at himself on finding his mind filled with a new enterprise—with the idea of making a last appeal to Rubaut for freedom—an appeal to his justice, not to his clemency. With the chill breeze there had entered the tinkle of the cow-bell and the voices of children singing. These called up a vivid picture of the valley, as he had seen it on entering his prison—the small green level, the gushing stream, the sunny rock, the girl with her distaff, tending the goats. He thought he could show his title to, at least, a free sight of the face of nature ; and the impulse did not imme-

diately die. During the morning he listened for footsteps without. After some hours, he smiled at his own hope, and nearly ceased to listen. The face of the rock grew dim; the wind rose, and sleet was driven in at the window; so that he was compelled to use his stiff and aching limbs in climbing up to shut it. No one had remembered or had chosen to make his fire; and he was shivering, as in an ague-fit, when, late in the afternoon, Bellines brought in his second meal and some fuel.

"The commandant!"

"The commandant is not in the castle. He is absent to-day."

"Where?"

"They say the First Consul has business with him."

"With me rather," thought Toussaint. He said aloud, "Then he is gone with my servant."

"Maybe so. They went the same road; but that road leads to many places."

"The road from Pontarlier?"

"Any road—all our roads here lead to many places," said Bellines, as he went out.

"Poor Mars Plaisir!" thought Toussaint, as he carefully placed the wood so as to tempt the feeble blaze. "Our road has seemed the same for the last eight months, but it leads to widely different points. I rejoice for him that has parted off to-day; and for myself, though it shows that I am near the end of mine. Is it this soldier, with his comrades, who is to end me? Or is it this supper, better drugged than that of last night? Or will they wait to see whether solitude will kill a busy, ambitious commander-in-chief, as they think me?"

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## CHAPTER XX.

### FREE.

Day after day passed on, and the prisoner found no change in his condition—as far, at least, as it depended on his jailers. He was more ill as he became enveloped in the damps of the spring; and he grew more and more sensible of the comfort of being alone. Death by violence, however, did not come.

He did not give over his concern for Mars Plaisir because



he was glad of his absence. He inquired occasionally for the commandant, hoping that, if he could see Rubaut, he might learn whether his servant was still a prisoner, and whether his release from this cell had been for freedom, or for a worse lot than he had left behind. There was no learning from Bellines, however, whether the commandant had returned to the fortress, or who was lieutenant if he had not. In the middle of April, the doubt was settled by the appearance of Rubaut himself in the cell. He was civil—unusually so—but declared himself unable to give any information about Mars Plaisir. He had nothing more to do with his prisoners when they were once taken out of his charge. He had always business enough upon his hands to prevent his occupying himself with things and people that were gone by. He had delivered Mars Plaisir into proper care, and that was the last he knew of him. The man was well at that time—as well as usual, and pleased enough to be in the open air again. Rubaut could remember no more concerning him; in fact, had not thought of him again, from that day to the present.

“And this is the kind of answer that you would give concerning me, if my sons should arrive hither in search of me some days after my grave had been closed?”

“Come, come! no foreboding!” said Rubaut. “Foreboding is bad.”

“If my sons should present themselves—” proceeded Tous-saint.

“They will not come here—they cannot come here,” interrupted Rubaut. “No one knows that you are here but some three or four who will never tell.”

“How!” thought Toussaint; “have they secured Mars Plaisir, that he shall never tell?” For the poor man’s sake, however, he would not ask this aloud.

Rubaut continued: “The reason why we cannot have the pleasure of giving you the range of the fortress is, that the First Consul thinks it necessary to keep secret the place of your abode—for the good of the colony, as he says. With one of our own countrymen this seclusion might not be necessary, as the good people of the village could hardly distinguish features from the distance at which they are; and they have no telescopes—no idea of playing the spy upon us, as we can upon them. They cannot distinguish features so high up—”

“But they could complexion.”

“Exactly so: and it might get abroad that some one of your colour was here.”

"And if it should get abroad, and some one of my sons or my wife should come, your answer would be that you remember nothing—that you cannot charge your memory with persons and things that are gone by—that you have had prisoners of all complexions—that some have lived and some have died—and that you have something else to do than to remember what became of each. I hope, however, and (as it would be for the advantage of the First Consul) I believe, that you would have the complaisance to show them my grave."

"Come, come! no foreboding! Foreboding is bad," repeated Rubaut.

Toussaint smiled and said,

"What other employment do you afford me than that of looking into the past and future, in order to avoid the present? If, turning from the sickening view which the past presents of the treachery of your race to mine, of the abuse of my brotherly trust in him by which your ruler has afflicted our hearts—if, turning from this mournful past, I look the other way, what do I see before me but the open grave?"

"You are out of spirits," said Rubaut, building up the fire.

"You wear well, however. You must have been very strong in your best days. You wear extremely well."

"I still live; and that I do so is because the sun of my own climate, and the strength of soul of my best days, shine and glow through me now, quenching in part even these damps. But I am old, and every day heaps years on me. However, I am as willing as you that my looking forward should be for others than myself. I might be able to forebode for France and for its ruler."

Rubaut folded his arms, and leaned, as if anxious to listen, against the wall beside the fire; but it was so wet that he quickly shifted his position—still, however, keeping his eyes fixed on his prisoner.

"And what would you forebode for France and for her ruler?" he asked.

"That my country will never again be hers. Her retribution is as sure as her tyranny has been great. She may send out fleet after fleet, each bearing an army; but the spirit of freedom will be too strong for them all. Their bodies will poison the air and choke the sea, and the names of their commanders will, one after another, sink in disgrace before they will again make slaves of my people in St. Domingo. How stands the name of Leclerc at this moment in France?"

"Leclerc is dead," said Rubaut; repenting, the next mo-



ment, that he had said so much. Toussaint saw this by his countenance, and inquired no farther.

"He is dead ! and twenty thousand Frenchmen with him, who might at this hour have been enjoying at home the natural wealth of my country, the fruits of our industry. The time was when I thought your ruler and I—the ruler, in alliance with him, of my race in St. Domingo—were brothers in soul, as we were apparently in duty and in fortune. Brothers in soul we were not, as it has been the heaviest grief of my life to learn. I spurn brotherhood of soul with one whose ambition has been for himself. Brothers in duty we were ; and, if we should yet be brothers in fortune—if he should fall into the hands of a strong foe—But you are saying in your heart, ' No foreboding ! Foreboding is bad.' "

Rubaut smiled, and said foreboding was only bad for the spirits ; and the First Consul's spirits were not likely to be affected by anything that could be said at Joux. To predict bad fortune to him was like looking for the sun to be put out at noonday ; it might pass the time, but would not dim the sun.

" So was it said of me," replied the prisoner ; " and with the more reason, because I made no enemies. My enemies have not been of my own making. Your ruler is making enemies on every hand ; and alas ! for him if he lives to meet the hour of retribution ! If he, like myself, should fall into the power of a strong foe—if he should pass his remaining days imprisoned on a rock, may he find more peace than I should dare look for if I had his soul ! "

" There is not a braver man in Europe, or the Indies either, than the First Consul. "

" Brave towards foes without and sufferings to come. But bravery gives no help against enemies harboured within and evils fixed in the past. What will his bravery avail against the images of France corrupted, of Europe outraged, of the blacks betrayed and oppressed—of the godlike power which was put into his hands, abused to the purposes of the devil ! "

" But perhaps he would not view his affairs as you do ? "

" Then would his bravery avail him no better. If he should be so blind as to see nothing higher and better than his own acts, then will he see no higher nor better hope than he has lost. Then will he suffer and die under the slow torments of personal mortifications and regrets. "

" You say you are sinking under your reverses. You say you are slowly dying. "

"I am. I shall die of the sickening and pining of sense and limb—of the wasting of bone and muscle. Day by day is my eye more dim and my right arm more feeble. But I have never complained of evils that the bravery you speak of would not meet. Have I ever said that you have touched my soul?"

Rubaut saw the fire in his eye, glanced at his emaciated hand, and felt that this was true. He could bear the conversation no longer, now that no disclosures that could serve the First Consul seemed likely to be made.

"You are going?" said Toussaint.

"Yes, I looked in to-day, because I am about to leave the fortress for a few days."

"If you see the First Consul, tell him what I have now said; and add that if, like him, I had used my power for myself, he would have had a power over me which he has not now. I should not then have been here—(nay, you must hear me)—I should not then have been here, crushed beneath his hand; I should have been on the throne of St. Domingo—flattered, as he is, by assurances of my glory and security, but crushed by a heavier weight than that of his hand—by his image, as that of one betrayed in my infidelity to his country and nation. Tell him this; tell him that I perish willingly, if this consequence of my fidelity to France may be a plea for justice to my race."

"How people have misrepresented you to me!" said Rubaut, bustling about the cell, and opening the door to call Bellines. "They told me you were very silent—rarely spoke."

"That was true when my duty was to think," said Toussaint. "To-day my duty has been to speak. Remember that yours, in fidelity to your ruler, is to repeat to him what I say."

"More wood, Bellines," said Rubaut, going to the door to give farther directions in a low voice. Returning, he said, with some hurry of manner, that, as he was to be absent for two or three days, he had sent for such a supply of wood and flambeaux as might last some time. More books should also be brought.

"When shall we meet again?" asked Toussaint.

"I don't know. Indeed I do not know," said the commandant, looking at his watch by the firelight. His prisoner saw that his hands trembled, and that he walked with some irresolution to the door.

"Au revoir!" said Toussaint.

Rubaut did not reply, but went out, leaving the door standing wide, and apparently no one to guard it.



Toussaint's heart beat at the thought that this might give him one more opportunity of being abroad in the daylight—perhaps in the sun! He rose to make the attempt; but he was exhausted by the conversation he had held—the first for so long! His aching limbs failed him, and he sank down on his bed, from which he did not rise till long after Bellines had laid down his loads and left the place.

The prisoner rose at length, to walk, as he did many times in the day, from corner to corner of his cell. At the first turn, by the door, he struck his foot against something, which he upset. It was a pitcher of water, which, with a loaf of bread, had been put in that unusual place. The sight was as distinct in its signification as a yawning grave. His door was to open upon him no more. He was not again to see a human face. The commandant was to be absent a while, and, on returning, to find his prisoner dead.

He used all means that he could devise to ascertain whether it were indeed so. He called Bellines from the door in the way which Bellines had never failed to reply to since the departure of Mars Plaisir. Bellines did not come. He sang aloud, as he had never before been allowed to sing, unchecked, since he entered the fortress. He now sang unchecked. The hour of the afternoon meal passed, and no one came. The evening closed, and no bolt had been drawn. The case was clear.

The prisoner now and then felt a moment's surprise at experiencing so little recoil from such a fate. He was scarcely conscious even of repugnance. His tranquillity was doubtless owing, in part, to his having long contemplated death in this place as certain; to life having now little left to make its continuance desirable; and to his knowing himself to be so reduced that the struggle could not be very long. But he himself believed his composure to be owing to another cause than any of these.

"He who appointed me to the work of such a life as mine," thought the dying man, "is making its close easy to his servant. I would willingly have suffered to the extremity of his will: but my work is done; men's eyes are no longer upon me; I am alone with Him; and He is pleased to let me enter already upon my everlasting peace. If Father Laxabon were here, would he now say, as he has often said, and as most men say, that, looking back upon life from its close, it appears short as the time of the early rains? Instead of this, how long appear the sixty years that I have lived! How long,

how weary now seems the life when I was a slave—though much was done, and it was the schooling of my soul for the work preparing for my hand! My Margot! my children! how quietly did we then live, as if no change were ever to come, and we were to sit before our door at Breda every evening till death should remove us one by one! While I was composing my soul to patience by thought and by reading, how little did I dream that I was so becoming prepared to free my race—to reign, and then to die of cold and hunger, such as the meanest slave never knows! Then the next eight years of toil—they seem longer than all that went before. Doubtless they were lengthened to me, to make my weak powers equal to the greatness of my task; for every day of conducting war and making laws appeared to me stretched out into a year. These late seasons of reverse have passed over more rapidly, for their suffering has been less. While all, even to Henri, have pitied me during these latter years, they knew not that I was recovering the peace which I shall now no more lose. It is true that I erred, according to the common estimate of affairs, in not making myself a king, and separating my country from France, as France herself is compelling her to separate at last. It is true I might now have been reigning there instead of dying here; and, what is more worthy of meditation, my people might now have been laying aside their arms, and beginning a long career of peace. It might possibly have been so—but at what cost! Their career of freedom (if freedom it could then have been called) would have begun in treason and in murder, and the stain would have polluted my race for ever. Now they will have freedom still; they cannot but have it, though it is delayed. And upon this freedom will rest the blessing of Heaven. We have not fought for dominion nor for plunder; nor, as far as I could govern the passions of men, for revenge. We began our career of freedom in fidelity, in obedience, and in reverence towards the whites; and therefore may we take to ourselves the blessing of Him who made us to be free, and demands that we be so with clean hands and a pure heart. Therefore will the freedom of St. Domingo be but the beginning of freedom to the negro race. Therefore may we hope that in this race will the spirit of Christianity appear more fully than it has yet shown itself among the proud whites; show itself in its gentleness, its fidelity, its disinterestedness, and its simple trust. The proud whites may scorn this hope, and point to the ignorance and the passions of my people, and say, ‘Is this your exhibition of the spirit



of the Gospel?" But not for this will we give up our hope. This ignorance, these passions, are natural to all men, and are in us aggravated and protracted by our slavery. Remove them by the discipline and the stimulus of freedom, begun in obedience to God and fidelity to men, and there remain the love that embraces all; the meek faith that can bear to be betrayed, but is ashamed to doubt; the generosity that can forgive offences seventy-and-seven times renewed; the simple, open, joyous spirit, which marks such as are of the kingdom of Heaven. Lord! I thank thee that thou hast made me the servant of this race!"

Never, during the years of his loneliness or the days of his grandeur, had Toussaint spent a brighter hour than now, while the spirit of prophecy (twin-angel with death) visited him, and showed him the realms of mind which were opening before his race—that countless host whose van he had himself led to the confines. This spirit whispered something of the immortality of his own name, hidden, lost as he was in his last hours.

"Be it so!" thought he, "if my name can excite any to devotedness, or give to any the pleasure of being grateful. If my name live, the goodness of those who name it will be its life; for my true self will not be in it. No one will more know the real Toussaint. The weakness that was in me when I felt most strong, the reluctance when I appeared most ready, the acts of sin from which I was saved by accident alone, the divine constraint of circumstances to which my best deeds were owing—these things are between me and my God. If my name and my life are to be of use, I thank God that they exist: but this outward existence of them is nothing between him and me. To me henceforward they no more belong than the name of Epaminondas or the life of Tell. Man stands naked on the brink of the grave, his name stripped from him, and his deeds laid down as the property of the society he leaves behind. Let the name and deeds I now leave behind be a pride to generations yet to come—a more innocent pride than they have sometimes, alas! been to me. I have done with them."

Toussaint had often known what hunger was: in the Mornes he had endured it almost to extremity. He now expected to suffer less from it than then, from being able to yield to the faintness and drowsiness which had then to be resisted. From time to time during his meditations, he felt its sensations visiting him, and felt them without fear or regret. He had eaten

his loaf when first hungry, and had watched through the first night, hoping to sleep his long sleep the sooner when his fire should at length be burned out. During the day, some faint sounds reached him from the valley—some tokens of the existence of men. During the last two nights of his life, his ear was kept awake only by the dropping of water—the old familiar sound—and the occasional stir of the brands upon the hearth. About midnight of the second night he found he could sit up no longer. With trembling hands he laid on such pieces of wood as he could lift, lighted another flambeau, and lay down on his straw. He raised himself but once—hastily and dizzily in the dawn (dawn to him, but sunrise abroad). His ear had been reached by the song of the young goatherds as they led their flocks abroad into another valley. The prisoner had dreamed that it was his boy Denis, singing in the piazza at Pongaudin. As his dim eye recognised the place by the flicker of the expiring flambeau, he smiled at his delusion, and sank back to sleep again.

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The commandant was absent three days. On his return he summoned Bellines, and said, in the presence of several soldiers,

“How is the prisoner there?” pointing in the direction of Toussaint’s cell.

“He has been very quiet this morning, sir.”

“Very quiet? Do you suppose he is ill?”

“He was as well as usual the last time I went to him.”

“He has had plenty of everything, I suppose?”

“Oh, yes, sir. Wood, candle, food, water—everything.”

“Very well. Get lights, and I will visit him.”

Lights were brought. A boy who carried a lantern shivered as he saw how ghastly Bellines’ face looked in the yellow gleam, in the dark vault on the way to the cell, and was not sorry to be told to stay behind till called to light the commandant back again.

“Have you heard anything?” asked Rubaut of the soldier, in a low voice.

“Not for many hours. There was a call or two, and some singing, just after you went, but nothing since.”

“Hush! Listen!”

They listened motionless for some time; but nothing was heard but the everlasting splash which went on all around them.



"Unbar the door, Bellines."

He did so, and held the door wide for the commandant to enter. Rubaut stalked in, and straight up to the straw bed. He called the prisoner in a somewhat agitated voice, felt the hand, raised the head, and declared that he was gone. The candle was burned completely out. Rubaut turned to the hearth, carefully stirred the ashes, blew among them, and raised a spark.

"You observe," he said to Bellines, "his fire was burning when we found him."

"Yes, sir."

"There is more wood and more candle?"

"Yes, sir; the wood is in this corner, and the candle on the table—just under your hand, sir."

"Oh, ay—here. Put on some wood and blow up a flame. Observe, we found his fire burning."

"Yes, sir."

They soon reappeared in the courtyard and announced the death of the prisoner. Rubaut ordered a messenger to be in readiness to ride to Pontarlier by the time he should have written a letter.

"We must have the physicians from Pontarlier," observed the commandant, aloud, "to examine the deceased, and declare what he died of. The old man has not been well for some time past. I have no doubt the physicians will find that he died of apoplexy, or something of the kind."

"No wonder, poor soul!" said a sutler's wife to another woman.

"No wonder, indeed," replied the other. "My husband died of the heat in St. Domingo; and they took this poor man—(don't tell it, but he was a black; I got a sight of him, and he came from St. Domingo, you may depend upon it)—they took him out of all that heat, and put him into that cold, damp place there! No wonder he is dead."

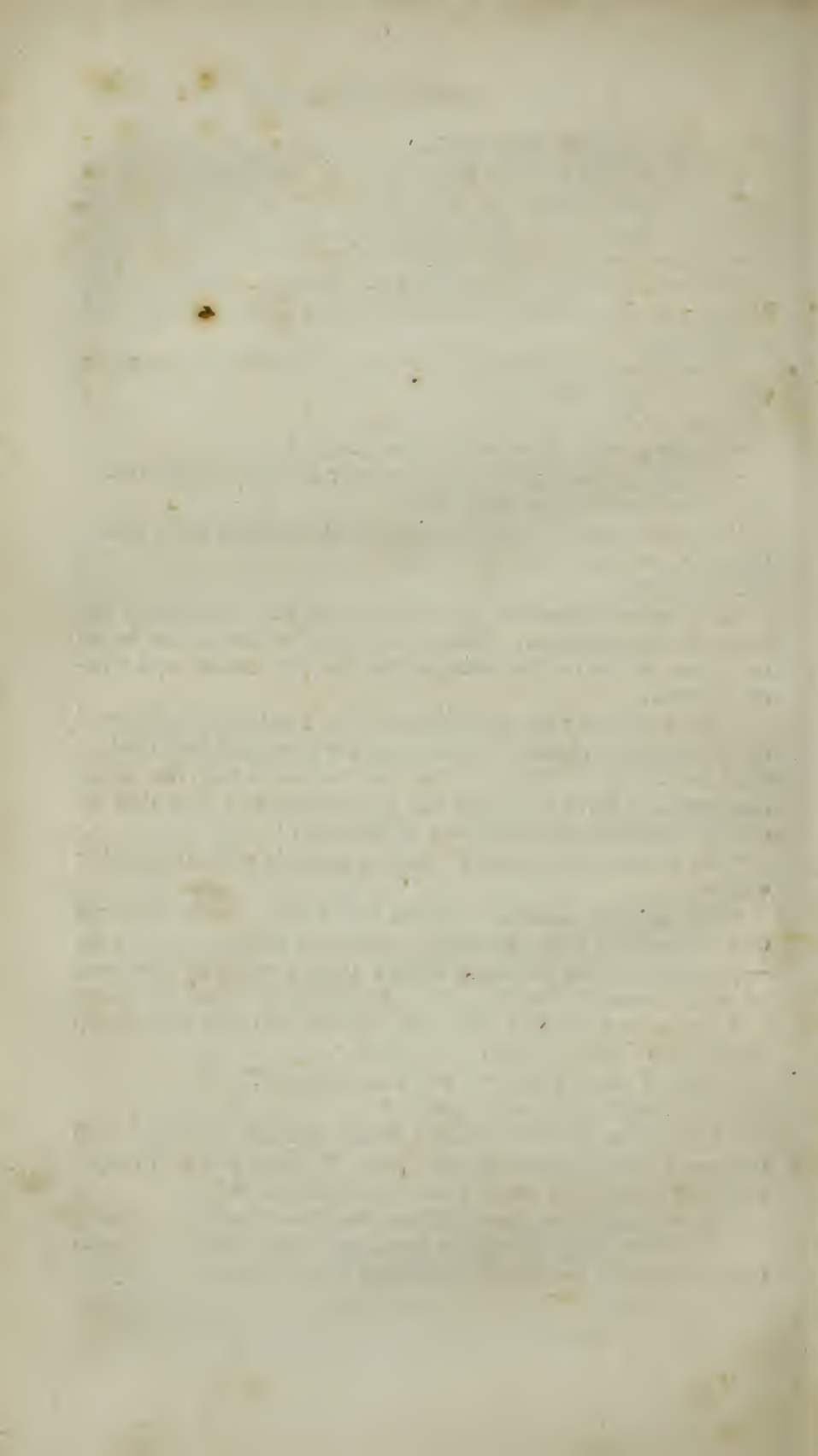
"Well, I never knew we had a black here!"

"Don't say I told you, then."

"I have no doubt—yes, we found his fire burning," said Bellines to the inquirers around him. "They will find it apoplexy, or some such thing, I have no doubt of it."

And so they did, to the entire satisfaction of the First Consul.

Yet it was long before the inquiring world knew with certainty what had become of Toussaint L'Ouverture.





## A P P E N D I X.

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THOSE who feel interest enough in the extraordinary fortunes of Toussaint L'Ouverture to inquire concerning him from the Biographical Dictionaries and Popular Histories of the day, will find in them all the same brief and peremptory decision concerning his character. They all pronounce him to have been a man of wonderful sagacity, endowed with a native genius for both war and government; but savage in warfare, hypocritical in religion—using piety as a political mask, and, in all his affairs, the very prince of dissemblers. It is true that this account consists neither with the facts of his life, the opinions of the people he delivered, nor the state documents of the island he governed. Yet it is easy to account for. The first notices of him were French, reported by the discomfited invaders of St. Domingo to writers imbued with the philosophy of the days of the Revolution; and later accounts are copies of these earlier ones. From the time when my attention was first fixed on this hero, I have been struck with the inconsistencies contained in all reports of his character which ascribe to him cruelty and hypocrisy; and, after a long and careful comparison of such views with his words and deeds, with the evidence obtainable from St. Domingo, and with the temper of his times in France, I have arrived at the conclusion that his character was, in sober truth, such as I have endeavoured to represent it in the foregoing work.

I do not mean to say that I am the first who has formed an opinion that Toussaint was an honest, a religious, and a mild and merciful man. In an article in the Quarterly Review (No. XLII.) on the "Past and Present State of Hayti," so interesting an account is given of the great negro as to cause some wonder that no one has till now been moved by it to present the facts of his life in the form of an historical novel. In that article it is justly observed that the *onus* rests with those who accuse Toussaint of hypocrisy to prove their allegation by facts. I would say the same of the other charge of cruelty. Meantime, I disbelieve both charges, for these reasons among others.

The wars of St. Domingo were conducted in a most barbarous spirit before the time of Toussaint's acquisition of power and after his abduction. During the interval, the whole weight of his influence was given to curb the ferocity of both parties. He pardoned his personal enemies (as in the instance of the mulattoes in the church), and he punished in his followers, as the most unpardonable offence they could commit, any infringement of his rule of "No RETALIATION." When it is considered that the cruelties perpetrated in the rising of 1791, and renewed after the fall of Toussaint, were invented by the whites, and copied by the negroes (who were wont to imitate their masters in all they did), it is no small evidence of L'Ouverture's magnanimity that he conceived, illustrated, and enforced, in such times, such a principle as that of No RETALIATION.

All the accounts of him agree that, from his earliest childhood, he was distinguished by a tenderness of nature which would not let him hurt a fly. He attached to himself the cattle and horses which were under his charge when a boy, to a degree which made him famous in a region where cruelty to animals at the hands of slaves was almost universal. A man who lived till fifty, remarkable for a singular gentleness and placability, ought not to be believed sanguinary from that time forward on the strength of the unsupported charges of his disappointed enemies.

Piety was also his undisputed early characteristic. A slave, bringing to the subject of religion the aptitude of the negro nature, early treated with kindness by a priest, evincing the spirit of piety from his infant years, finding in it the consolations required by a life of slavery, and guided by it in a course of the strictest domestic morality while surrounded by licentiousness, may well be supposed sincere in his religion under a change of circumstances occurring after he was fifty years of age. The imputation of hypocrisy is not, however, much to be wondered at when it is considered that, at the time when the first notices of Toussaint were written at Paris, it was the fashion there to believe that no wise man could be sincerely religious.

As for the charge of general and habitual dissimulation, it can only be said, that while no proof of the assertion is offered, there is evidence, in all the anecdotes preserved of him, of absolute frankness and simplicity. I rather think that it was the incredible extent of his simplicity which gave rise to the belief that it was assumed in order to hide cunning. The Quarterly Review quotes an anecdote thoroughly characteristic of the man, which is not introduced into my story because, in the



abundance of my materials, I found it necessary to avoid altogether the history of the English transactions in St. Domingo. It was only by confining my narrative to the relations between Toussaint and France that I could keep my tale within limits and preserve the clearness of the representation. There are circumstances, however, in his intercourses with the British as honourable to Toussaint's character as any that I have related; and among them is the following, which I quote from the *Quarterly Review*.

“General Maitland, previous to the disembarkation of the troops, returned the visit at Toussaint's camp; and such was his confidence in the integrity of his character, that he proceeded through a considerable extent of country, full of armed negroes, with only three attendants. Roume, the French commissary, wrote a letter to Toussaint on this occasion, advising him to seize his guest as an act of duty to the Republic: on the route, General Maitland was secretly informed of Roume's treachery; but, in full reliance on the honour of Toussaint, he determined to proceed. On arriving at headquarters, he was desired to wait. It was some time before Toussaint made his appearance; at length, however, he entered the room with two open letters in his hand. ‘There, general,’ said he, ‘before we talk together, read these. One is a letter from the French commissary, the other is my answer. I could not see you till I had written my reply, that you might be satisfied how safe you were with me, and how incapable I am of baseness.’”—*Quarterly Review*, vol. xxi., p. 442.

The charge of personal ambition is, above all, contradicted by facts. If anything is clear in Toussaint's history, it is that his ruin was owing to his loyalty to France, his misplaced trust in Napoleon, and his want of personal ambition. He did not, as he might have done, make himself a sovereign when France was wholly occupied with European warfare. He did not, as he might have done, prepare his people to resist the power of the mother-country when she should at length be at liberty to reclaim the colony. He sent away the French commissaries only when, by their ignorance and incompetency, they perilled the peace and safety of the colony. He cherished the love of the mother-country in the hearts of the negroes to the very last moment—till the armament which came to re-establish slavery appeared on the shores—till it was too late to offer that resistance which would have made him a king. Christophe's view of this part of his conduct is given in a manifesto, dated in the eleventh year of the Independence of Hayti:

“Toussaint L'Ouverture, under his paternal administration, had reinstated, in full force, law, morals, religion, education, and industry. Agriculture and commerce were flourishing. He favoured the white colonists, particularly the planters. Indeed, his attentions and partialities had been carried to such a length, that he was loudly blamed for entertaining more affection for them than for those of his own colour. Nor was this reproach without foundation: for, a few months before the arrival of the French, he sacrificed his own nephew, General Moyse, who had disregarded the orders he had given for the protection of the colonists. That act of the governor, added to the great confidence he had placed in the French authorities, was the principal cause of the feeble resistance the French encountered in Hayti. Indeed, his confidence in these authorities was such, that he had discharged the greater part of the regular troops, and sent them back to the tillage of the soil.”—*Haytian Papers*, p. 158.

Such conduct is a sufficient answer to the allegation that Toussaint was actuated by a selfish ambition, cunning in its aims, and cruel in its use of means.

Some light is thrown upon the character of his mind by the record of the books he studied while yet a slave. Rainsford gives a list, which does not pretend to be complete, but which is valuable as far as it goes. It appears that in his years of comparative leisure he was completely engrossed by one book at a time, reading it at all spare moments, meditating its contents while in the field, and quoting it in conversation for weeks together. One of the first authors whose works thus entirely possessed him was Raynal: afterward Epictetus, in a French translation: then others, as follows:

Scriptores de Re Militari.

Cæsar's Commentaries. French translation, by De Crisse.

Des Claison's History of Alexander and Cæsar.

D'Orleans's History of Revolutions in England and Spain.

Marshal Saxe's Military Reveries.

Guischard's Military Memoirs of the Greeks and Romans.

Herodotus.

Le Beau's Memoirs of the Academy of Inscriptions and Belles Lettres.

Lloyd's Military and Political Memoirs.

English Socrates, Plutarch, Cornelius Nepos, &c., &c.

Great mystery hangs over the tale of Toussaint's imprisonment and death. It appears that he was confined in the Temple as long as Napoleon had hopes of extorting from him in-



formation about the treasures, absurdly reported to have been buried by him in the Mornes,\* under circumstances of atrocious cruelty. It has been suggested that torture was employed by Bonaparte's aid, Caffarelli, to procure the desired confession ; but I do not know that the conjecture is founded on any evidence.

As to the precise mode of L'Ouverture's death, there is no certainty. The only point on which all authorities agree is, that he was deliberately murdered ; but whether by mere confinement in a cell whose floor was covered with water and the walls with ice (a confinement necessarily fatal to a negro), or by poison, or by starvation in conjunction with disease, may perhaps never be known. The report which is, I believe, the most generally believed in France, is that which I have adopted : that the commandant, when his prisoner was extremely ill, left the fortress for two or three days, with the key of Toussaint's cell in his pocket ; that, on his return, he found his prisoner dead ; and that he summoned physicians from Pontarlier, who examined the body, and pronounced a serous apoplexy to be the cause of death. It so happened that I was able, in the spring of last year, to make some inquiry upon the spot, the result of which I will relate.

I was travelling in Switzerland with a party of friends, with whom I had one day discussed the fortunes and character of Toussaint. I had then no settled purpose of writing about him, but was strongly urged to it by my companions. On the morning of the 15th of May, when we were drawing near Payerne from Freyburgh, on our way to Lausanne, I remembered and mentioned that we were not very far from the fortress of Joux, where Toussaint's bones lay. My party were all eager that I should visit it. There were difficulties in the way of the scheme, the chief of which was, that our passports were not so signed as to enable us to enter France ; and the nearest place where the necessary signature could be obtained was Berne, which we had left behind us the preceding day. I had, however, very fortunately, a secretary of state's passport, besides the Prussian consul's ; and this second passport, made out for myself and a *femme-de-chambre*, had been signed by the French minister in London. One of my kind companions offered to cross the frontier with me as my *femme-de-chambre*, and to help me in obtaining access to the prison of

\* I believe the term "Morne" is peculiar to St. Domingo. A morne is a valley, whose bounding hills are themselves backed by mountains.

Toussaint: an offer I was very thankful to accept. At Payerne we separated ourselves and a very small portion of luggage from our party, whom we promised to overtake at Lausanne in two or three days. We engaged for the trip a double char-à-banc, with two stout little horses, and a *brave homme* of a driver, as our courteous landlady at Payerne assured us. Passing through Yverdun, we reached Orbe by five in the afternoon, and took up our quarters at the Guillaume Tell, full of expectation for the morrow.

On the 16th, we had breakfasted, and were beginning the ascent of the Jura before seven o'clock. The weather was fine, and we enjoyed a succession of interesting objects till we reached that which was the motive of our excursion. First we had that view of the Alps which, if it were possible, it would be equally useless to describe to any who have and any who have not stood on the eastern slope of the Jura on a clear day. Then we wound among the singular defiles of this mountain-range till we reached the valley which is commanded by Jougne. Here we alighted, climbing the slope to the gate of the town, while the carriage was slowly dragged up the steep, winding road. Our appearance obviously perplexed the two custom-house officers, who questioned us, and peeped into our one bag and our one book (the Handbook of Switzerland) with an amusing air of suspicion. My companion told that the aim of our journey was the fortress of Joux; and that we expected to pass the frontier again in the afternoon, on our return to Orbe. Whether they believed us, or, believing, thought us very foolish, is best known to themselves; but I suspect the latter, by their compliments on our cleverness on our return. At Jougne we supplied ourselves with provisions, and then proceeded through valleys, each narrower than the last, more dismal with pines, and more checkered with snow. The air of desolation, here and there rendered more striking by the dreary settlements of the charcoal-burners, would have been impressive enough if our minds had not been full of the great negro, and therefore disposed to view everything with his eyes.

The scene was exactly what I have described in my story, except that a good road, made since Toussaint's time, now passes round and up the opposite side of the rock from that by which he mounted. The old road, narrow and steep, remains; and we descended by it.

We reached the courtyard without difficulty, passing the two drawbridges and portcullis described. The commandant



was absent ; and his lieutenant declared against our seeing anything more than the great wheel, and a small section of the battlements. But for great perseverance, we should have seen nothing more ; but we obtained, at last, all we wanted. We passed through the vault and passages I have described, and thoroughly examined the cell. No words can convey a sense of its dreariness. I have exaggerated nothing : the dim light, the rotten floor, shining like a pond, the drip of water, the falling flakes of ice, were all there. The stove was removed, but we were shown where it stood.

There were only three persons who pretended to possess any information concerning the negro prisoner. The soldier who was our principal guide appeared never to have heard of him. A very old man in the village, to whom we were referred, could tell us nothing but one fact, which I knew before : that Toussaint was deprived of his servant some time before his death. A woman in the sutler's department of the fortress pretended to know all about him ; but she had never seen him, and had no farther title to authority than that her first husband had died in the St. Domingo invasion. She did us the good service of pointing out the grave, however. The brickwork which surrounds the coffin now forms part of a new wall ; but it was till lately within the church.

This woman's story was that which was probably given out on the spot to be told to inquirers, so inconsistent is it in itself and with known facts. Her account was, that Toussaint was carried off from St. Domingo by the ship in which he was banqueted by Leclerc (the last of a line of two hundred) weighing anchor without his perceiving it while he was at dinner. The absurdity of this beginning shows how much reliance is to be placed upon the rest of her story. She declared that the Commandant Rubaut had orders from the government to treat the prisoner well ; that his servant remained with him to the last ; that he was well supplied with books, allowed the range of the fortress, and accustomed to pass his days in the house of the commandant, playing cards in the evenings ; that on the last day of his life he excused himself from the card-table on the plea of being unwell ; that he refused to have his servant with him, though urged not to pass the night alone ; that he was left with fire, fauteuil, flambeaux, and a book, and found dead in his chair in the morning ; and that the physicians who examined the body declared his death to have been caused by the rupture of a bloodvessel in the heart. This last particular is known to be as incorrect as the

first. As for the rest, this informant differs from all others in saying that Mars Plaisir remained with his master to the last day of his life ; and we may ask why Toussaint's nights were to be passed in his horrible cell if his days were so favoured ; and how it was that no research availed to discover to the eager curiosity of all Europe and the West Indies the retreat of L'Ouverture, if he, a negro, was daily present to the eyes of the garrison of the fortress, and of those of all the inhabitants of the village, and of all the travellers on that road who chose to raise their eyes to the walls.

Our third informant was a boy, shrewd and communicative, who could tell us the traditions of the place ; and, of course, young as he was, nothing more. It was he who showed us where the additional stove was placed when winter came on. He pointed to a spot beside the fireplace where he said the straw was spread on which Toussaint lay. He declared that Toussaint lived and died in solitude ; and that he was found dead and cold, lying on the straw—his wood fire, however, not being wholly extinguished.

The dreary impression of the place saddennd our minds for long after we had left it ; and, glad as we were, on rejoining our party at Lausanne, to report the complete success of our enterprise, we cannot recur to it, to this day, without painful feelings.

How the lot of Toussaint was regarded by the generous spirits of the time is shown in a sonnet of Wordsworth's, written during the disappearance of L'Ouverture. Every one knows this sonnet ; but it may be read by others, as by me, with a fresh emotion of delight, after having dwelt on the particulars of the foregoing history.

“Toussaint, the most unhappy man of men !  
 Whether the whistling rustic tend his plough  
 Within thy hearing, or thy head be now  
 Pillow'd in some deep dungeon's earless den :  
 Oh miserable chieftain ! where and when  
 Wilt thou find patience ? Yet die not : do thou  
 Wear rather in thy bonds a cheerful brow :  
 Though fallen thyself, never to rise again,  
 Live and take comfort. Thou hast left behind  
 Powers that will work for thee : air, earth, and skies.  
 There's not a breathing of the common wind  
 That will forget thee : thou hast great allies :  
 Thy friends are exultations, agonies,  
 And love, and man's unconquerable mind.”

The family of Toussaint were first sent to Bayonne, and afterward to Agen, where one of the sons died of a decline.



The two elder ones, endeavouring to escape from the surveillance under which they lived, were embarked for Belle Isle and imprisoned in the citadel, where they were seen in 1803. On the restoration of the Bourbons, not only were they released, but a pension was settled on the family. Madame L'Ouverture died, I believe, in the south of France, in 1816, in the arms of Placide and Isaac.

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For some years I have read whatever came within my reach on the subject of my present work, so that it would not now be easy to assign my authority for every view and every statement it contains. The authorities which I have principally consulted while actually writing, I will, however, give. They are Rainsford's "Historical Account of the Black Empire of Hayti;" the above-mentioned article in the *Quarterly Review*; Bryan Edwards's *St. Domingo*; the article "Toussaint L'Ouverture" in the *Biographie Universelle*; and the "Haytian Papers," edited by Prince Sanders.

Of these, Bryan Edwards, who did not live to complete his history, barely names my hero; and the reports he gives of the Revolution of St. Domingo are useful chiefly as representing the prejudices as well as the interests of the planters. The article in the *Quarterly* is valuable as being an able and liberal digest of various narratives: some derived from Hayti itself. Rainsford's book is nearly unreadable from the absurdity of its style; but it is truly respectable in my eyes, notwithstanding, from its high appreciation of L'Ouverture's character. It contains more information concerning Toussaint than can be found, I believe, anywhere else, except in the *Biographie*; and it has the advantage of detailing what fell under the writer's own observation. The *Biographie* furnishes many valuable facts; but appears, from the inconsistency of various parts, and the confused impression which it conveys as a whole, to be a compilation, in which the workman has been more careful to give dates and other facts correctly, than to understand the personage whose portrait he professes to give. The "Haytian Papers" are the most valuable of all authorities as far as they go.

Of my personages, all had a real existence except M. Revel, Euphrosyne, and their servants, some of the planters mentioned in the second chapter, the children of Bellair, the abbess and

her establishment, and some of the visiters at Toussaint's levée, with a few other subordinate characters.

Of the real personages, several were probably very unlike what I have represented them. I knew the names of some without knowing their characters, as in the instances of Placide and Isaac, MM. Pascal and Molière, Mars Plaisir, Madame Ogé, the Marquis d'Hermona, Laxabon, Vincent, and Paul.

Of others, I knew the character and history without being able to find the names, as in the instances of Madame Dessalines and Madame Bellair. Of others, such as the wife, daughters, and third son of Toussaint, M. Papalier, and the tutors Azua and Loisir, I knew only that they existed, without being able to learn their names or characters. The portraits which have some pretension to historical truth are those of Toussaint himself, Jean François, Christophe, Dessalines, and the other negro generals, old Dessalines, Bellair, Raymond, the French commissaries and envoys, Bayou, and Moyse.

Having mentioned in my tale the fine letters of Christophe relating to the intrigues of the French on their arrival, I have pleasure in giving the correspondence, as preserved in the "Haytian Papers."

## LIBERTY AND EQUALITY.

### ARMY OF ST. DOMINGO.

Headquarters on board the Océan, }  
13th Pluviose, 10th year of the Republic. }

*The General-in-chief of the Army of St. Domingo, Captain-general of the Colony, to the General of Brigade, Christophe, Commandant at Cap François.*

I LEARN with indignation, citizen general, that you refuse to receive the French squadron and the French army that I command, under the pretext that you have received no orders from the governor-general.

France has concluded a peace with England, and its government sends to St. Domingo forces capable of subduing the rebels; at least, if any are to be found in St. Domingo. As to you, general, I confess it will grieve me to account you among them.



I give you notice, that if you have not, in the course of this day, surrendered the forts Picolet and Belair, with all the batteries on the coast, to-morrow, at daybreak, fifteen thousand troops shall be disembarked.

Four thousand men are at this moment landing at Fort Liberté ; eight thousand more at Port Républicain.\*

Herewith you will receive my proclamation, which expresses the intentions of the French government : but recollect, whatever individual esteem your conduct may have inspired me with, I hold you responsible for what may happen.

I salute you,

(Signed)

LECLERC.

Headquarters at Cap Français, }  
13th Pluviose, year 10. }

*Henri Christophe, General of Brigade, Commandant of the Arrondissement of Cap, to the General-in-chief, Leclerc.*

YOUR aiddecamp, general, has delivered to me your letter of this day. I have the honour to inform you that I could not deliver up the forts and post confided to my command without previous orders from the governor-general, Toussaint L'Ouverture, my immediate chief, from whom I hold the powers with which I am invested. I am fully persuaded that I have to do with Frenchmen, and that you are the chief of the armament called the expedition ; but I wait the orders of the governor, to whom I have despatched one of my aidsdecamp, to apprize him of your arrival and that of the French army, and cannot permit you to land until I have received his answer. If you put in force your threats of hostility, I shall make the resistance which becomes a general officer ; and, should the chance of war be yours, you shall not enter Cap Français till it be reduced to ashes. Nay, even in the ruins will I renew the combat.

You say that the French government has sent to St. Domingo forces capable of subduing the rebels, if any such be found ; it is your coming, and the hostile intentions you manifest, that

\* This is a remarkable instance of the tone of exaggeration in which Leclerc appears to have habitually indulged. He here pretends to have 27,000 men at his immediate disposal ; whereas the histories of the time, written at Paris, give from 12,000 to 15,000 as the amount of the force Leclerc carried with him ; and he was not re-enforced for several weeks after the date of this letter.

alone could create them among a peaceable people, in perfect submission to France. The very mention of rebellion is an argument for our resistance.

As to the troops which you say are this moment landing, I consider them as so many pieces of card, which the least breath of wind will dissipate.

How can you hold me responsible for the event? You are not my chief; I know you not, and can therefore make no account of you till you are recognised by Governor Toussaint.

For the loss of your esteem, general, I assure you that I desire not to earn it at the price that you set upon it, since to purchase it I must be guilty of a breach of duty.

I have the honour to salute you,

(Signed)

H. CHRISTOPHE.

Headquarters at Cap Français,  
29th Germinal, year 10 of the French Republic. }

*The General-in-chief to General Christophe.*

You may give credit, citizen general, to all that Citizen Vilton has written to you on behalf of General Hardy; I will keep the promises which have been made you; but if it is your intention to submit to the Republic, think on the essential service you could render her by furnishing the means to secure the person of General Toussaint.

(Signed)

LECLERC.

Headquarters, Robillard, Grand Boucan, }  
2d Floréal, year 10.

*The General of Brigade, Henri Christophe, to General Leclerc.*

I HAVE received yours of the 29th of last month. With earnest desire to give credit to what Citizen Vilton has written me, I wait only for a proof which must convince me of the intention to procure the liberty and equality of the population of this colony. The laws which consecrate the principles, and which the mother-country, without doubt, has enacted, will carry to my heart this conviction; and I protest, that, on obtaining this desired proof, by being made acquainted with these laws, I shall submit immediately.

You propose to me, citizen general, to furnish you with the



means of securing the person of General Toussaint L'Ouverture. It would be perfidy and treason in me to do so ; and a proposition so degrading to me is, in my opinion, a mark of your invincible repugnance to believe me susceptible of the smallest sentiment of delicacy and honour. He is my commander and my friend. Is friendship, citizen general, compatible with such monstrous baseness ?

The laws which I have just mentioned have been promised us by the mother-country, by the proclamation that her consuls have addressed to us when they communicated the constitution of the 8th year. Fulfil, citizen general, fulfil this maternal promise, by unfolding to our view the code which contains it, and you will soon behold all her children rushing into the arms of that beneficent mother, and among them General Toussaint L'Ouverture, who, thus undeceived, like the rest, will hasten to correct his error. It is only when this error shall have been so dispelled, that, if he persist in spite of evidence, he can fairly be regarded as criminal, and be the first object of the anathema you have launched against him, and the measure you propose to me to execute.

Consider, citizen general, the happy effects that will result from the mere publication of these laws to a people crushed of old beneath the weight of burdens, and lacerated by the scourges of a barbarous slavery, in whom the apprehension of similar enormities is doubtless excusable : a people, in short, who have tasted the sweets of liberty and equality, and covet no happiness beyond the assurance of never more having to dread the fetters they have broken. The exposure of these laws before their eyes will stop the effusion of French blood by the hands of Frenchmen ; will restore to the Republic children who may yet do her service ; and, after the horrors of civil war, bring back tranquillity, peace, and prosperity to the bosom of this unhappy colony. The object is, without question, worthy of the greatness of the mother-country : its attainment, citizen general, would cover you with glory, with the blessings of a people who will take pleasure in forgetting the evils that they have suffered by the delay of this promulgation. Reflect, that to refuse them a participation of these laws, so necessary for the salvation of these countries, would be to perpetuate those evils, and must lead to absolute destruction. In the name of my country, in the name of the mother-country, I call for these salutary laws. Produce them, and St. Domingo is saved.

I have the honour to salute you,

(Signed)

H. CHRISTOPHE.

## ARMY OF THE EXPEDITION.

Headquarters at Cap Français, 4th Floréal, }  
 year 10 of the French Republic. }

*The General-in-chief to General Christophe.*

I HAVE just received your letter, general. The uneasiness you testify to me is of a nature easy to be removed. You demand of me the code which gives assurance of liberty to the negroes. That code is not completed: I am at this moment engaged upon it. The wisdom of the First Consul did not allow him to make a code for the government of a country with which he was unacquainted, and of which the accounts he has received are contradictory. But I declare to you in the presence of the colony—I protest before the Supreme Being, whose assistance is never invoked in vain—that the bases of this code are liberty and equality; that the negroes shall be free; and that the system of cultivation shall be founded upon the basis of that of General Toussaint, which may, perhaps, be even ameliorated in their favour. If this declaration is insufficient, it will be to me a convincing proof that you have no wish to submit to the Republic. If it be sufficient, present yourself to-morrow at the village of Haut-du-Cap. I shall be there; and I declare to you, that if, after an hour's explanation, we do not come to an understanding, you shall be at liberty to return to your troops, upon the word of honour of the general-in-chief.

What I have said to you on the subject of General Toussaint arose from my not supposing him to be actuated by such loyal views as yourself. I shall take pleasure in finding myself deceived. The answer you have made on this head gave me great satisfaction, and confirms me in the opinion I have always had of your loyalty.

If you come, and we understand one another, the war will have lasted so much the shorter time in the colony. If not, calculate my means, and your chances of successful resistance.

I salute you,

(Signed)

LECLERC.

Let me know the result of your arrangements, for I intend to absent myself from Cap for some moments.

(Signed)

LECLERC.



## LIBERTY AND EQUALITY.

Headquarters, Cardineau, Grande Rivière, }  
5th Floréal, year 10.

*The General of Brigade, Henri Christophe, to General Leclerc.*

I THIS moment received your letter of yesterday : its contents revive in my mind the hope of seeing tranquillity, peace, and prosperity return to this too long-agitated colony, under the auspices of liberty and equality. I accept your offer of an interview. To-morrow, at eleven o'clock in the morning, I shall present myself at Haut-du-Cap to confer with you. The word of a French general is, in my estimation, too sacred and inviolable to be denied belief.

I am flattered with the opinion you entertain of my loyalty, but regret that you still persist in thinking General Toussaint uninspired by that estimable feeling. Give me leave to say that you are deceived with regard to him. I have no apprehension of finding myself deceived when I assure you that the confirmation of civilized liberty and equality will make him throw himself into the arms of the Republic.

It is hopeless to enter upon any calculation of our respective means ; the resolution to be a man and a free man is the sum of my arithmetic ; and the certainty of seeing this title ensured to my fellow-citizens will soon resolve our divided forces into one and the same body, into one and the same family, united by the sincerest fraternity.

I have the honour, &c.,

(Signed)

H. CHRISTOPHE.

Headquarters at Cap Français, }  
8th Floréal, year 10.

*The General-in-chief to the General of Brigade, Christophe,  
Commandant of the Cordon of the North.*

I APPROVE, citizen general, of the motives which prevent your presence at Cap to-day. I am the more gratified by your effecting this operation in person, because the execution of your orders experienced some difficulties at Limbé.

The Commandant Lafleur, who occupies the great Cut of Limbé, would not consent to surrender his post without having seen you. It appears that the same thing has taken place on

the side of the landing-place of Limbé. General Salme had sent troops to occupy these posts ; on the refusal to surrender them, the troops retired. Some mounted dragoons of the country, and some of the rustic militia, came to his camp to buy provisions ; General Salme caused them to be disarmed and sent back. I have given orders for their arms to be restored.

As soon as you have completed the arrangements on the side of Grande Rivière, proceed to the crossway of Limbé, where you will find General Salme, who commands the arrondissement de Plaisance, and all the country that lies beyond the Rivière Salée. Take measures in consulting with him, so that he may forthwith occupy the military posts at present in the charge of your troops, and give orders that the rustic militia retire immediately to their habitations. Put in requisition every possible means of conveyance, in order to facilitate the provisioning of the troops cantoned in the mountains.

I salute you,

(Signed)

LECLERC.

As soon as you have concluded the business at Limbé, you will come and join me.

(Signed)

LECLERC.

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## LIBERTY AND EQUALITY.

Headquarters of Cap Français, 30th Germinal, }  
year 10 of the French Republic. }

*The General of Division, Hardy, commanding the Division of the North at St. Domingo, to General Christophe, commanding the Cordon of the North.*

CAPTAIN VILTON, in command at the Petit Anse, has communicated to me, citizen general, the letter which you have written to him, and I imparted it immediately to the general-in-chief, Leclerc.

By the details into which you have entered with Citizen Vilton, it is easy to discover, general, that you have been the victim of the treacherous insinuations of an infinity of beings, who, during the course of the revolution in France, have set all parties on fire together ; have everywhere excited trouble and discord ; and who, after having brought upon themselves their own expulsion, have taken refuge in this colony, where they



have distorted every fact and circumstance ; disseminated the most atrocious falsehoods and calumnies ; and sought, in fresh troubles, an existence that they could no longer find in Europe.

These crafty men have inspired you with distrust of the French government and its delegates. The conduct of the government, and its good faith, are well known to the whole world. Our own behaviour since our arrival in St. Domingo—our proceedings towards the peaceable inhabitants, and in the instances of Generals Clerveaux, Paul L'Ouverture, Maurepas, La Plume, and their companions in arms—may give you a just measure of all that malevolence and intrigue have invented to slander the purity of our intentions.

Twelve years, general, have we been fighting for liberty ; can you believe that, after such great sacrifices, we would so degrade ourselves in our own eyes as to incur a blemish which would efface our glory and destroy our work ? Return, general, to more reasonable sentiments, and assure yourself that your principles are ours also.

The reputation you enjoy in this country led us not to presume that the French, your brothers, would encounter any resistance in you to the will of the government.

Nevertheless, general, all hope of obtaining from this same government oblivion of the past is not entirely lost to you. I address you with the frankness of a soldier unacquainted with shifts and evasions. Correct your errors ; your return to true principles may accelerate the reparation of evils which have afflicted this beautiful spot. It is unworthy of you to serve as a stepping-stone to a usurper—to a rebel. The mother-country throws wide her arms to all her children led astray, and invites them to take refuge in her bosom.

If you have a serious intention of recognising the laws of the Republic and of submitting to the orders of her government, you will not hesitate, general, to come and join us with your troops. Hitherto we have fought you as enemies ; to-morrow, if you will, we will embrace you as brothers.

Write me your proposals, or inform me at what hour you will be at Vaudreuil to make them verbally. You will find me there. If we do not come to an understanding, I give you my word of honour, after the conference, you shall be at liberty to return to your headquarters.

I have the honour to salute you,

(Signed)

HARDY.

Headquarters, Robillard, Grand Boucan, }  
2d Floréal, year 10.

*The General of Brigade, Henri Christophe, to the General of Division, Hardy.*

YOUR letter of the 30th Germinal has reached me. You are wrong in believing me the victim of the machinations of perfidious intriguers. Nature, without having endued me with all the subtlety of a penetrating and clear-sighted genius, has furnished me with sense enough to guard me from the insinuations of wicked men. With an ardent love of peace and tranquillity, I have always kept at a distance from me violent and turbulent men, whose empoisoned breath engenders confusion and discord; but I have not been exempt from the suspicions that so many publications have roused in my mind, and which so many others have confirmed. Some originated in foreign countries, others in the heart of France. All announced, with a menacing tone, the misfortunes which now afflict us. How happens it that the desires of the wicked and the predictions of the evil-minded appear so much in unison with the resolutions of the mother-country?

When we were thus threatened with the return of slavery after having broken its fetters, was anything more natural than the dread of its return; than the suspicion, the restlessness, even the mistrust, of a people so often deceived, so constantly the mark for the declared hatred of the enemies of its liberty, who were jealous of the equality admitted in their favour? Could we be otherwise when everything concurred to justify our fears?

General, we too have twelve years combated for liberty; for the same rights which, like yourselves, we bought at the price of our blood; and I have ever revolted at the belief that the French, after having made such sacrifices to obtain them, would one day come to tear them from a people who glory in being a part of the great nation, and in enjoying, in common with her, the advantages derived from the revolution. That revolution, and the benefits it has diffused, are worthy of the glory of the Republic; and when you assure me that she will not destroy her work, why refuse to this branch of her family what must infallibly consolidate and immortalize for her the sublime edifice? The code of laws promised to the inhabitants of the colonies by the proclamation of the consuls, which



accompanied their communication of the constitution of the year 8, can alone convey to my mind the pledge of the consolidation of our rights. 'This, citizen general, is the only weapon capable of subduing the apprehensions of a justly-suspicious people ! This, a convincing proof, which alone can restore in my mind these sentiments to which you would recall me, and assure me that our mutual principles are the same !

The candour with which you address me is worthy, in all respects, of a soldier like yourself ; I express myself with equal frankness ; and if General Leclerc, instead of proposing to me an act of treason and infamy which would degrade me in my own eyes, had spoken to me as you have done—a language consistent with sentiments of honour and delicacy, such as he might fairly have presumed in me—I should have at least consented to the interview which you invite, not only at Vaudreuil, but at Le Petit Anse, or even at Cap. But, be it as it may, I augur too favourably of your frankness and your word of honour not to consent to that interview ; not at the place you point out, but at one which may be near the centre of our respective lines. I therefore propose the house of Montalibor for this purpose. If that is agreeable to you, appoint the day and hour when you will meet me there, and I promise to be present. But, general, furnish yourself with the code of laws which are to govern this country—which confirm liberty and equality to the people who will water and fertilize it with their sweat—and our interview will be crowned with the happiest success ; and I rejoice to owe to you the information which can alone dispel our error. Doubt not, general, that General Toussaint L'Ouverture himself, whom General Leclerc considers but as a criminal, will then not hesitate to throw himself, with the whole nation, into the arms of the Republic ; and, reunited under the auspices of these beneficent laws, this grateful people will offer him again, as a proof of their devotion, the exertions that they have once before directed to render this portion of the French empire productive.

I have the honour, &c.,

(Signed)

H. CHRISTOPHE.

Petit Anse, 26th Germinal, year 10.

*Vilton, Commandant of the Petit Anse,\* to Citizen Henri Christophe, General of Brigade, at his headquarters.*

MY DEAR COMRADE,

I GIVE way to the sentiments that my ancient friendship inspires for you ; I have heard with the deepest regret of your refusal to submit to the will of the French general whom the First Consul has despatched to St. Domingo, to complete, support, and consolidate the order that you had so effectually established at Cap, the dependency of the North, where you acquired the regard and affection of all the colonists. You repeatedly told me, my dear comrade, that your greatest pleasure would be to see the French arrive, and resign into their hands the authority with which you were invested ; by what fatality can you so suddenly have changed your good intentions ? By this step you have renounced personal happiness, the security of your fortune, and the splendid establishment you could have secured to your amiable family ; you have plunged them, as well as yourself, into the most frightful misery. Your intentions have always, to me, appeared so pure, and your devotion to the French nation left me nothing to doubt in the conduct you proposed to pursue ; when, in an instant, on the appearance of a French squadron, you were no longer the same man. All the world, and your friends in particular, were persuaded that you had been ill advised, and perhaps overruled, by some black chiefs who were about you. So many handsome things have been said about you to M. Leclerc, the general-in-chief, that he is thoroughly convinced that it is owing to evil counsels that you took the resolution to resist ; that he is ready to pardon you if you will reduce to obedience the troops that you command, and surrender the post that you occupy. This is a fine opening, my dear comrade, for yourself, as well as for the brave officers and soldiers under your command ; they will be all treated in the same manner as the French army, and you will secure for yourself and your family every happiness that you can desire, especially if you

\* The two letters subjoined, under the signature of the Sieur Vilton, were fabricated by the Sieur Anquetil, who wrote them with his own hand, at the house of the Sieur Blin de Villeneuve, one of the great planters of the northern district, grandfather to the Sieur Vilton, who had no hand in them but the signature, to which he was forced by the French government.



should desire to quit the colony, which is the best course you can take to save yourself from being exposed to the hatred of the rebels to the orders of France, who shall refuse to follow your example ; you will be certain of a liberal fortune, and can enjoy it peaceably, under the protection of France, in the country of your choice. My dear comrade, my tender friendship for you and your family induces me to write this. I shall partake of your happiness if I can contribute to *effect it*. It lies with you to give me this gratification by following the advice of your old friend. Reply to me, and let me know your intentions, that I may bring them to bear in the way most agreeable to yourself.

Every one here, and in all parts of the colony, has witnessed the frankness and good faith of the French generals, and I have no reserve in repeating to you the assurance that you may place entire confidence in them ; they will open to you every facility, assist you with every means in their power, and furnish you the convenience of carrying along with you everything you possess, and enjoying it peaceably wherever you choose to reside. Trust me, then, my dear comrade ; quit this wandering and vagabond life, which would dishonour you if you continue to follow it ; and regain the esteem of all good citizens by being yourself again, and abandoning the cause of an ambitious man, who will be your ruin in the end. Pay no regard to your outlawry ; the general-in-chief, Leclerc, has said that it should not have taken place had he known you sooner, and that the proclamation should be annulled as soon as he hears that you have acknowledged your error and abandoned the cause of rebellion.

Health and Friendship.

(Signed)

VILTON.

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Headquarters, Hamlet of Dondon, }  
20th Germinal, year 10. }

*The General of Brigade, Henri Christophe, to the Commandant Vilton.*

I LOVE to give credit to the expression of your long-standing friendship for me, which has inspired you with the idea of addressing to me your letter of the 26th of this month. The sentiments of friendship I have avowed to you remain unalterable ; you know me too well to doubt it.

Should I even have refused to submit to the orders of the French general, sent to this island by the First Consul of the Republic, if everything had not conspired to convince me that the meditated consolidation of the good order which reigned in this colony was nothing less than the destruction of our liberty and the rights resulting from equality? It is true, as you say, I have declared my greatest desire was to see the French arrive, and to deposite in their hands the share of authority with which I was invested, and enjoy, as a simple citizen, the benefits of liberty and equality in the bosom of my family, in the midst of my fellow-citizens, provided that they too partook with myself of these sacred rights. A Frenchman, loving and respecting France, I joyfully entertained this hope: a hope that my confidence in the government of the mother-country fostered and confirmed from day to day. I have never changed my inclinations in this respect; but by what fatality is it that this hope has been deceived—that all has concurred to prove that the principles previously adopted in our favour have been changed? St. Domingo, wholly French, enjoyed, as you know, the profoundest tranquillity; there were no rebels to be found: by what fatal blindness, then, does it happen that France has come with all the terrors of war and the artillery of destruction? Not to subdue the rebels (for rebels there were none), but to create them among a peaceful people, and furnish a pretext to destroy or enslave them.

You say I have renounced my happiness. Alas! what happiness, what fortune, what splendid establishment of myself and my family could ever have offered me consolation for the grief of seeing my fellows reduced to the last degree of misfortune under the burden of slavery? My intentions have always been pure, and you were, more than anybody, acquainted with my devotion to the French nation. My intentions, my sentiments have never varied. I have always been the same man. But, placed as I was by my fellow-citizens, as a sentinel at the post where it was my duty to watch over the preservation of liberty, more dear to them than their existence, how could I do, otherwise than alarm them at the approach of the blow aimed at its annihilation?

How many letters, pouring in upon us in shiploads from France and foreign countries, written in a menacing tone by colonists to other colonists, who preached forth their contents with undisguised and seditious vehemence, announced to me, in the most explicit terms, the fate reserved for the people of this colony and its defenders!



You know it. I have communicated to several. Did I not, from motives of prudence, conceal them from the governor, for fear of agitating him; and did not my confidence in the government of the Republic so master my common sense as to make me, to the last moment, consider these letters as the mere expressions of the hatred of some wretches, who sought, in pure despite, again to embroil this country? Yet has not the event, notwithstanding my credulity, fully justified all their annunciations? The world—above all, my friends, most especially deceive themselves if they believe that I have allowed myself to be led away by any chiefs that are about me. At my age I have no need of counsel; it is my duty that is my counsellor upon all occasions. You ought to know me better, and to be aware that I never took advice of my friends, not even of you, whom I distinguished among them. Friends, alas! I thought I could count many; but now, like Diogenes, with a lantern in my hand at noonday, I search in vain for one on whom I can rely.

It is, without doubt, very flattering to have so much good said of me to M. Leclerc, the general-in-chief; but he is wrong in persuading himself that my present conduct is the result of evil counsel. What I have said to you on that head is a complete answer to that opinion. I never had any intention of resisting him, and so I wrote word when he first appeared before Cap Français; I testified to him how much regret I should feel if compelled to oppose reluctant resistance before receiving the orders of the chief who had placed me at this post, and who had intrusted me with a charge which I could resign into no other hands. I sent to him Citizen Granier, commander of a battalion of the National Guard, as the bearer of my letter, and charged him to express verbally the necessity I was under of waiting the orders I expected from the governor, and my resolution, when he should have been apprized of the squadron's arrival, to fulfil the obligation of receiving it with all the respect due to the mother-country; in case the governor, after being certified that it was from France, should meditate resistance. Without attending to this reasonable observation, General Leclerc sends back Citizen Granier without any other answer than this: "*That he had orders to use force, and would execute them.*" A trifling delay would have prevented much calamity. As a man of honour, I was determined to observe religiously what I had charged the Citizen Granier to represent on my behalf to General Leclerc: but this general did not condescend to give it credit; and, notwithstanding the protesta-

tions he received of my devotion to France, the port-captain whom I had sent to meet the squadron is still detained, and his aidecamp forewarns me that, if I send my adjutant-general, he will be similarly treated. At the same time, General Rochambeau effects a landing near Fort Liberté without giving notice to the commander of that place, marches upon the forts which defend it, makes himself master of them, and puts to the sword the brave men he finds there ; while the vessels enter the harbour, and discharge their guns upon the town. On the other hand, another landing is made at Limbé, which is likewise cannonaded ; and Cap Français is placed between two numerous armies, with a menacing squadron in front. The terms of the letter which General Leclerc had addressed to me, showed plainly enough the object he had in view. I take counsel of the emergency of the circumstance in which I was placed by the conduct of this general ; I take counsel, I say, of his own behaviour ; and thus commence all the evils that afflict us.

After acting in such a manner, what must I not suspect ? Had I not reason to presume unfavourably, from the measures just put in execution against me ? Yes, I avow it ; however great had been, at all times, my confidence in the French government, I felt it powerfully shaken by the thundering threats, by the blows aimed at us ; and the conduct of the chiefs of the French army determined mine.

You speak to me of fortune : I have no longer any. I have lost all. Honour is henceforth the only possession which is left to me and to my family. You know me ; and you know whether it is or is not the object of my ambition.

You counsel me to make bold to ask leave to quit the colony. You cannot be ignorant that I am not deficient in courage, and in this case it would not fail me. I had resolved long since to quit the colony on the restoration of peace, and Citizen Granier was half inclined to the same course. If he exists, he can testify to the truth of this assertion. My attachment to France had made me choose her bosom as the asylum whither we might, with our exiled families, have retired, and passed our days in peace, in the sweet certainty of leaving all our brethren free and happy on the soil of this colony. Why has everything concurred to frustrate this hope ? I expect to receive every day the blow that will annihilate me ; and Citizen Granier, who, I learn, is detained on board, has perhaps already ceased to exist. What is his crime ? What harm has he done ? Is it possible that his friendship for me has been his crime ?



You take upon yourself, my dear comrade, to give me proofs of good faith and frankness on the part of the French generals ; you know not how it grieves me to be unable to remove the just suspicions with which all the facts I have detailed have inspired me ; facts against which I can find no reasonable or prudent pretext for shutting my eyes. Happen what may, honour is my guide ; and it is with extreme repugnance that I impute to any other rule of conduct the actions and promises of others—honour has always appeared to me so dear to French officers.

I always cherish the esteem of good citizens. If there exist at St. Domingo any ambitious men, who covet nothing but honour, preferment, or distinction—as for me, my ambition always consisted in meriting the honourable consideration of good men ; in seeing my fellow-citizens happy ; in enjoying, in common with them, the sole title of free man, the sole rights of equality, in the bosom of my tranquil family, and in the circle of a few estimable friends.

You advise me, my dear comrade, to pay no regard to my outlawry. General Leclerc, you tell me, has said it should not have taken place had he known me sooner, and that the proclamation should be annulled as soon as I should have retracted my error. I am ready to retract ; but my doubts must be removed, my suspicions cleared up. There is no sacrifice that I will not make for the peace and happiness of my fellow-citizens, if I am but convinced that they shall all be free and happy. I have but one thing left to sacrifice—my life. All the rest I have already given. Produce the proofs necessary for my conviction, and with a willing heart I offer the sacrifice, if, after demonstration of my error, it can make atonement, and restore tranquillity and prosperity to my country and to my fellow-citizens.

I salute you with friendship,  
(Signed)

H. CHRISTOPHE.

---

Petit Anse, 30th Germinal, year 10.

*Vilton, Commandant at Petit Anse, to Citizen Henri Christophe, General of Brigade, commanding the Cordon of the North.*

MY DEAR COMRADE,

I CAN with difficulty express the pleasure that your answer to my letter affords me, since it gives me the hope of seeing

you once more actuated by that confidence which you should never have ceased to place in the justice and generosity of the representative of France in this colony ; these are the characteristics of French officers, and, above all, of the general-in-chief, Leclerc ; and it was the intimate knowledge of these qualities that induced the First Consul to make choice of him as the bearer of happiness and peace to this unfortunate colony. Your submission to a chief of such merit will gain you a protector, who will charge himself with the office of making such provision for you as will lead you to bless the day of your compliance with the counsel I have now given, and which I now repeat more strongly than ever. I made it my first business to communicate your letter to him, as well as to General Hardy. The expressions you make use of have met with their approbation. The distrust you discover in some paragraphs alone prevents them from being completely satisfied. The general-in-chief himself is going to write to you. I cannot press you too strongly to place entire confidence in his promises, as well as in the honour of General Hardy ; and I doubt not you will find in their letters everything that you, as well as your fellow-citizens, ought in reason to require for your satisfaction.

With respect to your friend Granier, if he is detained, it is not because of his connexions, but because he has many enemies here, who have calumniated him. I have no doubt that, as soon as government shall have had time to investigate his affair, he will be set at liberty.

Adieu, my dear comrade : depend upon the friendship I have sworn to you for life.

Health and Friendship.

(Signed)

VILTON.

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Headquarters, Roubillard, Grand Boucan, }  
2d Floréal, year 10. }

*The General of Brigade, Henri Christophe, commanding the Cordon of the North, to Vilton, Commandant at Petit Anse.*

I AGAIN receive with pleasure, in your letter of the 30th ult., the expression of your friendship for me. The successful issue of your correspondence, which you seem to hope, depends upon General Leclerc. He has, indeed, addressed to me a letter ; but I have read in it, with disgust, the proposition it contains, of dishonouring myself by an act of monstrous cowardice and perfidy.



I do trust, however, that in the character which has been given him of me, if dictated by truth, it has not been represented that such actions were familiar to me, and that I was wholly divested of every sentiment of delicacy and honour.

I replied to his letter in the same manner as I did to that of General Hardy, which appeared to be written in that style of frankness which ought to distinguish a soldier.

I have every desire to abjure the distrust which I have conceived. I demand of those two generals no more than what is necessary to renounce it; that is, in fact, the code of laws which was promised us by the proclamation addressed to us by the consuls of the Republic when they communicated the constitution of the year 8. In such a code only can lie the proof of the intention to maintain and consolidate liberty and equality. If these laws are in your possession, impart them to me; if they exist, and you have them not, endeavour to obtain and produce them to me. To them I look for the restoration of tranquillity to this country—for the cement of union between the French of both worlds—for a stop to the effusion of their blood—for the reconciliation with the Republic of her children, who never willingly renounced her—and for the re-establishment in this island of peace and its blessings, in lieu of civil war and its ravages. Openly proclaim this code, and let the light of truth shine on those who may be blinded with error: then will you enjoy the satisfaction of having contributed to the happiness of our country, to that of our fellow-citizens, to my own among the rest; for, whatever lot may await me, my happiness will consist in that of my brethren, were it even sealed with my blood.

The unfortunate Granier is detained, and, without doubt, you tell me, on account of some calumnious insinuations of his enemies. Ought such a detention to have taken place without evidence? And is it consistent with a just and impartial government to suffer such long delays in the production of the proofs requisite for just condemnation or equitable acquittal? But, placed as I am, does it become me to plead the cause of friendship?

My dear comrade, do not forget those laws about which I have been speaking to you. Communicate them to me without delay, and you will soon attain the object you seem to aim at in your correspondence.

I salute you in friendship,  
(Signed)

HENRI CHRISTOPHE.  
*Haytian Papers*, p. 4-54.

These are the letters of the man whom, when he was King of Hayti, the French declared (in allusion to his employment while a slave) to be more fit to wield the frying-pan than the sceptre.

As in these letters Henri's French correspondent boasts of the excellent treatment the negro generals—and among them Maurepas—received from the invaders, it is right to complete the story by showing what were ultimately the tender mercies of the same parties. Christophe's Manifesto of September, 1814, tells the following tale, which is fully confirmed by Lacroix.

“Maurepas, a man of mild and gentle manners, esteemed for his integrity by his fellow-citizens, was one of the first to surrender to the French, and had rendered them signal services; yet this man was suddenly carried off to Port Paix, and put on board the admiral's vessel, then riding at anchor in Cap Roads, where, after binding him to the main-mast, they, in derision, fixed, with nails such as are used in ship-building, two old epaulettes on his shoulders, and an old general's hat on his head. In that frightful condition, these cannibals, after having glutted their savage mirth and exultation, precipitated him, with his wife and children, into the sea. Such was the fate of that virtuous and unfortunate soldier.”—*Haytian Papers*, p. 170.

The crime which was visited by this atrocious punishment was one which the invaders never, in any instance, forgave—attachment to L'Ouverture. Maurepas acted weakly, in the first instance, in joining the French. On the abduction of Toussaint, he repented, as did all the negroes who had tolerated the invaders. He took up arms in defence of the liberties of the blacks, and died as we have seen. Rainsford tells what happened after the departure of Toussaint, and the consequent vigorous action of Christophe and Dessalines.

“A number of new generals had arisen in arms from the interior of the island, who began to make excursions from the mountains. Among these was a powerful chief of negroes, of the Congo tribe, called Sans Souci, who, after committing considerable depredations, could never be discovered. Chales Bellair, with his Amazonian wife, also made a powerful diversion for a while, till they were both taken, and died under the most inconceivable tortures. Clerveaux, whose submission of the eastern part of the island had been formerly boasted without grounds,\* now declared openly his contuma-

\* There is no more doubt of the original defection of Clerveaux than of its being afterward repented of.



cy; and Maurepas, who had surrendered, was detected in a conspiracy and put to death. Nor were the defections from the French army confined to the blacks, or to inferior officers among the whites. General Dugua, the chief of the French staff, disgusted with the horrors attendant on the war, and more particularly with the horrid punishment of Bellair and his wife, whom he had tried, was discovered in making arrangements to quit the French army, and took the resolution of destroying himself."—*Rainsford's "Historical Account," &c., p. 325.*

The horrors perpetrated by the mortified and exasperated French now become too disgusting for the eye and ear; but they should not be disregarded when complaints are made of the ferocity of Dessalines, and when we attempt to appreciate the mildness of the rule of Christophe. Suffice it now that Leclerc died on Tortuga, on the 1st of November, 1802, and was succeeded in the command by Rochambeau; that, during the next year, the island was afflicted, from end to end, with the miseries of a most barbarous warfare; that the French lost ground perpetually, and died by thousands of disease and famine—the bloodhounds they had brought from Cuba serving them at length for food; that the invaders evacuated the island in November, 1803; and that their retreat was followed by a declaration, on the part of the generals Dessalines, Christophe, and Clerveaux, of the INDEPENDENCE of HAYTI. We give the official announcements of the last event from Rainsford (p. 439-441).

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*Declaration of the Independence of the Blacks of St. Domingo.*

PROCLAMATION OF DESSALINES, CHRISTOPHE, AND CLERVEAUX,  
CHIEFS OF ST. DOMINGO.

THE Independence of St. Domingo is proclaimed. Restored to our primitive dignity, we have asserted our rights; we swear never to yield them to any power on earth. The frightful veil of prejudice is torn to pieces. Be it so for ever! Wo be to them who would dare to put together its bloody tatters!

Landholders of St. Domingo, wandering in foreign countries! by proclaiming our independence, we do not forbid you all, without distinction, to return to your property. Far be from us so unjust a thought! We are not ignorant that there are some among you who have renounced their former errors,

abjured the injustice of their exorbitant pretensions, and acknowledged the lawfulness of the cause for which we have been spilling our blood these twelve years. Towards those men who do us justice we will act as brothers. Let them rely for ever on our esteem and friendship ; let them return among us. The God who protects us, the God of freemen, bids us stretch out towards them our conquering arms. But as for those who, intoxicated with foolish pride, interested slaves of a guilty pretension, are blinded so much as to believe themselves the essence of human nature, and assert that they are destined by Heaven to be our masters and our tyrants, let them never come near the land of St. Domingo ! If they come hither, they will only meet with chains or banishment. Then let them stay where they are. Tormented by their well-deserved misery, and the frowns of the just men whom they have too long mocked, let them still continue to live unpitied and unnoticed by all.

We have sworn not to listen with clemency to any who would dare to speak to us of slavery. We will be inexorable, perhaps even cruel, towards all troops who, themselves forgetting the object for which they have not ceased fighting since 1780, should come from Europe to bring among us death and servitude. No sacrifice is too costly, and all means are lawful, to men, from whom it is wished to wrest the first of all blessings. Were they to cause streams and torrents of blood to flow ; were they, in order to maintain their liberty, to fire seven eighths of the globe, they are innocent before the tribunal of Providence, which never created men to groan under so harsh and shameful a servitude.

In the various commotions that have taken place, some inhabitants against whom we had no complaints have been victims of the cruelty of a few soldiers or cultivators, too much blinded by the remembrance of their past sufferings to be able to distinguish the good and humane land-owners from those who were unfeeling and cruel. We lament, together with all who feel, so deplorable an end ; and declare to the world, whatever may be said to the contrary by wicked people, that the murders were committed contrary to the wishes of our hearts. It was impossible, especially in the crisis in which the colony was, to prevent or stop those horrors. They who are in the least acquainted with history, know that a people, when torn by civil dissensions, though they may be the most civilized on earth, give themselves up to every species of excess ; and the authority of the chiefs, not yet firmly based, in



a time of revolution cannot punish all that are guilty without meeting with perpetual difficulties. But to-day the dawn of peace cheers us with glimpses of a less stormy time : now that the calm of victory has succeeded to the tumult of a dreadful war, all affairs in St. Domingo ought to assume a new face, and its government henceforward be one of justice.

Done at Headquarters, Fort Dauphin, November 29, 1803.

*(Signed)*

DESSALINES.

CHRISTOPHE.

CLERVEAUX.

(True Copy)

B. AIMÉ, Secretary.

THE END.





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The publishers take the liberty to subjoin a few of the communications relative to the published volumes of the series, which they have received from gentlemen of high classical reputation in different parts of the country.

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THE undersigned respectfully request the attention of the public to the philosophical works which they now take the liberty to present to them. It is neither their interest nor their wish to express their sense of the value of these works in any undue and exaggerated terms; but they suppose that, as publishers, they may be permitted to commend them to the notice of the public, at least so far as they deserve it. It has been the object of the author of these volumes, by a long and careful induction of facts, to give a connected and full view of the mental operations. He has aimed at nothing less than the true philosophy of the human mind. Of the intrinsic difficulty of this undertaking, we suppose there can be but little or no difference of opinion. And as to the manner in which the author has acquitted himself in it, the subsequent testimonials, coming from men standing high in the public estimation, will enable the reader to judge. The demand for a system of mental philosophy is urgent. The teachers in our various seminaries all agree, that a system of education, without some knowledge of mental philosophy, cannot be considered complete. On the contrary, they seem to regard the knowledge of the human mind as in some respects more important than any other form of knowledge. And we have no doubt that they will cordially welcome any system which gives evidence in its preparation of learning, good judgment, and candour.

Of the qualifications of Professor Upham for the great task (the results of which, in a stereotype, uniform, and cheap edition, we now present to the public), as well as of the works themselves, we might leave the subsequent testimonials to speak. They say all we could wish them to say; and the reader can judge whether the writers of them, filling, as they do, very high and responsible stations, are worthy of credence. But we venture to intimate to the public, that the most satisfactory testimonial is to be found in the works themselves. It was our intention to point out some things by which these volumes are characterized, and by which they are favourably distinguished from other works; but we conclude, on the whole, to leave this to the examination of the reader. We think we run no hazard in saying, that those who will read and study them carefully, will see no reasonable and sufficient ground for dissenting from the favourable aspect in which they appear in the following statements.

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From Rev. LEONARD WOODS, D.D.,  
Professor of Theology in the Theological Seminary at Andover.

*As I understand that you have it in contemplation to publish a new edition of the several works on Mental Philosophy by Professor Upham, I take the liberty to say, that I regard them as among the best and most popular works on the various subjects which he has treated. He is a charming writer, and his views are well expressed and well guarded, and are adapted to be extensively useful at the present day. His Abridgment is very much liked by those teachers who have used it. Mr. Coleman, principal of the High School, or, as it is called, the Teachers' Seminary, in this place, says, he finds it much more intelligible to young men, and much more complete, than any text-book he has used. And his judgment is worthy of confidence. The next edition is to receive still farther improvements. I hope you will be encouraged and sustained in this undertaking by a very extensive patronage from an enlightened community.*

*Yours respectfully,*  
LEONARD WOODS.

*To the Messrs. Harper.*

From Rev. MOSES STUART, Professor of Sacred Literature in the Theological Seminary at Andover.

Andover, Dec. 4, 1839.

*I have read with much satisfaction Professor Upham's works on Intellectual Philosophy and on the Will. The tone and manner of these books must be pleasing to all who love calm, dispassionate, and accurate investigation, and moderation in defending one's own opinions and canvassing those of others. I have no hesitation in saying, that I regard Professor Upham's books as giving the best views of the subjects named which we have in the English language, and as worthy of being read and studied in the schools and colleges of our country. Even those who may differ from him in opinion, will feel no disposition to indulge unkind feelings towards so sincere and*

*candid an inquirer after truth. Most sincerely do I wish ample success to the author and the publishers of the works in question; especially at a time when the public mind is allured by books on these subjects in many respects dreamy and unintelligible to the great mass of readers.*

M. STUART.

From Rev. WILLIAM COGSWELL, D.D., Secretary of the American Education Society.

*I fully concur in the opinion of Professor Stuart, expressed in the preceding certificate, and could add more in favour of the works named were it necessary.*

WILLIAM COGSWELL.

Boston, Dec. 6, 1839.

From Rev. S. LUCKEY, D.D., editor of the Christian Advocate and Journal, Quarterly Review, &c.

*To Messrs. Harper.*

Gentlemen,

*I am happy to learn that you are about to publish a stereotype edition of Professor Upham's works. To this gentleman the literary public are much indebted for his "Elements of Mental Philosophy," a work which was greatly needed as a text-book in our colleges and academies at the time it was first published. It is now used, I believe, in most of our literary institutions; and I hesitate not to say, it is better adapted to the wants of students, in the science of which it treats, than any other work extant. It cannot but be satisfactory to the friends of science, that the worthy author has prepared an edition of his excellent work, with additions and improvements, to be issued in a more permanent form. Of his Treatise on the Will I cannot speak with the same confidence, not having read it; although I have heard it well spoken of by competent judges.*

S. LUCKEY.

Methodist Book-Room,  
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*Commendatory Letters—continued.*

From Rev. R. E. PATTISON, D.D.,  
President of Waterville College,  
Maine.

*I have examined with care the work on Mental Philosophy, in two volumes, by Professor Upham, of Bowdoin College, and it is with pleasure that I express the opinion that the work will contribute much to the successful study of that difficult but eminently useful department of knowledge. It has the advantage over any other one work which has fallen under my observation, that of having comprehended the subject. We have many profound treatises on separate portions of mental philosophy; and those, it may be, the most important; but I know of none which surveys the whole field but this. I ought to add also that its moral influence is exceedingly pure and healthful.*

R. E. PATTISON.

From the late WILBUR FISK, D.D.,  
President of the Wesleyan University,  
Middletown, Conn.

*... Permit me to say, that I have read the Treatise [on the Will] with a great deal of satisfaction. It is certainly a much better analysis of this difficult subject, in my judgment, than anything I have before seen in relation to it. I might, if this were a proper time, it is true, make some queries on some of the points presented in the work; but, on the whole, I cannot but believe it will go far towards harmonizing the hitherto discordant views connected with this subject. ...*

W. FISK.

From Rev. HENRY CHASE, Pastor  
of the Mariner's Church in the  
city of New-York.

Gentlemen,

*Though many able treatises on mental philosophy had been published from time to time, more or less adapted to advance the science of which they treat, yet a work which would present in outline and in sufficient detail a complete and systematic view of the powers and operations of the mind, had long been a desideratum. Such a work was greatly needed, as well for the private student and man of leisure as for our colleges and academies, and it has at length appeared in the "Elements of Mental Philosophy," by Professor Upham. This treatise merits the high estimation*

*in which it is held. The classification of the mental states, both general and subordinate, and the arrangement of the several parts and subdivisions, are true to nature, and present a full view of the entire subject without confusion. The arguments and illustrations are forcible and pertinent, the style is perspicuous and pleasing, and the whole evinces extensive research and patient investigation. Whoever attentively examines this work will find that it is characterized by accurate observation, discriminating analysis, logical deduction, and remarkable freedom from bias. The spirit of candour and the love of truth pervade it. It has passed through three editions, and the author is now revising it, together with his Treatise on the Will, and preparing the whole for a uniform stereotype edition. Every friend of mental science must feel under great obligation to Professor Upham for his valuable work, and wish him success in its publication.*

*I am, gentlemen,*

*Yours with great respect,*

HENRY CHASE.

New-York, Dec. 21, 1839.

From Rev. N. BANGS, D.D.

*So far as I have examined the work, I fully concur in the above recommendation, and therefore wish the author and publishers success in issuing this new edition.*

N. BANGS.

From Rev. WM. C. LARRABEE, A.M.,  
Principal of the Wesleyan Seminary  
at Readfield, Maine.

*... I am highly gratified to learn that you are about to publish Professor Upham's series of works on Mental Philosophy. I have used the former editions of his Mental Philosophy for some time past in this seminary, and am prepared, from intimate and familiar acquaintance with the work, acquired in the recitation-room as well as in my study, to speak of it in the highest terms. There is no work extant in that department so well adapted to the purposes of a textbook for schools and colleges. The work needs only to be better known to teachers to have its merits properly appreciated.*

*Yours respectfully,*

W. C. LARRABEE.

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